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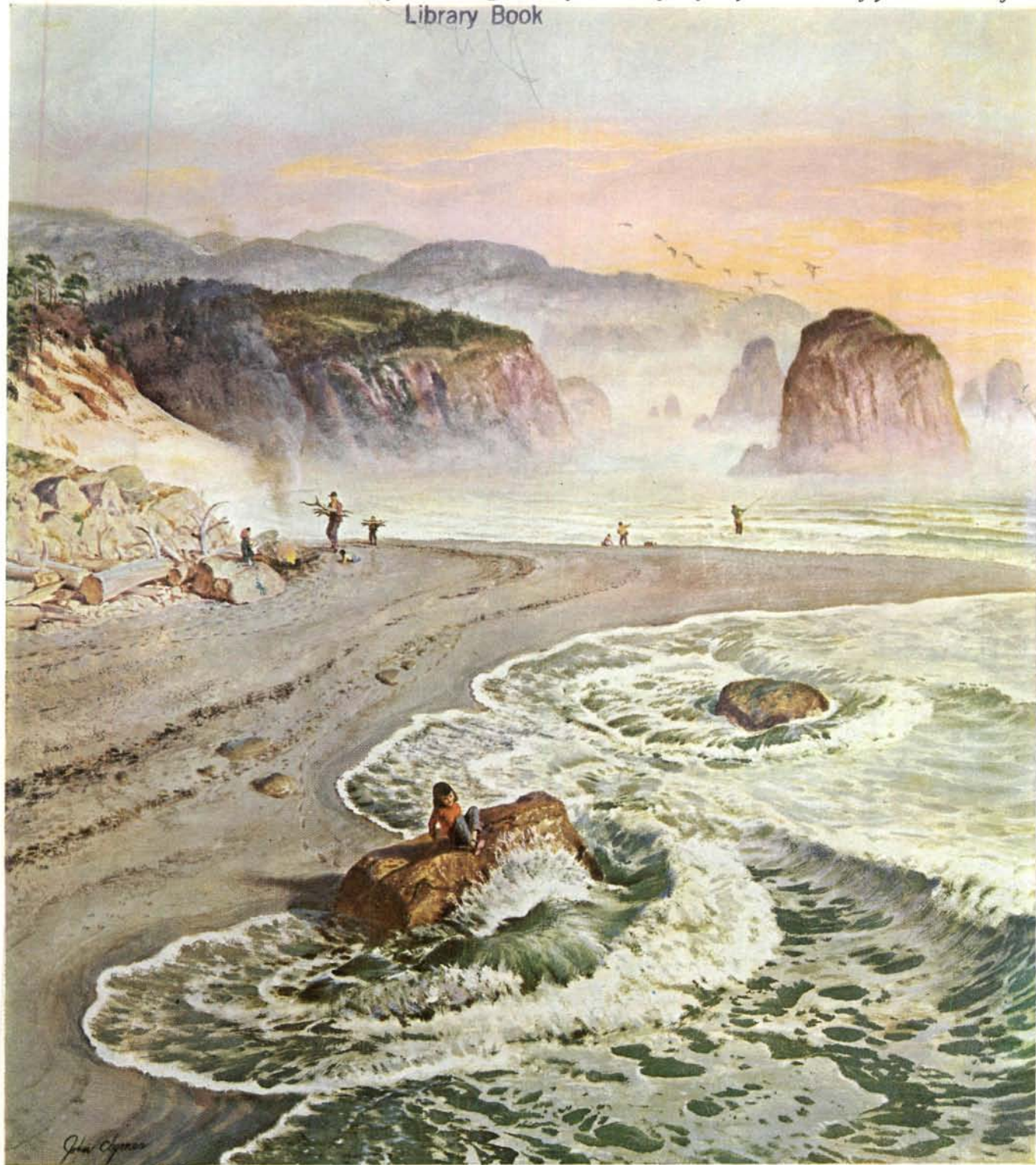
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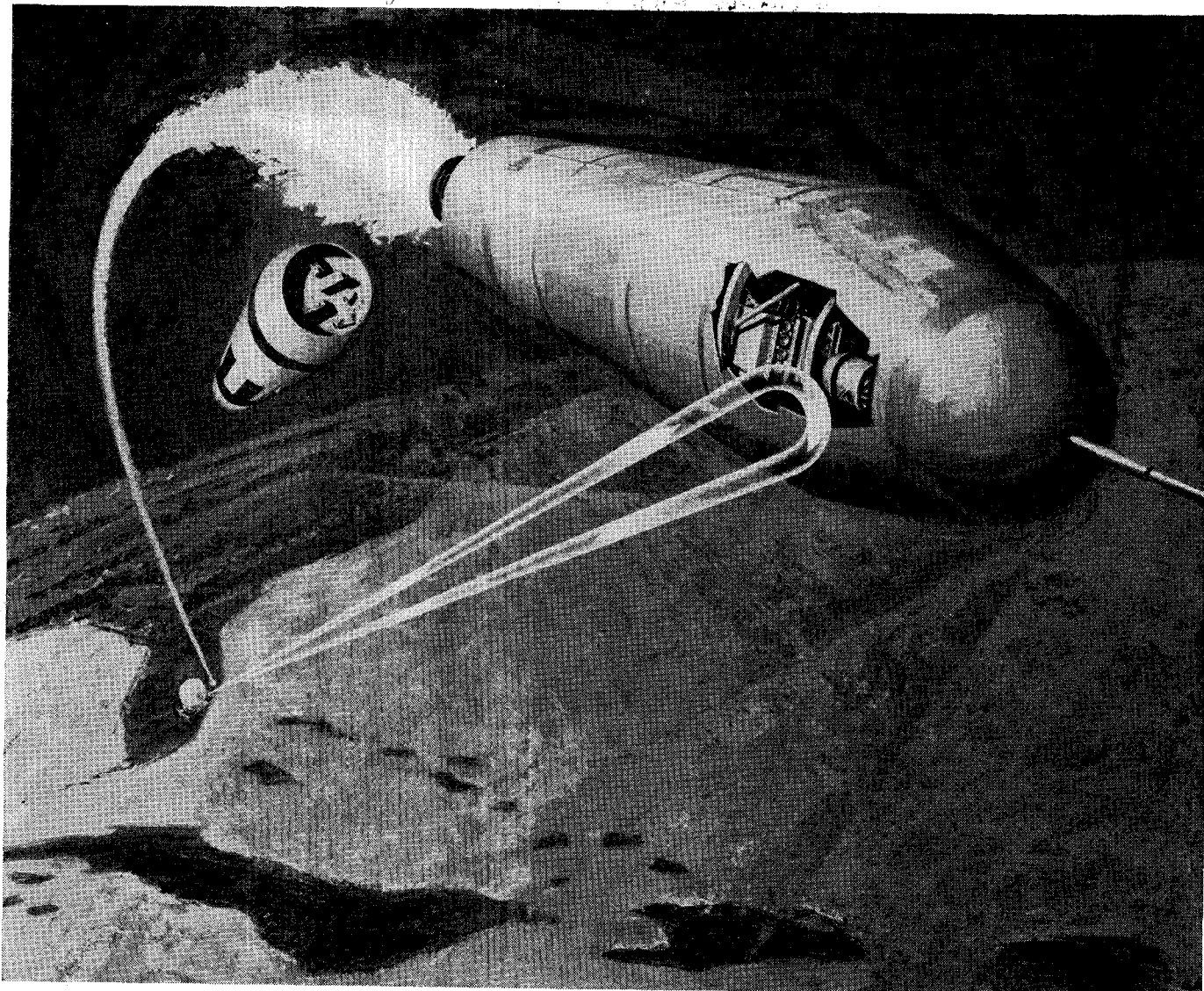
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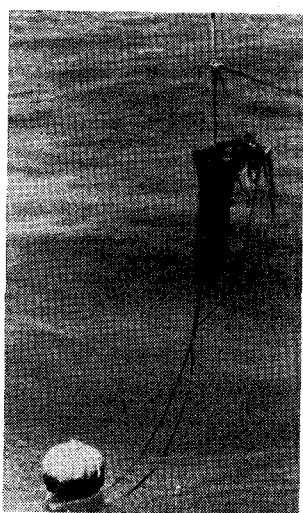
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DEPT. OF DEFENSE
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The Command Guidance System for the Air Force Titan, shown here as the first and second stages separate, was developed by Bell Telephone Laboratories and is manufactured by Western Electric. Flight information is analyzed by a Remington Rand-Univac computer.



Nose cone of an Air Force Thor-Able test missile, guided by "brains" developed for the Titan, being recovered from the South Atlantic.

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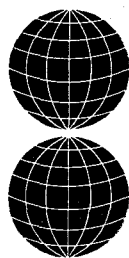
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LONDON

THE British are faced with a problem for which a solution seems emphatically imperative: the division of Western Europe between "the Six" — the Common Market — and "the Seven" — the European Free Trade Association.

"This could poison all our relationships. It has got to be overcome. I do not yet know just what economic measures can be taken. But, politically, I know that a solution *must* be found." The words are Selwyn Lloyd's, spoken shortly before cabinet changes shifted significantly the orientation of Macmillan's government, turning it a point toward Europe.

The threatened relationships, in Mr. Lloyd's view, are not only those with Western Europe but also those with the United States. Time has simply rubbed out the neat geometry of Churchill's classic policy, which located Great Britain at the point of intersection of three great circles: Europe, the Commonwealth, and the North Atlantic alliance. There are now two pairs of circles with a gap between them: the United States and the Six (France, Germany, Italy, Belgium, Holland, and Luxembourg), and the British Commonwealth and the Seven (Great Britain, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Austria, Portugal, and Switzerland).

Britain and the Common Market

It has become the top priority of the British government to close this gap. But it fears, probably rightly, that it cannot do so alone. British liberals say the gap could be closed quite simply if Britain gave up its traditional reservations and joined the Common Market. The government knows that this would also be the solution that would most suit America. For British tariffs would have to be brought down to the lower level of the Common Market tariff agreements. The area of discrimination against the United States in

Europe would, in effect, be reduced instead of being enlarged, as it would be under the Macmillan plan for an all-Europe Free Trade Area.

Furthermore, the Common Market is important to Britain not only politically, since it represents the solidarity of France and Germany, but economically, since it could be a decisive source of capital for the underdeveloped parts of the Commonwealth.

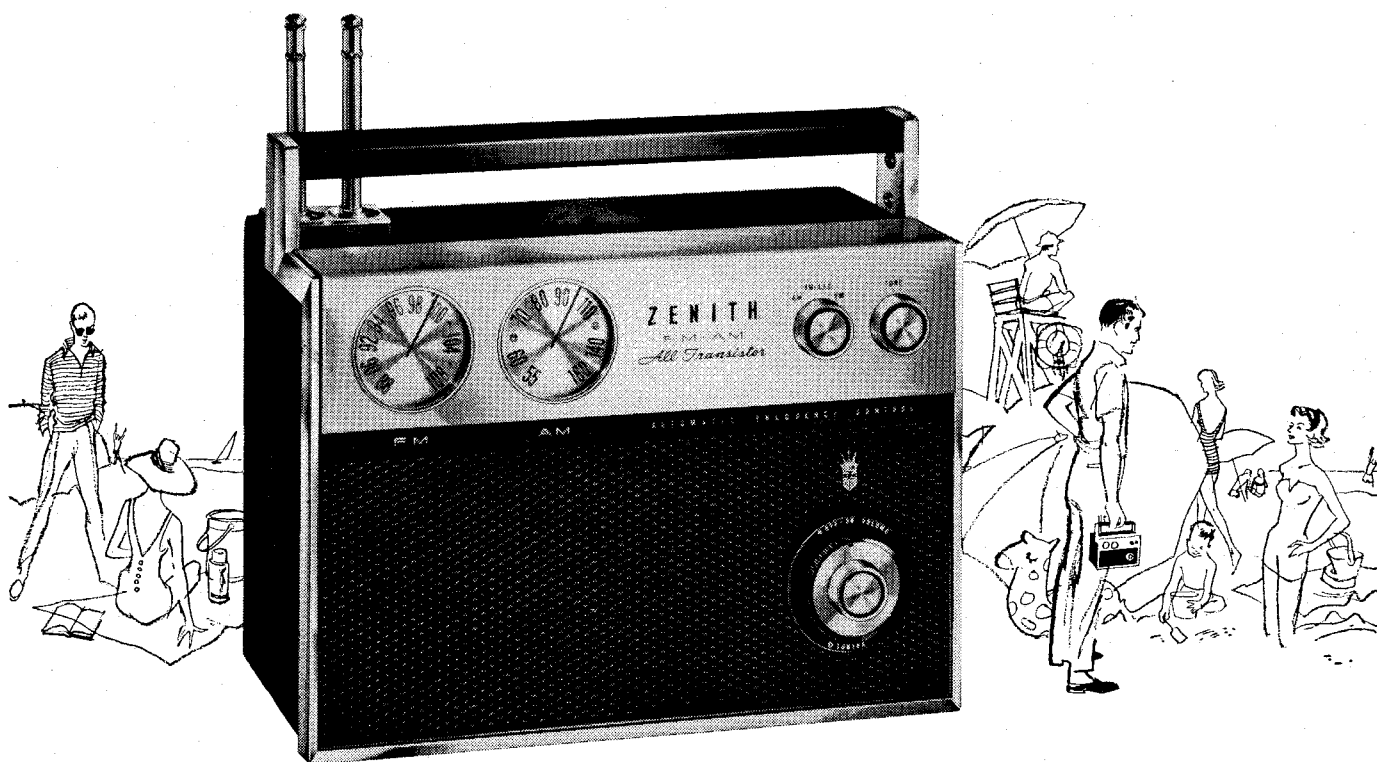
Yet membership is not a simple matter for Britain. This country cannot entirely abandon Austria, Switzerland, and Scandinavia, for whom exclusion from the main Continental markets is more serious than it would be for Britain. And it balks at being pulled into a closed agricultural market in Europe, since it would then have to shut the gate tight behind it on Canada, Australia, New Zealand, India, and all the rest of the Commonwealth, which are still granted free entry by Britain for most of their products. Six hundred million people, a quarter of the world's population, are included in the deal.

Commonwealth support for straight British membership in the Common Market assumes, as does much of the growing British support, that the gate to the market would be left ajar. Simple membership, however, at present implies accepting a self-sufficient and controlled European agriculture. Only associate membership seems, therefore, politically possible for Britain.

An alternative and quite different proposal which would have British support is an Atlantic partnership in trade. This would make tariffs between the main Western markets "wearable," in Macmillan's phrase. It could be formed if the United States, the Six, and the Seven all brought their tariffs down to low levels simultaneously.

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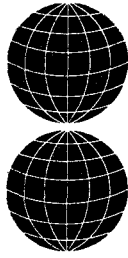
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Report on London



Either solution, it is said in London, requires active United States support. Associate membership requires it because the Six themselves feel no impelling need for such an accommodation and refuse today even to discuss it. Straight membership requires American support because this solution necessitates at the next GATT session new tariff concessions from the United States, reducing America's tariffs down to, and in some cases perhaps below, the "peril point."

Hopes that such help will be offered are not high, particularly because of what happened in Paris. Macmillan himself launched the earlier British plan for a Free Trade Area. It was kept afloat by Mr. Reginald Maudling for three years, but it gradually lost way. Finally, in January, 1960, in Paris, it was sunk without trace. Macmillan and Maudling were alarmed to think that the final torpedo was fired in the presence of Undersecretary of State C. Douglas Dillon, who did not protest.

Division in the West?

At the beginning of the next Administration, Anglo-American relations are likely to be cold, at least under the surface. Britain strongly supports United States policy in the Caribbean and, up to a point, in Japan. But it differs with the United States over Communist China, which it recognizes. In Europe, Britain is now wholeheartedly in support only of American defense policy; over European political and commercial policies the two allies differ seriously. If the United States does not intervene in Europe, and the Six, unprompted, settle for nothing but unconditional British membership, a bitter and widening division in the West is likely.

In the next few months the British government will probably take whatever steps it can to strengthen military and political ties with continental Europe, working through NATO, the Council of Europe, and the Western European Union — the pre-NATO alliance that still maintains an organization in which Britain can meet regularly on equal terms with the members of the Six. But these steps cannot affect the basic issue. Some of these fears were voiced by Macmillan in Washington last year. The results were unfortunate, for they were taken by the rest of Europe

as threats. But the fears are genuine. They include a balance of payments crisis if British exports run into new difficulties, reimposition of controls on imports of American goods, and the reduction or withdrawal of British troops in Germany.

Very high interest rates have already been introduced this summer to protect the balance of payments, even before any direct effects of a new tariff arrangement in Europe have, or could have, been felt. Britain is expanding more slowly than the Six. It meanwhile pays out \$100 million a year to keep its 55,000 troops in Germany. This sum, in effect, goes straight into Germany's currency reserves. These are already stronger than Britain's. Under the Brussels Treaty, establishing WEU, these support costs can be cut in the event of a payments crisis.

The split in the Labor Party

It is quite possible in bad moments to imagine Britain, already allied economically to Scandinavia, Switzerland, and Austria, as growing into the greatest of the world's neutrals and the richest of its socialist powers. That, indeed, is the dream of the British Labor Party. If it seems an improbable development, it is only because of the fission inside the Labor Party and the dwindling authority of both the executive group and the left wing. Today Labor does not act like a possible alternative government. Yet it is there in the background.

In October, at the Labor Party conference, it will be seen whether Hugh Gaitskell's effort to lead the party away from both Marxism and neutralism toward a realistic policy has been even marginally successful. His bid to amend clause four of the constitution, binding the party to the nationalization of all "the means of production, distribution, and exchange," was defeated. It will be touch and go even for his defense policy, which, while it would abandon Britain's independent nuclear deterrent, would keep Britain in NATO under the shelter of America's atomic armament.

Mr. Frank Cousins, leader of the Transport and General Workers Union, has said that he will raise his card against Gaitskell and in favor of total unilateral nuclear disarmament when the votes are taken. Under the party's block voting system, when Mr. Cousins raises his card it has a million votes written on it, the round number of the union's membership.

The odd thing is that, dramatic as they may be, these party proceedings are likely to seem almost unreal to the average Briton going about his average day. Not 20 per cent of Mr. Cousins' members go to union meetings or vote for or

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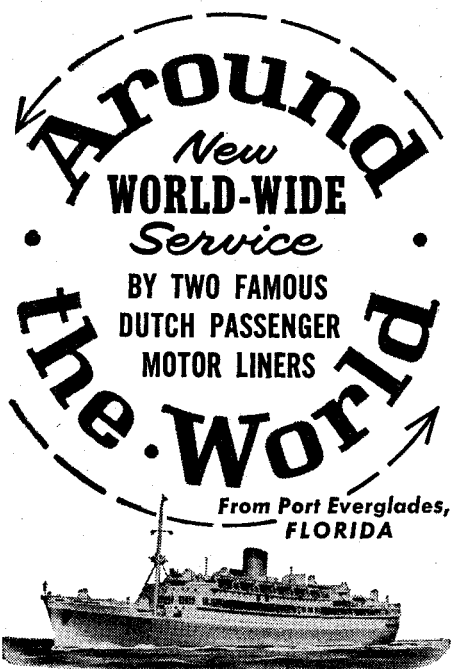
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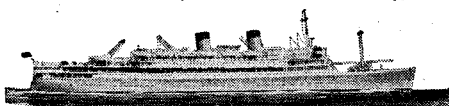


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Report on London



against the policies he blesses by raising his card of a million votes. If even half of them attended, a ballot would probably go against him. Nor are Macmillan's supporters any more united. All party politics is becoming fragmented.

Britain's boom

The headlines are usually of crises—of the balance of payments, of relations with Europe, of defense, of inflation, of the threats of Khrushchev; but the content of life for most is easy, relaxed, and very pleasant. Because the country is so rich and because it is also small and crowded and is kept green by regulation as well as rain, the price of building land has suddenly started to rise. The political reaction has been furious. There are calls for immediate action against speculators and demands for new controls, and even new taxes, and the release of park land for building.

The public reaction has been quite different. A speculative builder who had hurriedly put up twenty-seven small houses on an estate in a suburb near the London "green belt" advertised them for sale on a certain date at a stated price. Twenty-four people camped all night on the sidewalk in an orderly line outside the real-estate office. Three more came at five in the morning. When the office opened, all the houses were sold in the time it takes to write down twenty-seven names and write out twenty-seven checks, and would probably have been sold had the price (\$17,000) been much higher—only that might have taken all day.

Because of the fear of inflation, the government, when it raised interest rates, also moved to curb credit and installment buying. This had some effect on makers of household equipment, but less, in general, than it might have had. For Britain is no longer in fact a nation of debtors. The annual savings of individuals are now four times as great as the savings of the government, and they almost equal the grand total of company savings. Ten years ago,

personal savings were only one third as great as the government's and one sixth as great as those of industry. On the average, today, people save four times as much of their incomes (nearly 10 per cent) as they did ten years ago.

The good neighbors

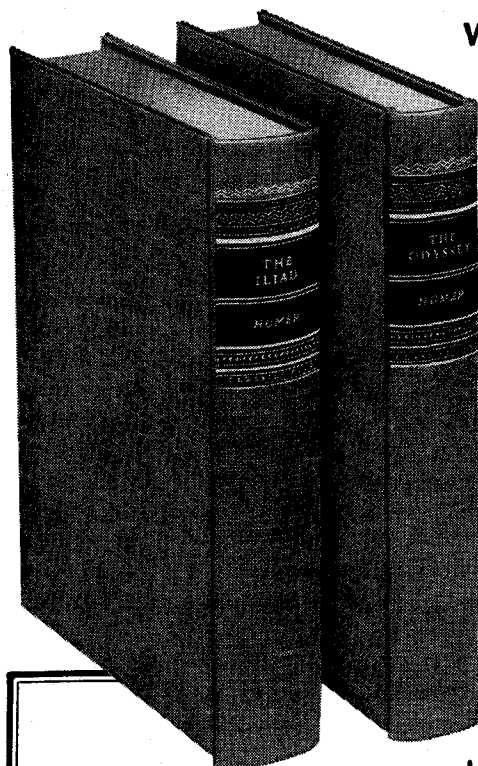
As for all these crises of foreign affairs, the people have never felt closer to their neighbors. London is full of overseas visitors. There are twice as many as there were five years ago. The Berkeley and Green Park hotels are to be demolished and rebuilt, and ten new hotels are planned, to cope with even more tourists. All summer the cross-channel sea and air ferries have been filled to capacity, as nearly three million Britons streamed out for their vacations to the Continent. To handle even more in the future, commercial interests want permission to build a channel tunnel. The government at present favors instead the building of great Hovercraft ferries that would skim across the channel ten feet in the air every few minutes.

As to Commonwealth affairs, 594 million people who were once British colonials are now, or are just about to become, independent. Some 512 million of these are nonwhite. If it is a cause of occasional anxiety, particularly in Africa, it is also a cause of considerable national pride.

And with the United States, personal and commercial contacts have never been closer for the British. America is Britain's best customer. Although the rise in exports to the United States has been checked in recent months, they had already grown in the months before by 20 per cent. British buying of American products has recently skyrocketed. Man for man, the British today buy about four times as much from their American cousins as Americans yet do from them. They are conscious of being very good customers.

Is all this good and friendly living really in jeopardy? It seems unlikely. But economists say it may be. Politicians say it is. The dream, they are convinced, is the public's, and the dream could end with a jolt. North Atlantic unity, from Berlin to California, is the basis of British life and the essential need.

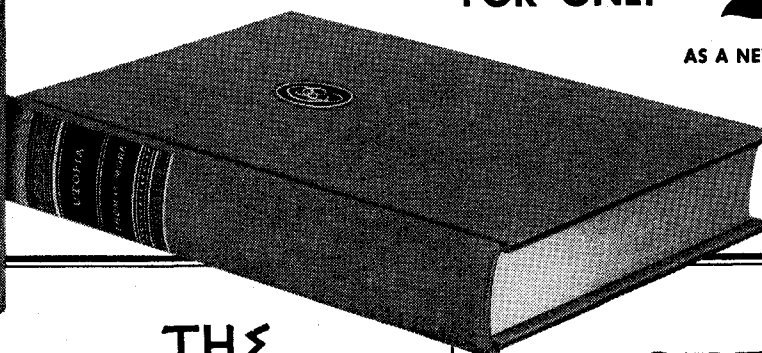
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BECAUSE there so often has been no real difference between the two political parties, it frequently has been difficult, if not impossible, to present a meaningful choice to the voters in an American presidential election. This year, fortunately, the choice will be clearer than usual. Two young men, intelligent and full of vigor, are the party standard-bearers. Both talk hopefully of the future, here at home and in America's relations with the rest of the world.

One candidate seeks to meet the calculable problems by a more determined, fuller use of the powers of the federal government. The other believes that the problems can be handled with only a minimal increase of activity in the federal government in foreign affairs and close to none at all in domestic matters. This is the difference between progressivism and conservatism, between those who are not afraid of big government and those who are afraid, who see any expansion of the role of government as creeping socialism.

This difference was dramatized at the Republican Convention, for all the nation to see, when the numerically larger right wing was enraged at the movement to the left epitomized by the Nixon-Rockefeller platform pact arrived at in New York. But in the end a good deal of the steam was taken out of that pact by the more conservative language, along with a more stand-pat approach, written into the platform at the Chicago convention. In short, the "fiscal responsibility" theme triumphed in the wording of the platform.

The candidates, far more than the platforms, matter most, however, and each of the two presidential nominees can be counted on to amend his platform as the campaign progresses.

John F. Kennedy and Richard M. Nixon are both products of the twentieth century, but, paradoxically, they have reversed their inheritances. Kennedy, born to wealth, has come to know the problems of the millions without wealth. The seven primaries in which he participated, especially the primary in West Virginia, where he

saw at first hand the worst kind of American poverty, were vital to his education and to his growth in understanding this nation. His experiences in these primaries, as he is the first to admit, were highly useful in making him a national figure and in acquainting him with the political figures of the Democratic Party who were crucial to his nomination and will be to his election. His experiences in the primaries and the convention demonstrate that, however imperfect the system, the combination of the two is the best way for us to nominate a candidate.

Nixon, born to modest circumstances, has come to know, though not to acquire, wealth and the power it gives, in a way which has convinced him that conservatism is the essence of the American system. He, too, is well aware of the unfinished business of this nation at home, but he has accepted the view that restraint of government is vital to the continuance of the growth of free economic enterprise.

A good many observers believe that Kennedy is more conservative than the public thinks and that Nixon, on the other hand, is more progressive. This is probably so, if one compares the individuals with the party platforms. But neither should be viewed in that light alone; each is the standard-bearer of a force in the American system. Neither party is totalitarian in its approach; each has its extremists at both ends of the political spectrum. But the great majority of the Democratic Party is with Kennedy as a progressive, and the great majority of the Republican Party is with Nixon as a conservative.

Election slogans

Elections are seldom won on slogans; slogans have meaning only as they represent issues and philosophies about government and economics. Kennedy's thesis that his is the party of hope while the Republican is the party of memory summarizes the central Democratic view. Nixon's derision of Democratic economic thinking as "growthmanship" epitomizes his party's belief that the nation's economy is the product of private leadership and

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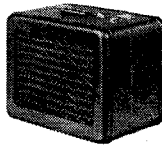
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Report on Washington



not the business of government. Kennedy's use of John Kenneth Galbraith and Nixon's of William Yandell Elliott, to those in the intellectual world who know the two men, tell a great deal about their respective approaches.

Both Kennedy and Nixon are prisoners of their times. Each is bound to face the facts of an exploding population and its meaning at home, and also the threats of militant Communism and the problems it produces abroad. In the last analysis, it will be the voters' views of these problems and their impressions of what a President Kennedy or a President Nixon would do about them that will decide which man will enter the White House next January.

Here at home

Consider first the domestic front. The government is involved in four important areas. Much more must be done for education of the young, not just because there are more of them than there are the necessary facilities and teachers but because the Soviet challenge has made us realize that the gifted children must have more than our egalitarian educational system has tended to provide.

Men and women in their earning years, especially those at the fringes of our increasingly middle-class society, need more protection in terms of such things as minimum wages and social aid for migratory workers. Above all, the dynamics of the economic system require the hand of government in the transition to an automated economy, now well under way not only in our factories but in our offices as well. A subsidiary problem for those in the earning years is the problem of leisure—everything from a more fruitful use of television to an expansion of public recreation in the national parks.

For the rapidly increasing part of our population in the after-retirement age bracket, increased by the miracles of post-war medicine, there



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Report on Washington



is the crying need for health and income protection. This is a problem not only for the aged themselves but for their children, whose own lives will be greatly affected by what government decides to do or not to do.

Finally, there is the special problem of agriculture, a problem resulting from the technological revolution on the farm. Not only the fate of those leaving the land is involved, but also the use of farm surpluses as a means of effecting national policy abroad.

A word should be said about one other problem which embraces all segments of the public outside the rural farm areas—the issue of government's role in the increasingly urbanized American society. Here the question is what the federal government should do to solve the problems of public transportation, health, and protection, which now are largely the responsibility of local governments and which cross the jurisdictional lines of many of these local governments.

A great deal will be heard about the cost of what Kennedy proposes to do about all these matters. He wants to spur the economy so that, as productivity increases, the increasing tax revenues can pay the mounting bills. Nixon's view is that the government instead should hold down expenditures, lest it require even more from the pay envelope than it takes today.

The domestic aspect of the election, in terms of those who vote on domestic issues, will be determined by whichever intellectual or emotional decision triumphs in the voter's mind: whether he wants government to do these things for him or whether he is afraid of having government do them.

Vigilance abroad

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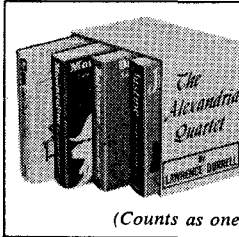
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Report on Washington



Nikita Khrushchev attempting to take advantage of election-year paralysis in the United States, each candidate faces a delicate and dangerous path in commenting on day-to-day developments. Both Nixon and Kennedy will have to project to the voter some idea of what they would do, if elected, over the years ahead.

In foreign affairs, even more than in domestic matters, the record of the past eight years probably will affect the voter's decision. Nixon can no more escape the voter's evaluation of that record than Adlai Stevenson in 1952 could escape the voter's evaluation of the Truman Administration. For Nixon, the unhappy fact is that American foreign policy has seemed to come a cropper in the final months of the Eisenhower years; the U-2 affair, the Summit collapse, the Japanese fiasco, the threat in Cuba just off our shores—all of this puts Nixon on the defensive.

Kennedy, however, began as a nominee largely unknown to the bulk of the voters. Those who saw him in the Senate or followed his primary campaigns knew something of his thinking, that he realizes the nature of the struggle between freedom and Communism, that he intends a highly positive role for government. Still, the Nixon argument that he himself is the best-trained candidate in history is an appealing one, a major obstacle for Kennedy to overcome.

The verdict of the voters who base their decision on foreign problems as they affect the United States will depend on the intellectual or emotional reaction to the changing nature of America's position in the world and, equally, on the reaction to Russian or Chinese provocation.

It will be three years in October since Sputnik I first shook American complacency. Probably the most important unknown in estimating the outcome of the presidential election is how shaken that complacency is today. There is an uneasiness in the land, but how extensive is it and

how directly does it relate to Richard Nixon himself? Kennedy will bear down hard on this point.

Religion and civil rights

Two other great issues cut across all lines in this campaign: religion and race. While it is true that the West Virginia Democratic primary demonstrated that non-Catholics will vote in great numbers for a Catholic candidate, this by no means guarantees that religion is out as an issue. Both outright bigotry and genuine non-Catholic fear of the Church remain, despite the forthright stand on separation of church and state taken by Kennedy. But Kennedy's worst enemies may turn out to be the zealots among his co-religionists. Kennedy is fully aware of this danger, and he can only hope that they will not embarrass him.

The problem of the Negro minority in the United States, of its changing status in the South as well as its growing importance in the North and West, will not be resolved by this election. Neither Kennedy nor Nixon would, as President, adopt such a laissez-faire attitude as Eisenhower has. Both believe in human equality, and either man would provide far more leadership in helping to make less painful the inevitable adjustments in the public schools and elsewhere in the South.

In the course of the campaign, the general line of division between the parties and the candidates is bound to be blurred by the headlines of controversy and name calling. But it does exist and should be decisive by election day.

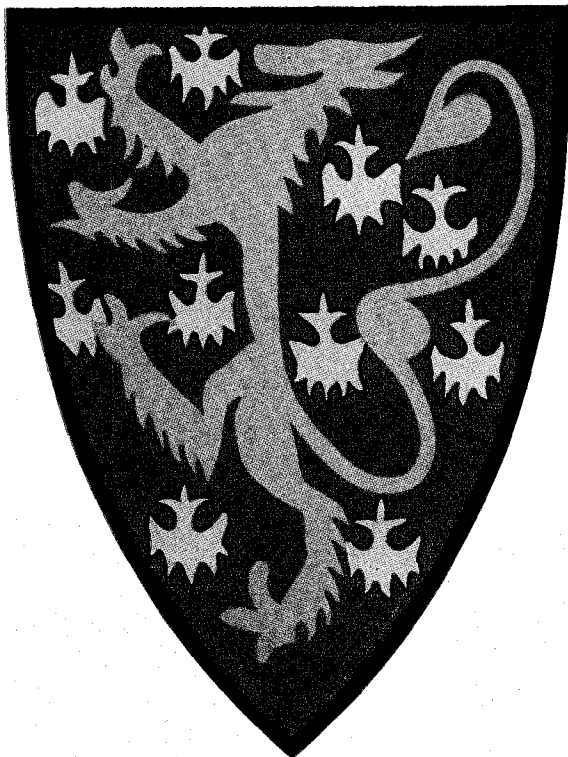
The Vice President

When running mates are chosen, and this year has been no exception, matters of geography and background, of voting records and past performance are all considered, along with internal problems in the political party concerned.

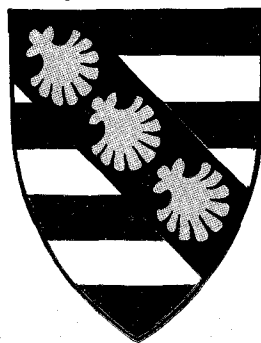
The nomination of Senate Majority Leader Lyndon B. Johnson as Kennedy's running mate had a double purpose: to heal the North-South breach and prevent the loss of Texas, Florida, Virginia, and perhaps other Southern states in November; and to put in the vice-presidential chair a man capable of taking over if that should ever be necessary.

Nature gives man symbols for his art

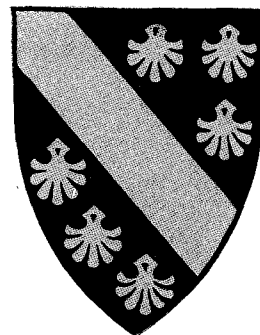
Arms from a 13th century manuscript.



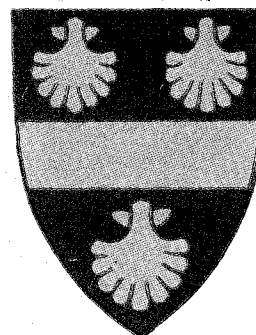
Lightfoot family arms.



Foljambe family arms.

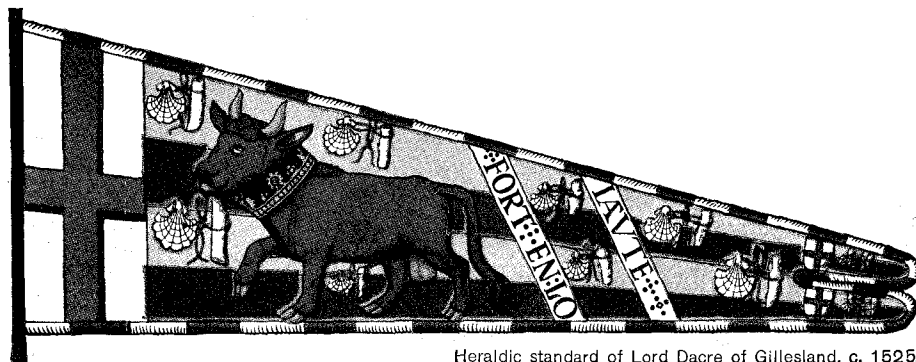


Shank family arms.

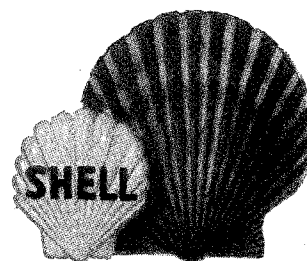


One of the herald painter's most useful symbols was the scallop shell. A superb example is this blue armorial shield with a strikingly stylized lion rampant on a field of seashells. This shield dates from the late thirteenth century and is of a pattern associated with a family of Hender of Cornwall in England. The heraldic painter—like most artists even down to our own day—looked to nature for the symbols he needed for communication and inspiration.

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Heraldic standard of Lord Dacre of Gillesland, c. 1525.



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Report on Washington



Whether Johnson, the able, proud,
egotistical Texan, was mesmerized
by the campaign ballyhoo of his sup-
porters to the point of believing that
he might become the presidential
nominee probably will never be
known. At any rate, when the mo-
ment of decision came, he agreed to
accept the second spot. For his part,
Kennedy decided several days be-
fore his own nomination to tap John-
son as his running mate, and he stuck
to his decision, despite some strong
opposition from both the Northern
liberals, led by Michigan's Governor,
G. Mennen Williams, and from Ken-
nedy's brother and campaign mana-
ger, Robert Kennedy. Bob Ken-
nedy's opposition to Johnson sprang,
in part at least, from his commit-
ments to many delegates, in seeking
their votes for his brother, that
Johnson would not be on the ticket.

Nixon's selection of Henry Cabot
Lodge, the U.S. Ambassador to the
United Nations, as his running mate
was a second choice but one based on
Nixon's analysis of the campaign
ahead. He had wanted Governor
Nelson Rockefeller, and at the New
York meeting on the platform had
tried hard to get the governor to
change his mind. When that failed,
Nixon turned to Lodge as the other
man in the party who is well known
for "standing up to the Commu-
nists," the phrase most generally
heard at the Chicago convention in
explanation of the choice of Lodge.
Cabot Lodge is indeed intelligent,
well grounded from years in the
Senate, and a shrewd politician. His
main deficiency for the campaign is
his lack of a base of political power
(which Johnson has), because he lost
his Senate seat in 1952 to Kennedy.

Nixon settled on Lodge as soon as
he was certain he could not get
Rockefeller. But he was careful to
try to heal party wounds by going
through an elaborate, and tradi-
tional, ritual of consultation with
party leaders before naming his man.

The focus of power shifts

A great deal has been written
about the extraordinary fact that all

four top candidates this year are
either present or past members of the
Senate. Historically this is not to-
tally new, for in the pre-Civil War
decades the Senate produced many
outstanding presidential and vice-
presidential candidates. What is
important is that we are now seeing a
return to that practice. And this is
no political accident.

In the years of the gathering storm
before the Civil War, the Senate was
the focus of the conflict. Then, in the
post-Civil War years — indeed, for a
century, through the Eisenhower
Administrations — the focus of na-
tional life was outside Washington,
except when that was impossible,
either in war years or in the Great
Depression. It has taken a new
crisis, a crisis of the proportions of
the one which gathered in the years
before the Civil War, to bring back
to Washington this focus of power.
The shift is, of course, by no means
complete. There are strong resisters
in both political parties, as was evi-
denced by the bitter-enders at both
the presidential conventions.

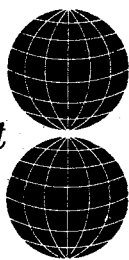
Men of action

The problem for America today is
not unlike that which faced the na-
tion before the Civil War. And the
question today is whether the nation
will allow itself to drift into a con-
flict, one which would be incredibly
more destructive, by a repetition of
the policy vacuum of another James
Buchanan period.

The men of the Senate — the four
men now facing the American elec-
torate — all know that Buchananism
will not do. Each pair has its own
way of looking at the crisis ahead, as
at the problems at home. But the
difference — the hopeful difference
in 1960 from the period just before
1860 — is that today's candidates
are men of action.

It will be up to the voters to decide
this year which promise of action is
the kind that this nation needs in
order to survive in the critical decade
ahead. We cannot yet tell how fate-
ful the outcome will be on Novem-
ber 8, but it probably can be said
that there is no choice between
action and inaction. The voters'
task is to make each of the candi-
dates explain, as best he can, how
he proposes to meet the challenge if
he occupies the White House.

The Atlantic Report ROME



THE Romans have made a valiant effort to give this year's Olympic Games a glitter and glory worthy of the Caesars. Aside from the ordinary athletic contests, which are to be held in the seven stadiums, ten gymnasiums, and five swimming pools that have been built or readied for the occasion, the program includes a score of colorful events.

There will be wrestling matches in the imposing ruins of the Basilica of Maxentius; gymnastic competitions in the mighty Baths of Caracalla; ancient sling-throwing contests and jousts, which hundreds of invaders from Foligno and Ascoli Piceno, clad in brilliant Renaissance costumes, will re-enact under the venerable yews of the Villa Borghese gardens; a mock battle fought out between feather-helmeted Pisans in the millennial arena of the Circus Maximus; rowing races on the placid green waters of Lake Albano, near the Pope's summer residence of Castel Gandolfo; and hockey matches at the Stadio dei Marmi, whose sixty white marble statues of naked musclemen memorialize the pompous bad taste of the Mussolini era.

Eclipsing everything else, a marathon starting in the exquisite little square which Michelangelo designed atop the Campidoglio will take a hundred puffing athletes out through the twin-towered Gate of Saint Sebastian, over the Appian Way, past the Tomb of Cecilia Metella and the Church of Domine Quo Vadis, and will culminate in a blaze of lights and exuberant Roman cheers beneath the triumphal Arch of Constantine, next to the Colosseum.

Only in one respect is the welcome which Rome is now offering its Olympic visitors likely to provide any accurate reflection of the present Italian scene, and that is the horn-honking confusion of what will certainly be remembered as the greatest traffic jam in the Eternal City's history. Though the city fathers have made an earnest effort to concentrate most of the Olympic events in two peripheral areas — one located on the northern fringe, the other some five miles south of the

capital — and though they have connected them with a network of highways, bridges, and underpasses, the monument-cluttered stage of the Eternal City was simply not designed to withstand the armada of scooters, motorcycles, sedans, and tourist buses that has invaded it.

Political unrest

The pomp and pageantry of these Olympic Games — the fourteenth in modern times and the three hundred and sixth, according to the historians, to be held since Coroebus of Elis was crowned with the first Olympic wreath in 776 B.C. — cannot conceal the truth that Italy's domestic situation today is still very uncertain.

Italy's progress in the last decade has offered a curious paradox. Its economy, particularly in the last three or four years, has been developing faster than that of any of its Common Market neighbors, with a national income increase of about 10 per cent a year, with the lira completely stabilized, and with an accumulation of over \$3 billion of foreign exchange (exceeding the reserves of the British Treasury). On the other hand, there have been a growing instability and an increasing restlessness on the political front.

There are a number of reasons for this peculiar situation. To begin with, the absence of anything resembling two-party politics has permitted administrative nepotism and corruption to flourish. In the second place, the balance of forces in Italian politics — between the Communists and Socialists on the left, respectively controlling 141 and 87 seats, and the Christian Democrats, controlling 273 seats in the country's lower chamber — has been so nearly deadlocked as to hamper the possibility of enduring and energetic government.

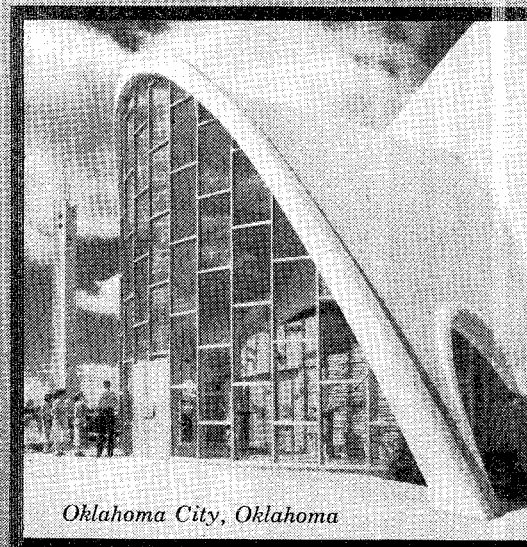
To rule at all, the Christian Democrats have been forced to bolster their parliamentary plurality by courting the support of several splinter groups, such as the Saragat Socialists, the Republicans, the more conservative Liberals, the openly conservative Monarchists, or even the unashamedly Fascist M.S.I. (Italian Socialist Movement).



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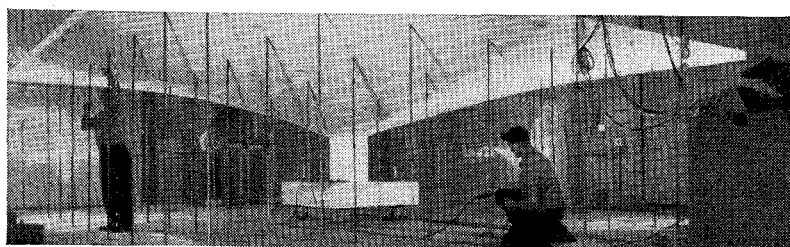
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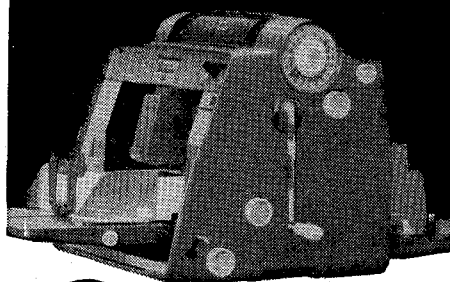
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Report on Rome



This dependence has given the fringe parties a golden opportunity for indulging in all kinds of political blackmail.

Division in the majority party

To make matters worse, the dominant Christian Democratic Party today has more than a half-dozen factions, ranging from outright conservatives, who take their cues from the Vatican or from industry and high finance, to progressives, who favor a policy of splitting the left-wing opposition of Socialists and Communists.

Since Alcide de Gasperi's death in 1953, no Christian Democratic leader has shown himself capable of dominating these centrifugal tendencies or of curbing the intemperate appetites of the indispensable fringe parties. Antonio Segni, who has probably been the most successful Premier since De Gasperi, was able to rule for several relatively brief periods, less because of any personal ascendancy than because of the absence of hostility in his quarreling colleagues. For the most part, the party has been run by a directorship made up of faction leaders, none of whom has been strong enough to impose himself on the others or to give the party decisive leadership and direction.

The mere fact that the party could be reduced in the spring of this year to swallowing the caretaker government of a man like Fernando Tambroni, an agile opportunist who flirted with the Fascists back in the middle twenties, is a sure sign of the growing disarray in Christian Democratic ranks.

New elections, which could be ordered by President Gronchi after consultation with the presidents of the two chambers, afford, at best, a risky way out, for the chances are that the Socialists and Communists would come back even more strongly than they did in the last elections, of May, 1958. The other way out of the deadlock is the possibility of weaning Pietro Nenni and his 87

Socialist deputies away from Palmiro Togliatti's block of 141 Communists. The Russians' action in brutally crushing the Budapest insurrection in 1956 earned them, and all Communists who supported it, an unequivocal condemnation from Nenni. The relations between Nenni and Togliatti have since then fluctuated with the changing temperatures of the Cold War.

"Opening to the left"

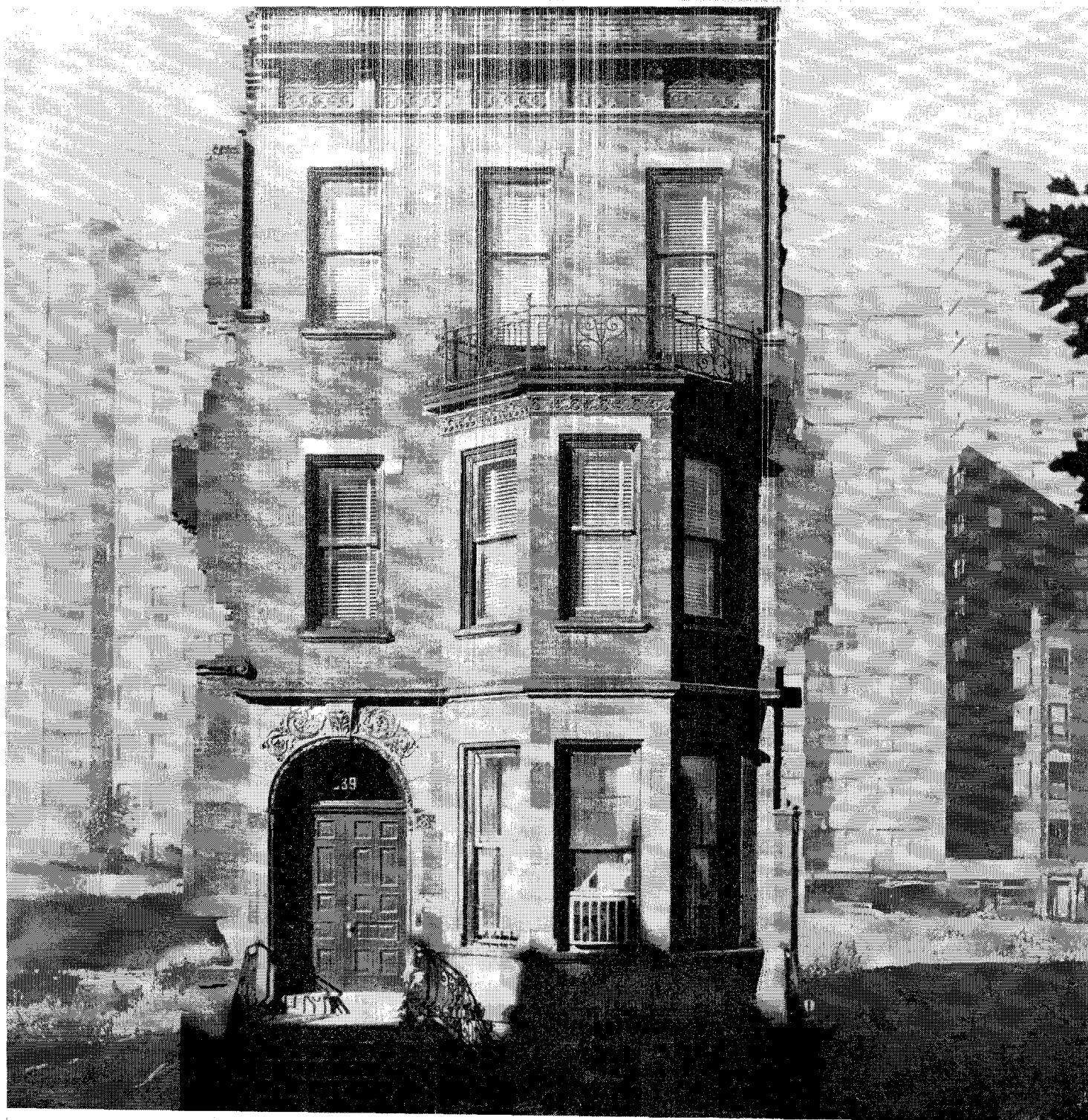
Nenni, who is a National Socialist, has always believed that Italian socialist policies should be decided in Rome, not in Moscow, and that they should reflect the humanitarian, fraternal, and pacifist ideals characteristic of the nineteenth-century socialist gospel.

Whenever there has been a slackening in the Cold War, a lull has descended on Nenni's continuing debate with Togliatti; but each time Moscow has taken a tough line toward Yugoslavia or toward the West, the relations between the two men have deteriorated, as happened this summer after Khrushchev's explosive exploitation of the U-2 incident. It is just conceivable that if the U-2 incident and the blowup of the Paris conference had occurred three months earlier, when Italy was desperately groping for a new government, a more propitious climate would have been created for the long-talked-of "opening to the left."

Amintore Fanfani, who has been favoring this particular way out of the worsening impasse, came within an ace of pulling off such a maneuver in February, when he tried to form a government composed so as to permit Nenni's Socialists to give it their tacit support without their actually getting any of the cabinet posts. He was forced to abandon the attempt when it became obvious that such a government would precipitate the defection of 40 die-hard Christian Democrats, who follow the more conservative members of the Italian clergy in vetoing the slightest concession made toward the left.

The new Pope

The Vatican's role in Italian politics thus remains, if only by default, as decisive a factor as ever. Unlike his predecessor, Pius XII,

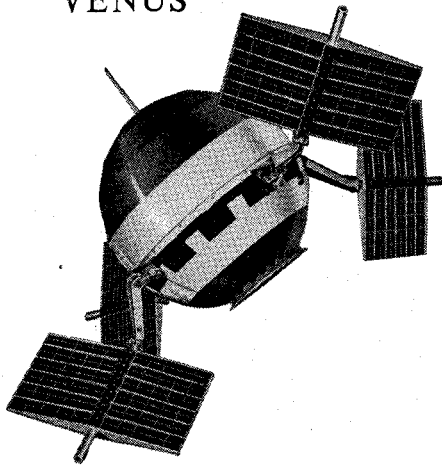


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Report on Rome



who kept a close watch on the evolution of Italian politics and who cultivated a steady association with Alcide de Gasperi, the new Pope, John XXIII, set out to dissociate the Vatican from such a close involvement in local secular matters.

The immediate result of this initiative, however, may well have been the opposite of what he intended. For instead of removing the Vatican from Italian politics, a virtually impossible task in any short-run period, what he has done has been to give a freer hand to conservative activists like the energetic Cardinal of Genoa, Giuseppe Siri, who leads the Italian Episcopal Conference, and Luigi Gedda, who, though removed from his post as the head of Catholic Action by the new Pope, still retains a formidable influence through some 23,000 civic committees which have the specific job of recruiting votes for the Christian Democratic Party. Siri, who often makes as many as two trips a week to Rome, was particularly instrumental in thwarting Fanfani last spring, not hesitating to call in doubtful Christian Democratic deputies who gave signs of compromising on the issue of an alliance with the left.

Pope John XXIII, furthermore, has done little to dissociate himself from the advice of the more ultramontane members of the Curia, such as Cardinals Canali, Ottaviani, and Pizzardo, whose less than liberal influence was already being regretted in the twilight years of Pius XII's pontificate. There are pessimists in Rome who are now predicting that the former Pope will come to be regarded as a liberal in comparison with the new one.

Italy's unequal prosperity

The conflicting currents within the Vatican would not be so important were Italy's social situation more secure. But the violent riots which erupted in June and July of this year were a sobering reminder that a powerful discontent is fermenting beneath the seemingly placid surface of Italy's prosperity.

The underlying reason for this ferment is the harsh fact that Italy's steady industrial advance has enriched the northern cities more than it has reduced the poverty of the traditionally destitute south. Not only that; it has hardly made a dent in Italy's most serious and chronic economic problem: the continuing unemployment. The bloody riots which exploded in Palermo at the end of June were essentially due to the frustrations felt by an urban population of some 400,000, of whom 50,000 are without work.

The ten-year plan proposed by Finance Minister Ezio Vanoni called for a program of relative austerity, which the Italian governments of the last five years have been too weak and internally divided to pursue. Investments have thus tended to flow toward areas of quick returns, such as housing, which has been surging forward at a rate of increase of 11.5 per cent a year, rather than toward areas of long-range benefit, such as agriculture, where the annual increase, limited almost exclusively to the north, has been of the order of 2.5 per cent.

Two comparisons suffice to illustrate a problem which has unnaturally pushed up the cost of living for the Italians of modest means, particularly in the cities. With a territorial area that is two thirds the size of California, Italy manages to produce 65 per cent as many apples, 72 per cent as many pears, 95 per cent as many plums, and 68 per cent as many lemons as are produced all over the United States. Yet fruit costs more in Rome than it does in Washington, D.C.

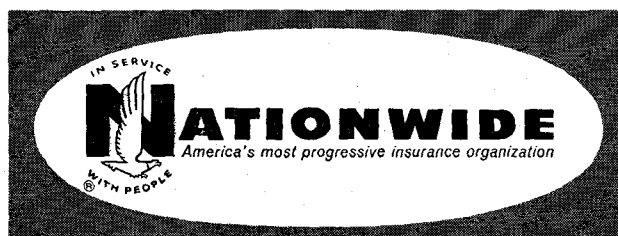
The per capita consumption of poultry, to cite a second example, is the lowest in Europe, for the reason that the poultry business in Italy is virtually controlled by one Milanese family, which believes in buying chickens at cut-rate prices from peasants and selling them on the market at four times the price. Most Italians have to do without chicken.

The removal of such bottlenecks and injustices is bound to be one of the tasks which an energetic Roman government will one day have to tackle. The alternative is only too likely to be new social upheavals.



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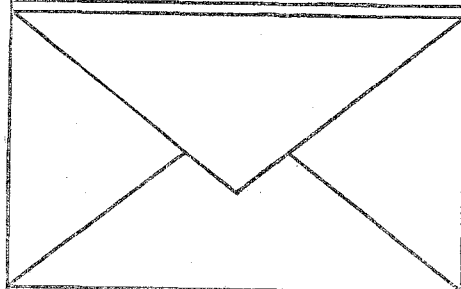
"I don't think any business man in this country is doing his duty unless he devotes some part of his time and some part of his company's earnings to promoting peace."—from the new book, "Vice President in Charge of Revolution," by Murray D. Lincoln, President of Nationwide Insurance.



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Atlantic Repartee

LETTERS TO AND FROM THE EDITOR



"The Imperative to Punish"

SIR:

Judge David L. Bazelon's views in "The Imperative to Punish" (July *Atlantic*) reflect the growing tendency of our society to consider the criminal's guilt secondary to society's. Is it not true that the parole boards and judges are more lenient than in former times? It follows that there are more ex-criminals on the street, hence the mysterious recidivism.

Two hoodlums recently shot a third youth in New York City. The newspapers mentioned that one was a previous knifer and the other a two-time loser. Who is guilty? The judge who allowed them to return to society.

STEVE NATELSON
Brooklyn, N. Y.

SIR:

Imperative to punish! From whom? We have generally assumed that the pose of the King as the vice regent of the Deity in the matter of punishing crimes had disappeared with the theory of the Divine Right. But, seemingly, not so. William Penn and Thomas Jefferson vainly sought the renunciation by a free people of the right to punish anyone. But the corrupting and unchristian doctrine of punishment still pervades our laws and our criminal practices. Our courts stoop to implement the public's demand for retribution and vengeance, and thus produce a special class of people whom we call criminals.

Our criminal courts must be brought to the realization of the fact that they are human and social institutions and that their primary task is to make things better and not

worse. We should rid our laws of the entire idea of punishment.

PAUL N. SCHAEFFER
Reading, Pa.

SIR:

The lofty and reasonable tone of Judge Bazelon's article suggests that the victims of theft, rape, assault, embezzlement, and so forth should extend understanding to the predator, if not forgiveness, that the victims should suffer their own losses, endure their own pain, swallow their own humiliation — in short, pay penalty for something of which they are not guilty. And if this is not enough, they should find the money in taxes to maintain expensive institutions where the criminals may be treated with solicitude and compassion. Should not a thug pay the hospital bill of the citizen he has assaulted and make good the victim's loss of wages incurred in absence from work? And should not the embezzler, who has deliberately stolen money from a trusting employer over a period of time, be made to repay the money with interest? Maybe such a course of action, written into the statutes, would be considered an act of vengeance by a vindictive society, but to me it is simple justice.

H. C. MANNING
Vancouver, B. C.

SIR:

I can speak with some authority on the efficacy of punishment because I have received a good deal of it, having spent almost ten years in prison. I have known thousands of criminals, at large and confined. But I have yet to see one who had

any intention of forgoing crime because he or some other had received a severe sentence. I agree with Judge Bazelon wholeheartedly: punishment as a means of criminal control is a failure.

Why it fails has something to do with "It can't happen to me," the incantation that prevents mankind from worrying itself to death. Chanting this, the smoker goes on puffing while aware of cigarette-induced lung cancer, the driver goes on speeding while listening to reports of highway fatalities, and thieves go on stealing while thieves are being punished. The illogical basis for faith in "It can't happen to me" is the fact that "it," be it prison, collision, or cancer, does not happen to everyone. And logical or not, this incantation, more than anything else, is what frustrates the hopeful deterrent theorist. If punishment is to be an effective deterrent, every criminal act must inevitably lead to punishment. In this event, criminals, like people who sit on hot stoves, will be rare.

Obviously one man's punishment will not prevent another man's crime, and it is just as obvious, in the light of the statistics which Judge Bazelon quotes on recidivism, that punishing a man for his first crime will not prevent him from committing a second. I know the criminal; the tired old fourth offender has no more thought of being captured and punished than the juvenile delinquent. The criminal refuses to believe that anything short of Fate led to his capture — not fate in the sense that capture is inevitable, but Fate personified, a malicious god responsible for that one hard-luck chance

in a mirror. It is a serious matter, but remember that it is held by the ignorant — not the stupid, the ignorant. Men in prison are uneducated men; few are stupid, if by stupid we mean unable to learn, moronic.

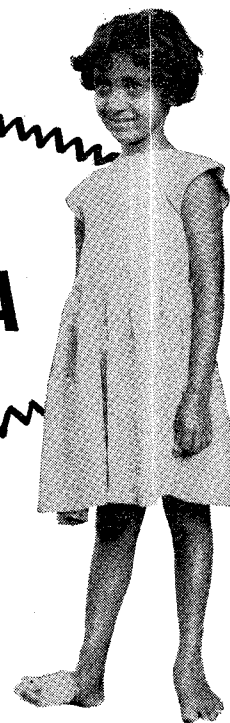
I firmly believe that this ignorance is the crux of the criminal problem and that education is the solution, in spite of the many who claim that educating the criminal is like sharpening the claws of the lion. Education and crime are incompatible. I refer to the type of crime committed by the group that is society's primary concern, the assaulting, car-stealing, tavern-robbing criminals on their way to reform school or to prison for the first time. This group, I believe, can be reformed through education.

A little education did for me what a reform school, Sing Sing, a more recent twenty-five to fifty year sentence, and all the punishment this list implies failed to do. I am still a convict, but I am no longer a criminal. My faith in education is not based simply on its rehabilitative effect on me; I have watched its effect on others — not many, I will admit, because few prisoners have the desire to learn, encouragement is scarce, and facilities are poor. But of those who do improve their education, none return.

If the proponents of punishment are sincere in asserting that they punish to deter, they should certainly not be opposed to a plan that would serve the same purpose in a more effective and less costly manner. We should start, whatever the cost, with some sort of federal inspection or control of reform schools, not leave the respective states to coddle or cudgel the delinquent as they see fit. Reform schools should be the first to become rehabilitation centers, staffed with behavioral scientists and equipped to offer the best in education. There is no youngster that cannot with competent help and guidance be made to desist from crime. And the cost of rehabilitating the most recalcitrant youngster will not be one tenth of the eventual cost to society if he is allowed to lead a life of crime. Has anyone ever attempted to compute what this type of criminal must cost society in the course of his life? The sum must be fantastic.

Name withheld
— State Prison

A FAIRY WAND TOUCHED HEARTHA



of Columbo, Ceylon, who now is a happy and healthy little girl of eleven. But she could not walk until she was seven due to malnutrition. She was a deserted child left like an animal to forage for herself. When admitted to a CCF affiliated Ceylon Home, she could hardly sit up and could only slowly, by holding on to something, struggle up on her feet and stand on legs that trembled under her pitifully thin body. She has a bright, alert mind, a winsome personality and her little heart is as warm and kind as an angel's.

There are lots of Hearthas in Ceylon and in India, just across a few miles of sea—deserted and orphaned children—hungry, neglected and homeless. Unless you could see how they look and exist, you would not believe life could be so cruel to a human being, much less to a child. But your hand can hold a fairy wand and touch and bless such a child, transforming some half starved boy or

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- Cutting production costs must come through the ingenuity of American management. Productivity must be increased. Products must be constantly improved. Inflation must be controlled. Waste of manpower must be eliminated. All are basic ways production costs can be cut, to help bring American industry into a competitive price area with foreign imports.

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HOW GOOD IS GOVERNMENT MEDICAL CARE?

BY OSLER L. PETERSON, M.D.

Can a high quality be maintained in our medical services if, as many believe, they must be vastly enlarged by government aid? OSLER L. PETERSON, M.D., spent six years in Europe as a staff member of the Rockefeller Foundation, studying the various government-supported health services, and is now a visiting lecturer at the Harvard Medical School.

THERE is a hospital bill on my desk. On October 10, Mrs. A —, a Boston resident, aged 66, fell and broke her hip. Her hip was operated upon and nailed, and she left the hospital on November 18. Excellent care contributed to her recovery. The hospital bill was \$2949.38. The surgeon's fee is not known. It is this problem of paying the cost of medical care that the Forand Bill and its many rivals, including a reluctant Administration's proposal, have been attempting to solve. And yet there is more, much more, to the problem than the question of how, and how much, the government will pay.

The issues that the Forand Bill sought to deal with seem fairly clear. Man is mortal, a fact which is remorselessly driven home to the age group of over sixty-five years. They have more diseases and higher death rates than younger age groups. They visit their doctors each year half again as often as younger people, and they require about twice as much hospitalization. These fat medical bills must be paid from a thin purse. The Census Bureau reports that almost 60 per cent of persons over sixty-five years of age had cash incomes of less than \$1000 in 1958, while about 70 per cent of couples had incomes of less

than \$3000. Some have cash, some own homes. Some live with children, and their expenses are probably small. But not many are on Easy Street.

This is a difficult situation that many people would be happy to turn over to the government. Some of the public opponents of governmental health insurance for the aged, in fact, privately support it, and with reason. While the voluntary health insurance organizations are pointing with pride to the progress they have made in enrolling the aged, progress has brought them problems. The Blue Cross organizations have repeatedly raised premiums to keep pace with hospital charges and increased hospital use; the public complains, and there are threats of investigation. Successfully insuring the sick old people would be a Pyrrhic victory. Commercial insurance is based upon "experience ratings"—the likelihoods that the insured will have to make claims—and the experience of the aged is such that the companies probably are not eager to compete for their premiums.

Even so, almost 45 per cent of our older citizens have some health insurance now. Does this mean protection against the costs of illness? A publica-

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tion of the Health Insurance Institute points out that the hospital benefits which older persons receive may range from \$5 to \$25 per day. Most hospital charges run \$25 per day and up. The person over sixty-five who goes to the hospital will stay there an average of almost fifteen days, compared with just under eight days for the general population. An average old person going to the hospital can thus expect a bill of about \$375. Some of those who are "insured" will get back as little as \$75. Medical costs are therefore a common cause of indigence in this age group.

SOMEWHERE between organized labor, picturing the aged as victims of universally besetting misery, and organized conservatism, dwelling glowingly on the joys of the sunset years, is the uncomfortable liberal. He appreciates that the problem is real and that political action is almost certain. Why, then, is he concerned? Because the Forand Bill was not very good, and its rivals are no better. These bills assume that paying the medical expense is the only issue — in short, that this is just another welfare problem — when actually the problem deeply involves the practice of medicine, the quality of care, and the organization of medical care services. Inevitably, any legislation providing government health insurance will have consequences in these areas, too. There has been a great deal of experience with government support of medical care, much of it in Europe, which should help us to understand why this is so.

For example, a great weakness of the Forand Bill was that it provided only for hospitalization and medical care in the hospitals. People who have health insurance are hospitalized more than noninsured persons, in part, at least, because they know that their hospital care will be paid for. The demand that would have been created by the Forand Bill would have been even more serious. Old people tend to live alone or in easily broken homes, and once hospitalized they might have nowhere else to go. This is particularly true when there is some residual disability.

In England, where virtually all medical services are now provided through the National Health Service, this problem was pressing during the early years of the service. There was much "silted up" of the hospital beds by old patients with chronic diseases. The Forand Bill could not have been better designed to silt up our hospital beds and to keep them silted up.

Later bills have included provision for payment for home care and nursing-home care, which are cheaper and often more appropriate for the patient. Care in a doctor's office is the most

economical and sometimes the best form of treatment, but it was conspicuously absent from most of the proposals advanced earlier. Thus, a patient who has to pay for an X ray in the doctor's office, but who is insured against the cost of that X ray in the hospital, has a good chance of ending up in the hospital.

A second frequently overlooked consideration in the Forand debate was the fact that a payment mechanism alone may have inflationary effects. Since the aged have low incomes and much illness, the advent of social security or other payments for their medical care would probably produce a sharp rise in the amount of medical care they receive, and therefore in the total cost. The history of fees and charges, furthermore, shows that they rise more easily when paid by insurance than when they have to be pried out of individual pockets. However, any attempt to control the cost and use of health service by fiscal means alone will not be more than partly successful. This would be like trying to control automobile accidents by manipulation of insurance premiums, when we are well aware that safe driving is a function of road construction, traffic cops, stop-and-go lights, licensing practices, driver training, and many other things. The problem of controlling the cost of health services is one of the considerations that will inevitably push the government more deeply into the field of medical services, once it has entered. It is equally certain that before long the government would become preoccupied with the problems of the quality and distribution of the care it purchases. We have already seen this in the Hill-Burton Bill. The government granted money for hospital construction only after each state had formulated a regional hospital plan. A plan was essential, the Public Health Service knew, simply to make sure that the government dollars would build the right kind of hospital in the right place. Pleasant Farm County needs general medical and surgical beds; the city can use one specialized neurosurgical ward that may serve patients from most of the state. Without a plan, hospitals might build the medical equivalent of a Yankee Stadium in Cokato, Minnesota.

A third consideration is quality. In the United States, the most enthusiastic backers of voluntary health insurance and government medical care have coupled their hopes for a solution to economic problems with brave talk of comprehensive medicine, high quality of medical care, primary and secondary disease prevention, and other wishful arguments. Instituting some form of prepayment for medical care does not solve the problem of poor or unskilled care. When the British Health Services were nationalized in 1948,

there was widespread expectation that general practitioners would practice better preventive medicine in their own interests. Since they were paid according to the number of patients on their lists, whether they saw each patient a dozen times, once, or not at all, it was reasoned that the doctors would try to reduce their work by preventing disease. The new health service had not been functioning long before it was generally realized that the good doctors remained good and the others plodded along in their characteristic ruts.

If the government pays the piper, it is likely to demand that the musicians be qualified. Government support of health services has been undertaken primarily to eliminate financial barriers between patients and medical care, but attempts to set standards usually follow. For example, in our own country, much surgery is done by doctors with minimal training. It is most unlikely that the government would pay the well-trained and the partly trained doctor the same amount for an operation. Indeed, government subsidies of medical care would probably result in the limiting of surgical privileges to the fully trained and certified specialists.

It is often said that the United States has the best medical care in the world. Some aspects of American medicine are indeed outstanding, but the Scot or the Norwegian who enters a hospital in his country can do so with the assurance that the surgeon or physician who cares for him is well trained and well selected for his post. The American who enters a hospital must depend upon his own imperfect judgment of a doctor's qualifications.

The editor of the British medical journal *Lancet*, Dr. T. F. Fox, commented recently: "The lack of fully specialized staff means that at present one's chances of dying quietly in a hospital bed with a wrong diagnosis are higher in America than in Britain." For this and other reasons, the government, when it foots the bill, may set standards of training for the doctor who gives the service. The sharpness of Dr. Fox's comment is a case of tit for tat; the British have smarted under our criticism of their National Health Service.

The government may be forced to dabble with the quality of medical care for another reason: the need to have a brake on the use of hospitals. The practice of medicine presents many situations in which choices between action and inaction, surgery or medical treatment, hospital or ambulatory care must be made. The pressure is usually on the doctor to "do something." The decision runs the risk of being biased when "doing something," such as surgery, means a larger fee.

The very acrimonious fight between the United

Mine Workers Welfare and Retirement Fund and the medical profession in the coal mine areas arose over this issue. The fund at first paid fees to local doctors. This question of unnecessary and incompetent surgery was soon raised publicly, and it was not long before the fund decided to build its own hospitals and staff them with salaried specialists. Dr. Warren F. Draper, the fund's medical director, says bluntly: "We will never return to free choice of physicians; we have found that as long as the fund would pay any physician for any service which he saw fit to render, surgical diagnoses were often poor and the amount of surgery in beneficiaries was far in excess of that performed in others." The government is not likely to be as cantankerous as labor about paying medical bills, but it is likely to scrutinize them carefully.

It is an oversimplification to equate unnecessary surgery with a fee. The fact that the largely discredited operation of tonsillectomy is still being done does not necessarily mean that it is performed because of the fee it brings. The doctor may decide on this operation because of his frustration in dealing with a child's repeated respiratory infections. In Europe, the family doctor may send the child to a hospital, but it is the specialist who decides whether he is admitted for surgery or not. Checks and balances of this type are becoming increasingly familiar in this country, and governmental subsidies of health insurance will almost certainly extend them. But the exclusion of the general practitioners from hospitals is not without serious hazards. It divides the profession into an elite and "the others." This division has the effect of removing some doctors from the one institution which gives promise of providing them with knowledge of the rapidly accelerating advances in medical diagnosis and treatment. It is for this reason that the real bedrock opposition to government health insurance is found among general practitioners rather than among specialists. Our country might well pioneer a new approach in which family physicians are permitted to use the hospitals under the direction of well-trained and well-selected chiefs of staff, the pattern that is now followed chiefly in our university hospitals.

THE unavoidable issue of quality control has concerned physicians, and they are quite right in recognizing that the Forand Bill really involved it. These deeply conservative physicians also recognize that medical care for old people is only the beginning. They are right, because government-supported medicine for one problem group will

be extended and broadened to include others — ultimately, all of us.

The Health Insurance Institute estimates that “getting sick and getting well” will cost the average American \$105 in 1960. This sum will be distributed about as follows: \$34 for the hospital, \$26 for the doctor, \$28 for medicines, \$11.50 for the dentist, and \$5.50 for other costs. The average United States family in 1957-1958 spent a little over \$300 for medical care. These averages are influenced by many factors. Those with hospital insurance received more care than those without, and families with higher incomes spent more than those with smaller ones.

Medical costs also vary with age, sex, and amount of sickness. Persons or families alike in other respects often have different habits of use of doctors and hospitals. Medical bills are not constant, as rent is. In any given year, about two thirds of the population will visit a doctor, while the other one third will not. Admission to hospitals is even more skewed: about one in eight persons suffers this misfortune. The child who has a tonsillectomy usually is in a hospital for twenty-four to thirty-six hours, and the whole bill may be \$75 to \$150, depending upon the institution and the surgeon. The average hospital bill, which is somewhat more than \$200, is compounded of many tonsillectomies and a very few operations on the heart. A typical example of the latter was a New England lady of about sixty years who entered a hospital on November 5 for heart surgery. She was discharged thirty-six days later. The bill, exclusive of surgical fee, was \$1734.41.

Hospital charges, which usually produce the catastrophic bill, are increasing more rapidly than the cost of other types of medical care. Although the hospital bill is the most dramatic example of the unequal distribution of the sickness costs, there are diseases that push other charges into the catastrophic class. A few patients must make very frequent visits to their family doctor, and the total cost may be great. The unfortunate parents who have a child with cystic fibrotic disease may find that they are spending \$40 or more a month on essential medications, as well as paying for frequent hospitalizations and visits to the doctor. Since the disease is familial, more than one member may be affected. Again, when the breadwinner of a family is ill, hospital or medical bills are often compounded by loss of pay. In any case, it is clear that the elderly are not the only ones with medical care problems and that the problems of the whole population differ in degree but not in kind from those of people over sixty-five.

If Congress passes a law to help old people pay their hospital bills, it had better prepare for

another to pay for the doctors' services. Some of the later bills have included this. The doctors can be bulldozed into a new system of medical care, but the bulldozer cannot make them like it. A recent survey published in *Medical Economics* indicated that doctors were more worried about what they called “socialistic trends in the United States” than about their personal finances or their children. It would be dangerous and unjust to think that the doctor's opposition is based merely upon fear for his income or his right to charge whatever he pleases, as opposed to a fixed fee. Experiments such as prohibition should warn us that it is important that the solution to any problem should have the respect of those whom it will affect. Like justice, any provision of medical care must not only be well done but must appear to be well done in the eyes of both the doctors and the patients.

THE respect and satisfaction with which different peoples view their government-supported health services vary. After long and thoughtful trial and error, the Scandinavians evolved a system which they feel has the proper mixture of state support and individual responsibility. Though the individual purchases state-subsidized health insurance, he must also pay part of the costs of each visit to his doctor out of his own pocket, and he must make a small payment for each day of hospitalization. To both patient and doctor, this fee appears to represent an assurance that the problem of the moment is an important one. This dual system of government and personal payment is more complicated and costly, but the Scandinavians seem to think it is worth the extra cost.

In contrast, when the British made the great leap into a national health service in 1948 under the optimistic banner of “fair shares for all,” the Socialist government hewed to the ideological line by deciding to pick up the whole tab, leaving nothing for the individual to pay. Rather than rejoicing, many of the British were subject to fears that the free care might be abused. Reimposition of charges for drugs, appliances, and false teeth met with some political but no popular opposition.

The British general practitioner also has complaints. Since he is not paid anything by the patient himself or paid for each visit, he is prone to feel put upon by patients who need much care, forgetting that his list of patients — which is the basis of his pay — also includes many whom he does not see from one year to the next.

The opinions which patients and doctor hold about their system of medical care may be

wrong or right, but they are very human. They do demonstrate that what people think is true may be just as important as the objective truth. The British knew that, administratively, it was simpler and cheaper to collect money by taxation than through an insurance premium. Their logical decision to let the National Exchequer pay the bill was their most serious mistake. This centralization of the bill has produced a preoccupation with cost and cost alone that has hampered many needed developments. The moral: In problems as personal as the provision of health services, the logical and most efficient administrative device is not always the best. The task is to make good administration a means, not an end.

In most countries government health insurance has been financed through insurance mechanisms: partial payment for care, taxes, and voluntary effort. With funds coming from so many pockets, or from the same pocket at different times, the costs do not become the primary issue. In this respect the Administration's proposal to provide health insurance for the aged is better than the Forand Bill, because it would distribute the cost between the federal and state governments and the consumer. But it looks as though the Administration's proposal would pay only about \$600 of a bill amounting to \$1000, leaving the patient to find \$400. Since, as we have seen, most old people are living on cash incomes of less than \$1000 yearly, a \$400 bill may be just as overwhelming as the full amount.

THE first tentative government steps into medical care will uncover a chain of problems. The European experiences may have only limited applications, but ignorance of these experiences will condemn us to repeating errors. The liberal is worried because the debate has concentrated on financial problems. The American Medical Association has been a conspicuous exception; it has seen clearly that the Forand Bill involved more than the use of social security to pay medical bills. Paradoxically, its opposition is so complete that it is fair to question if its membership will lead when leadership is needed. The British Medical Association made the same mistake; it continued to resist even when the issue had been decided.

There is a peculiar assumption in the intense focus of the health bill debate on the question of

how to pay for medical care. The assumption is that the only question in the minds of our sick old people, their families, and the doctors who will care for them is where and how to find the money. This attitude is dangerous because it obscures the crucial fact that we are struggling not with a fiscal problem but with a human problem; in fact, with a whole range of very human needs and problems. We had better make our plans accordingly.

What are these human expectations? First, the patient's need for an interested doctor and the kindly care that has always been the hallmark of the good private practitioner. Second, good care, in the sense of competent care. Third, the desire to be treated with dignity as a respected individual, not as a casually handled body on a hospital assembly line.

But there is more to it than this. We need not only to take care of sick patients but to do this in such a way that we meet the needs of their families. The children of chronically ill or senile parents, or the parents of a child with cystic fibrosis or a congenital defect, are often squeezed between the almost insupportable emotional and physical burdens of their care and the fear that any alternative really will mean dumping them into the hands of a second-rate, and indifferent, outside authority.

The needs of the physician must not be overlooked. He wants to feel responsible for his patients to the limits of his competence. He wants freedom to be the boss of his own office or at the operating table and to practice as best he can. He wants to be paid a reasonable amount as reward for long and difficult training and a rigorous life. However he is paid, he should feel that he is being rewarded because of his individual skills and efforts and not merely as an entry on a payroll.

It is clear that paying for medical care for old people involves much more than paying a few bills. The legislation now under consideration touches on only part of the problem and is only a beginning. Major changes are ahead, and rational answers will not come from hastily considered legislation in an election year, though that is the way the process usually begins. If the liberal is a man who dislikes change but recognizes its necessity, then he and his legislators will need the time to plan what must be changed, the courage to leave some things unchanged, and the wisdom to tell the difference.

THIS MORNING, THIS EVENING, SO SOON



BY **JAMES BALDWIN**

JAMES BALDWIN was born in New York City in 1924 and as a boy first tasted the poverty and discrimination of a Negro in Harlem. In 1945 a Eugene Saxon Fellowship enabled him to free-lance, and the stories, plays, and novels which followed established him as a young writer of extraordinary power. After living and writing in England and on the Continent, he has returned to this country and now makes his home in Greenwich Village.

You are full of nightmares," Harriet tells me. She is in her dressing gown and has cream all over her face. She and my older sister, Louisa, are going out to be girls together. I suppose they have many things to talk about — they have *me* to talk about, certainly — and they do not want my presence. I have been given a bachelor's evening. The director of the film which has brought us such incredible and troubling riches will be along later to take me out to dinner.

I watch her face. I know that it is quite impossible for her to be as untroubled as she seems. Her self-control is mainly for my benefit — my benefit, and Paul's. Harriet comes from orderly and progressive Sweden and has reacted against all the advanced doctrines to which she has been exposed by becoming steadily and beautifully old-fashioned. We never fought in front of Paul, not even when he was a baby. Harriet does not so much believe in protecting children as she does in helping them to build a foundation on which

they can build and build again, each time life's high-flying steel ball knocks down everything they have built.

Whenever I become upset, Harriet becomes very cheerful and composed. I think she began to learn how to do this over eight years ago, when I returned from my only visit to America. Now, perhaps, it has become something she could not control if she wished to. This morning, at breakfast, when I yelled at Paul, she averted Paul's tears and my own guilt by looking up and saying, "My God, your father is cranky this morning, isn't he?"

Paul's attention was immediately distracted from his wounds, and the unjust inflicter of those wounds, to his mother's laughter. He watched her.

"It is because he is afraid they will not like his songs in New York. Your father is an *artiste, mon chou*, and they are very mysterious people, *les artistes*. Millions of people are waiting for him in New York, they are begging him to come, and

Etching by Auguste-Jean Gaudin. Courtesy of the Print Department, Boston Public Library.

they will give him a *lot* of money, but he is afraid they will not like him. Tell him he is wrong."

She succeeded in rekindling Paul's excitement about places he has never seen. I was also, at once, reinvested with all my glamour. I think it is sometimes extremely difficult for Paul to realize that the face he sees on record sleeves and in the newspapers and on the screen is nothing more or less than the face of his father—who sometimes yells at him. Of course, since he is only seven—going on eight, he will be eight years old this winter—he cannot know that I am baffled, too.

"Of course, you are wrong, you are silly," he said with passion—and caused me to smile. His English is strongly accented and is not, in fact, as good as his French, for he speaks French all day at school. French is really his first language, the first he ever heard. "You are the greatest singer in France"—sounding exactly as he must sound when he makes this pronouncement to his school-mates—"the greatest *American* singer"—this concession was so gracefully made that it was not a concession at all, it added inches to my stature, America being only a glamorous word for Paul. It is the place from which his father came, and to which he now is going, a place which very few people have ever seen. But his aunt is one of them and he looked over at her. "Mme. Dumont says so, and she says he is a *great actor, too*." Louisa nodded, smiling. "And she has seen *Les Fauves Nous Attendent*—five times!" This clinched it, of course. Mme. Dumont is our concierge and she has known Paul all his life. I suppose he will not begin to doubt anything she says until he begins to doubt everything.

He looked over at me again. "So you are wrong to be afraid."

"I was wrong to yell at you, too. I won't yell at you any more today."

"All right." He was very grave.

Louisa poured more coffee. "He's going to knock them dead in New York. You'll see."

"*Mais bien sûr*," said Paul, doubtfully. He does not quite know what "knock them dead" means, though he was sure, from her tone, that she must have been agreeing with him. He does not quite understand this aunt, whom he met for the first time two months ago, when she arrived to spend the summer with us. Her accent is entirely different from anything he has ever heard. He does not really understand why, since she is my sister and his aunt, she should be unable to speak French.

Harriet, Louisa, and I looked at each other and smiled. "Knock them dead," said Harriet, "means *d'avoir un succès fou*. But you will soon pick up all the American expressions." She looked at me and laughed. "So will I."

"That's what he's afraid of." Louisa grinned. "We have *got* some expressions, believe me. Don't let anybody ever tell you America hasn't got a culture. Our culture is as thick as clabber milk."

"Ah," Harriet answered, "I know. I know."

"I'm going to be practicing later," I told Paul.

His face lit up. "*Bon*." This meant that, later, he would come into my study and lie on the floor with his papers and crayons while I worked out with the piano and the tape recorder. He knew that I was offering this as an olive branch. All things considered, we get on pretty well, my son and I.

He looked over at Louisa again. She held a coffee cup in one hand and a cigarette in the other; and something about her baffled him. It was early, so she had not yet put on her face. Her short, thick, graying hair was rougher than usual, almost as rough as my own—later, she would be going to the hairdresser's; she is fairer than I, and better-looking; Louisa, in fact, caught all the looks in the family. Paul knows that she is my older sister and that she helped to raise me, though he does not, of course, know what this means. He knows that she is a schoolteacher in the *American* South, which is not, for some reason, the same place as South America. I could see him trying to fit all these exotic details together into a pattern which would explain her strangeness—strangeness of accent, strangeness of manner. In comparison with the people he has always known, Louisa must seem, for all her generosity and laughter and affection, peculiarly uncertain of herself, peculiarly hostile and embattled.

I wondered what he would think of his Uncle Norman, older and much blacker than I, who lives near the Alabama town in which we were born. Norman will meet us at the boat.

Now Harriet repeats, "Nightmares, nightmares. Nothing ever turns out as badly as you think it will—in fact," she adds laughing, "I am happy to say that that would scarcely be possible."

Her eyes seek mine in the mirror—dark-blue eyes, pale skin, black hair. I had always thought of Sweden as being populated entirely by blondes, and I thought that Harriet was abnormally dark for a Swedish girl. But when we visited Sweden, I found out differently. "It is all a great racial salad, Europe, that is why I am sure that I will never understand your country," Harriet said. That was in the days when we never imagined that we would be going to it.

I wonder what she is really thinking. Still, she

is right, in two days we will be on a boat, and there is simply no point in carrying around my load of apprehension. I sit down on the bed, watching her fix her face. I realize that I am going to miss this old-fashioned bedroom. For years, we've talked about throwing out the old junk which came with the apartment and replacing it with less massive, modern furniture. But we never have.

"Oh, everything will probably work out," I say. "I've been in a bad mood all day long. I just can't sing any more." We both laugh. She reaches for a wad of tissues and begins wiping off the cream. "I wonder how Paul will like it, if he'll make friends — that's all."

"Paul will like any place where you are, where we are. Don't worry about Paul."

Paul has never been called any names, so far. Only, once he asked us what the word *métis* meant and Harriet explained to him that it meant mixed blood, adding that the blood of just about everybody in the world was mixed by now. Mme. Dumont contributed bawdy and detailed corroboration from her own family tree, the roots of which were somewhere in Corsica; the moral of the story, as she told it, was that women were weak, men incorrigible, and *le bon Dieu* appallingly clever. Mme. Dumont's version is the version I prefer, but it may not be, for Paul, the most utilitarian.

Harriet rises from the dressing table and comes over to sit in my lap. I fall back with her on the bed, and she smiles down into my face.

"Now, don't worry," she tells me, "please try not to worry. Whatever is coming, we will manage it all very well, you will see. We have each other and we have our son and we know what we want. So, we are luckier than most people."

I kiss her on the chin. "I'm luckier than most men."

"I'm a very lucky woman, too."

And for a moment we are silent, alone in our room, which we have shared so long. The slight rise and fall of Harriet's breathing creates an intermittent pressure against my chest, and I think how, if I had never left America, I would never have met her and would never have established a life of my own, would never have entered my own life. For everyone's life begins on a level where races, armies, and churches stop. And yet everyone's life is always shaped by races, churches, and armies; races, churches, armies menace, and have taken, many lives. If Harriet had been born in America, it would have taken her a long time, perhaps forever, to look on me as a man like other men; if I had met her in America, I would never have been able to look on her as a woman like all other women. The habits of public rage

and power would also have been our private compulsions, and would have blinded our eyes. We would never have been able to love each other. And Paul would never have been born.

Perhaps, if I had stayed in America, I would have found another woman and had another son. But that other woman, that other son are in the limbo of vanished possibilities. I might also have become something else, instead of an actor-singer, perhaps a lawyer, like my brother, or a teacher, like my sister. But no, I am what I have become and this woman beside me is my wife, and I love her. All the sons I might have had mean nothing, since I *have* a son, I named him, Paul, for my father, and I love him.

I think of all the things I have seen destroyed in America, all the things that I have lost there, all the threats it holds for me and mine.

I grin up at Harriet. "Do you love me?"

"Of course not. I simply have been madly plotting to get to America all these years."

"What a patient wench you are."

"The Swedes are very patient."

She kisses me again and stands up. Louisa comes in, also in a dressing gown.

"I hope you two aren't sitting in here yakking about the *subject*." She looks at me. "My, you are the sorriest-looking celebrity I've ever seen. I've always wondered why people like you hired press agents. Now I know." She goes to Harriet's dressing table. "Honey, do you mind if I borrow some of that *mad* nail polish?"

Harriet goes over to the dressing table. "I'm not sure I know *which* mad nail polish you mean."

Harriet and Louisa, somewhat to my surprise, get on very well. Each seems to find the other full of the weirdest and most delightful surprises. Harriet has been teaching Louisa French and Swedish expressions, and Louisa has been teaching Harriet some of the saltier expressions of the black South. Whenever one of them is not playing straight man to the other's accent, they become involved in long speculations as to how a language reveals the history and the attitudes of a people. They discovered that all the European languages contain a phrase equivalent to "to work like a nigger." ("Of course," says Louisa, "they've had black men working for them for a long time.") "Language is experience and language is power," says Louisa, after regretting that she does not know any of the African dialects. "That's what I keep trying to tell those dicty bastards down South. They get their own experience into the language, we'll have a great language. But, no, they all want to talk like white folks." Then she leans forward, grasping Harriet by the knee. "I tell them, honey, white folks ain't saying *nothing*. Not a thing are they

saying — and *some* of them know it, they *need* what you got, the whole world needs it.” Then she leans back, in disgust. “You think they listen to me? Indeed they do not. They just go right on, trying to talk like white folks.” She leans forward again, in tremendous indignation. “You know some of them folks are *ashamed* of Mahalia Jackson? *Ashamed* of her, one of the greatest singers alive! They think she’s common.” Then she looks about the room as though she held a bottle in her hand and were looking for a skull to crack.

I think it is because Louisa has never been able to talk like this to any white person before. All the white people she has ever met needed, in one way or another, to be reassured, consoled, to have their consciences pricked but not blasted; could not, could not afford to hear a truth which would shatter, irrevocably, their image of themselves. It is astonishing the lengths to which a person, or a people, will go in order to avoid a truthful mirror. But Harriet’s necessity is precisely the opposite: it is of the utmost importance that she learn everything that Louisa can tell her, and then learn more, much more. Harriet is really trying to learn from Louisa how best to protect her husband and her son. This is why they are going out alone tonight. They will have, tonight, as it were, a final council of war. I may be moody, but they, thank God, are practical.

Now Louisa turns to me while Harriet rummages about on the dressing table. “What time is Vidal coming for you?”

“Oh, around seven thirty, eight o’clock. He says he’s reserved tables for us in some very chic place, but he won’t say where.” Louisa wriggles her shoulders, raises her eyebrows, and does a tiny bump and grind. I laugh. “That’s right. And then I guess we’ll go out and get drunk.”

“I hope to God you do. You’ve been about as cheerful as a cemetery these last few days. And, that way, your hangover will keep you from bugging us tomorrow.”

“What about *your* hangovers? I know the way you girls drink.”

“Well, we’ll be paying for our own drinks,” says Harriet, “so I don’t think we’ll have that problem. But *you’re* going to be feted, like an international movie star.”

“You sure you don’t want to change your mind and come out with Vidal and me?”

“We’re sure,” Louisa says. She looks down at me and gives a small, amused grunt. “An international movie star. And I used to change your diapers. I’ll be damned.” She is grave for a

moment. “Mama’d be proud of you, you know that?” We look at each other and the air between us is charged with secrets which not even Harriet will ever know. “Now, get the hell out of here, so we can get dressed.”

“I’ll take Paul on down to Mme. Dumont’s.”

Paul is to have supper with her children and spend the night there.

“For the last time,” says Mme. Dumont and she rubs her hand over Paul’s violently curly black hair. “*Tu vas nous manquer, tu sais?*” Then she looks up at me and laughs. “He doesn’t care. He is only interested in seeing the big ship and all the wonders of New York. Children are never sad to make journeys.”

“I would be very sad to go,” says Paul, politely, “but my father must go to New York to work and he wants me to come with him.”

Over his head, Mme. Dumont and I smile at each other. “*Il est malin, ton gosse!*” She looks down at him again. “And do you think, my little diplomat, that you will like New York?”

“We aren’t only going to New York,” Paul answers, “we are going to California, too.”

“Well, do you think you will like California?”

Paul looks at me. “I don’t know. If we don’t like it, we’ll come back.”

“So simple. Just like that,” says Mme. Dumont. She looks at me. “It is the best way to look at life. Do come back. You know, we feel that you belong to us, too, here in France.”

“I hope you do,” I say. “I hope you do. I have always felt — always felt at home here.” I bend down and Paul and I kiss each other on the cheek. We have always done so — but will we be able to do so in America? American fathers never kiss American sons. I straighten, my hand on Paul’s shoulder. “You be good. I’ll pick you up for breakfast, or, if you get up first you come and pick me up and we can hang out together tomorrow, while your *maman* and your Aunt Louisa finish packing. They won’t want two men hanging around the house.”

“*D’accord*. Where shall we hang out?” On the last two words he stumbles a little and imitates me.

“Maybe we can go to the zoo, I don’t know. And I’ll take you to lunch at the Eiffel Tower, would you like that?”

“Oh, yes,” he says, “I’d love that.” When he is pleased, he seems to glow. All the energy of his small, tough, concentrated being charges an unseen battery and adds an incredible luster to his eyes, which are large and dark brown — like mine — and to his skin, which always reminds me of the colors of honey and the fires of the sun.

“Okay, then.” I shake hands with Mme. Dumont. “*Bonsoir, Madame.*” I ring for the elevator, staring at Paul. “*Ciao, Pauli.*”

"Bonsoir, Papa."

And Mme. Dumont takes him inside.

Upstairs, Harriet and Louisa are finally powdered, perfumed, and jeweled, and ready to go: dry Martinis at the Ritz, supper, "in some *very* expensive little place," says Harriet, and perhaps the Folies Bergère afterwards. "A real cornball, tourist evening," says Louisa. "I'm working on the theory that if I can get Harriet to act like an American now, she won't have so much trouble later."

"I very much doubt," Harriet says, "that I will be able to endure the Folies Bergère for three solid hours."

"Oh, then we'll duck across town to Harry's New York bar and drink mint juleps," says Louisa.

I realize that, quite apart from everything else, Louisa is having as much fun as she has ever had in her life before. Perhaps she, too, will be sad to leave Paris, even though she has only known it for such a short time.

"Do people drink those in New York?" Harriet asks. I think she is making a list of the things people do or do not do in New York.

"Some people do." Louisa winks at me. "Do you realize that this Swedish chick's picked up an Alabama drawl?"

We laugh together. The elevator chugs to a landing.

"We'll stop and say good night to Paul," Harriet says. She kisses me. "Give our best to Vidal."

"Right. Have a good time. Don't let any Frenchmen run off with Louisa."

"I did not come to Paris to be protected, and if I had, this wild chick *you* married couldn't do it. I just *might* upset everybody and come home with a French count." She presses the elevator button and the cage goes down.

I WALK back into our dismantled apartment. It stinks of departure. There are bags and crates in the hall, which will be taken away tomorrow, there are no books in the bookcases, the kitchen looks as though we never cooked a meal there, never dawdled there, in the early morning or late at night, over coffee. Presently, I must shower and shave but now I pour myself a drink and light a cigarette and step out on our balcony. It is dusk, the brilliant light of Paris is beginning to fade, and the green of the trees is darkening.

I have lived in this city for twelve years. This apartment is on the top floor of a corner building. We look out over the trees and the roof tops to the Champ de Mars, where the Eiffel Tower stands. Beyond this field is the river, which I have

crossed so often, in so many states of mind. I have crossed every bridge in Paris, I have walked along every *quai*. I know the river as one finally knows a friend, know it when it is black, guarding all the lights of Paris in its depths, and seeming, in its vast silence, to be communing with the dead who lie beneath it; when it is yellow, evil, and roaring, giving a rough time to tugboats and barges, and causing people to remember that it has been known to rise, it has been known to kill; when it is peaceful, a slick, dark, dirty green, playing host to rowboats and *les bateaux mouches* and throwing up from time to time an extremely unhealthy fish. The men who stand along the *quais* all summer with their fishing lines gratefully accept the slimy object and throw it in a rusty can. I have always wondered who eats those fish.

And I walk up and down, up and down, glad to be alone.

It is August, the month when all Parisians desert Paris and one has to walk miles to find a barbershop or a laundry open in some tree-shadowed, silent side street. There is a single person on the avenue, a paratrooper walking toward École Militaire. He is also walking, almost certainly, and rather sooner than later, toward Algeria. I have a friend, a good-natured boy who was always hanging around the clubs in which I worked in the old days, who has just returned from Algeria, with a recurring, debilitating fever, and minus one eye. The government has set his pension at the sum, arbitrary if not occult, of fifty-three thousand francs every three months. Of course, it is quite impossible to live on this amount of money without working — but who will hire a half-blind invalid? This boy has been spoiled forever, long before his thirtieth birthday, and there are thousands like him all over France.

And there are fewer Algerians to be found on the streets of Paris now. The rug sellers, the peanut vendors, the post-card peddlers and money-changers have vanished. The boys I used to know during my first years in Paris are scattered — or corralled — the Lord knows where.

Most of them had no money. They lived three and four together in rooms with a single skylight, a single hard cot, or in buildings that seemed abandoned, with cardboard in the windows, with erratic plumbing in a wet, cobblestoned yard, in dark, dead-end alleys, or on the outer, chilling heights of Paris.

The Arab cafés are closed — those dark, acrid cafés in which I used to meet with them to drink tea, to get high on hashish, to listen to the obsessive, stringed music which has no relation to any beat, any time, that I have ever known. I once thought of the North Africans as my brothers and

that is why I went to their cafés. They were very friendly to me, perhaps one or two of them remained really fond of me even after I could no longer afford to smoke Lucky Strikes and after my collection of American sport shirts had vanished — mostly into their wardrobes. They seemed to feel that they had every right to them, since I could only have wrested these things from the world by cunning — it meant nothing to say that I had had no choice in the matter; perhaps I had wrested these things from the world by treason, by refusing to be identified with the misery of my people. Perhaps, indeed, I identified myself with those who were responsible for this misery.

And this was true. Their rage, the only note in all their music which I could not fail to recognize, to which I responded, yet had the effect of setting us more than ever at a division. They were perfectly prepared to drive all Frenchmen into the sea, and to level the city of Paris. But I could not hate the French, because they left me alone. And I love Paris, I will always love it, it is the city which saved my life. It saved my life by allowing me to find out who I am.

IT WAS on a bridge, one tremendous, April morning, that I knew I had fallen in love. Harriet and I were walking hand in hand. The bridge was the Pont Royal, just before us was the great *horloge*, high and lifted up, saying ten to ten; beyond this, the golden statue of Joan of Arc, with her sword uplifted. Harriet and I were silent, for we had been quarreling about something. Now, when I look back, I think we had reached that state when an affair must either end or become something more than an affair.

I looked sideways at Harriet's face, which was still. Her dark-blue eyes were narrowed against the sun, and her full, pink lips were still slightly sulky, like a child's. In those days, she hardly ever wore make-up. I was in my shirt sleeves. Her face made me want to laugh and run my hand over her short dark hair. I wanted to pull her to me and say, *Baby, don't be mad at me*, and at that moment something tugged at my heart and made me catch my breath. There were millions of people all around us, but I was alone with Harriet. She was alone with me. Never, in all my life, until that moment, had I been alone with anyone. The world had always been with us, between us, defeating the quarrel we could not achieve, and making love impossible. During all the years of my life, until that moment, I had carried the menacing, the hostile, killing world with me everywhere. No matter what I was

doing or saying or feeling, one eye had always been on the world — that world which I had learned to distrust almost as soon as I learned my name, that world on which I knew one could never turn one's back, the white man's world. And for the first time in my life I was free of it; it had not existed for me; I had been quarreling with my girl. It was our quarrel, it was entirely between us, it had nothing to do with anyone else in the world. For the first time in my life I had not been afraid of the patriotism of the mindless, in uniform or out, who would beat me up and treat the woman who was with me as though she were the lowest of untouchables. For the first time in my life I felt that no force jeopardized my right, my power, to possess and to protect a woman; for the first time, the first time, felt that the woman was not, in her own eyes or in the eyes of the world, degraded by my presence.

The sun fell over everything, like a blessing, people were moving all about us, I will never forget the feeling of Harriet's small hand in mine, dry and trusting, and I turned to her, slowing our pace. She looked up at me with her enormous, blue eyes, and she seemed to wait. I said, "*Harriet. Harriet. Tu sais, il y a quelque chose de très grave qui m'est arrivé. Je t'aime. Je t'aime. Tu me comprends*, or shall I say it in English?"

This was eight years ago, shortly before my first and only visit home.

That was when my mother died. I stayed in America for three months. When I came back, Harriet thought that the change in me was due to my grief — I was very silent, very thin. But it had not been my mother's death which accounted for the change. I had known that my mother was going to die. I had not known what America would be like for me after nearly four years away.

I remember standing at the rail and watching the distance between myself and Le Havre increase. Hands fell, ceasing to wave, handkerchiefs ceased to flutter, people turned away, they mounted their bicycles or got into their cars and rode off. Soon, Le Havre was nothing but a blur. I thought of Harriet, already miles from me in Paris, and I pressed my lips tightly together in order not to cry.

Then, as Europe dropped below the water, as the days passed and passed, as we left behind us the skies of Europe and the eyes of everyone on the ship began, so to speak, to refocus, waiting for the first glimpse of America, my apprehension began to give way to a secret joy, a checked anticipation. I thought of such details as showers, which are rare in Paris, and I thought of such things as rich, cold, American milk and heavy, chocolate cake. I wondered about my friends, wondered if I had any left, and wondered if they would be glad to see me.

The Americans on the boat did not seem to be so bad, but I was fascinated, after such a long absence from it, by the nature of their friendliness. It was a friendliness which did not suggest, and was not intended to suggest, any possibility of friendship. Unlike Europeans, they dropped titles and used first names almost at once, leaving themselves, unlike the Europeans, with nowhere thereafter to go. Once one had become "Pete" or "Jane" or "Bill" all that could decently be known was known and any suggestion that there might be further depths, a person, so to speak, behind the name, was taken as a violation of that privacy which did not, paradoxically, since they trusted it so little, seem to exist among Americans. They apparently equated privacy with the unspeakable things they did in the bathroom or the bedroom, which they related only to the analyst, and then read about in the pages of best sellers. There was an eerie and unnerving unreality about everything they said and did, as though they were all members of the same team and were acting on orders from some invincibly cheerful and tirelessly inventive coach. I was fascinated by it. I found it oddly moving, but I cannot say that I was displeased. It had not occurred to me before that Americans, who had never treated me with any respect, had no respect for each other.

On the last night but one, there was a gala in the big ballroom and I sang. It had been a long time since I had sung before so many Americans. My audience had mainly been penniless French students, in the weird, Left Bank bistros I worked in those days. Still, I was a great hit with them and by this time I had become enough of a drawing card, in the Latin Quarter and in St. Germain des Prés, to have attracted a couple of critics, to have had my picture in *France-soir*, and to have acquired a legal work permit which allowed me to make a little more money. Just the same, no matter how industrious and brilliant some of the musicians had been, or how devoted my audience, they did not know, they could not know, what my songs came out of. They did not know what was funny about it. It was impossible to translate: It damn well better be funny, or Laughing to keep from crying, or What did I do to be so black and blue?

The moment I stepped out on the floor, they began to smile, something opened in them, they were ready to be pleased. I found in their faces, as they watched me, smiling, waiting, an artless relief, a profound reassurance. Nothing was more familiar to them than the sight of a dark boy, singing, and there were few things on earth more necessary. It was under cover of darkness, my own darkness, that I could sing for them of the joys, passions, and terrors they smuggled about

with them like steadily depreciating contraband. Under cover of the midnight fiction that I was unlike them because I was black, they could stealthily gaze at those treasures which they had been mysteriously forbidden to possess and were never permitted to declare.

I sang *I'm Coming, Virginia*, and *Take This Hammer*, and *Precious Lord*. They wouldn't let me go and I came back and sang a couple of the oldest blues I knew. Then someone asked me to sing *Swanee River*, and I did, astonished that I could, astonished that this song, which I had put down long ago, should have the power to move me. Then, if only, perhaps, to make the record complete, I wanted to sing *Strange Fruit*, but, on this number, no one can surpass the great, tormented Billie Holiday. So I finished with *Great Getting-Up Morning* and I guess I can say that if I didn't stop the show I certainly ended it. I got a big hand and I drank at a few tables and I danced with a few girls.

AFTER one more day and one more night, the boat landed in New York. I woke up, I was bright awake at once, and I thought, *We're here*. I turned on all the lights in my small cabin and I stared into the mirror as though I were committing my face to memory. I took a shower and I took a long time shaving and I dressed myself very carefully. I walked the long ship corridors to the dining room, looking at the luggage piled high before the elevators and beside the steps. The dining room was nearly half empty and full of a quick and joyous excitement which depressed me even more. People ate quickly, chattering to each other, anxious to get upstairs and go on deck. Was it my imagination or was it true that they seemed to avoid my eyes? A few people waved and smiled, but let me pass; perhaps it would have made them uncomfortable, this morning, to try to share their excitement with me; perhaps they did not want to know whether or not it was possible for me to share it. I walked to my table and sat down. I munched toast as dry as paper and drank a pot of coffee. Then I tipped my waiter, who bowed and smiled and called me "sir" and said that he hoped to see me on the boat again. "I hope so, too," I said.

And was it true, or was it my imagination, that a flash of wondering comprehension, a flicker of wry sympathy, then appeared in the waiter's eyes? I walked upstairs to the deck.

There was a breeze from the water but the sun was hot and made me remember how ugly New York summers could be. All of the deck chairs had been taken away and people milled about in

the space where the deck chairs had been, moved from one side of the ship to the other, clambered up and down the steps, crowded the rails, and they were busy taking photographs — of the harbor, of each other, of the sea, of the gulls. I walked slowly along the deck, and an impulse stronger than myself drove me to the rail. There it was, the great, unfinished city, with all its towers blazing in the sun. It came toward us slowly and patiently, like some enormous, cunning, and murderous beast, ready to devour, impossible to escape. I watched it come closer and I listened to the people around me, to their excitement and their pleasure. There was no doubt that it was real. I watched their shining faces and wondered if I were mad. For a moment I longed, with all my heart, to be able to feel whatever they were feeling, if only to know what such a feeling was like. As the boat moved slowly into the harbor, they were being moved into safety. It was only I who was being floated into danger. I turned my head, looking for Europe, but all that stretched behind me was the sky, thick with gulls. I moved away from the rail. A big, sandy-haired man held his daughter on his shoulders, showing her the Statue of Liberty. I would never know what this statue meant to others, she had always been an ugly joke for me. And the American flag was flying from the top of the ship, above my head. I had seen the French flag drive the French into the most unspeakable frenzies, I had seen the flag which was nominally mine used to dignify the vilest purposes: now I would never, as long as I lived, know what others saw when they saw a flag. "There's no place like home," said a voice close by, and I thought, *There damn sure isn't.* I decided to go back to my cabin and have a drink.

There was a cablegram from Harriet in my cabin. It said: Be good. Be quick. I'm waiting. I folded it carefully and put it in my breast pocket. Then I wondered if I would ever get back to her. How long would it take me to earn the money to get out of this land? Sweat broke out on my forehead and I poured myself some whisky from my nearly empty bottle. I paced the tiny cabin. It was silent. There was no one down in the cabins now.

I WAS not sober when I faced the uniforms in the first-class lounge. There were two of them; they were not unfriendly. They looked at my passport, they looked at me. "You've been away a long time," said one of them.

"Yes," I said, "it's been a while."

"What did you do over there all that time?" —

with a grin meant to hide more than it revealed, which hideously revealed more than it could hide.

I said, "I'm a singer," and the room seemed to rock around me. I held on to what I hoped was a calm, open smile. I had not had to deal with these faces in so long that I had forgotten how to do it. I had once known how to pitch my voice precisely between curtness and servility, and known what razor's edge of a pickaninny's smile would turn away wrath. But I had forgotten all the tricks on which my life had once depended. Once I had been an expert at baffling these people, at setting their teeth on edge, and dancing just outside the trap laid for me. But I was not an expert now. These faces were no longer merely the faces of two white men, who were my enemies. They were the faces of two white people whom I did not understand, and I could no longer plan my moves in accordance with what I knew of their cowardice and their needs and their strategy. That moment on the bridge had undone me forever.

"That's right," said one of them, "that's what it says, right here on the passport. Never heard of you, though." They looked up at me. "Did you do a lot of singing over there?"

"Some."

"What kind — concerts?"

"No." I wondered what I looked like, sounded like. I could tell nothing from their eyes. "I worked a few night clubs."

"Night clubs, eh? I guess they liked you over there."

"Yes," I said, "they seemed to like me all right."

"Well" — and my passport was stamped and handed back to me — "let's hope they like you over here."

"Thanks." They laughed — was it at me, or was it my imagination? — and I picked up the one bag I was carrying and threw my trench coat over one shoulder and walked out of the first-class lounge. I stood in the slow-moving, murmuring line which led to the gangplank. I looked straight ahead and watched heads, smiling faces, step up to the shadow of the gangplank awning and then swiftly descend out of sight. I put my passport back in my breast pocket — *Be quick. I'm waiting* — and I held my landing card in my hand. Then, suddenly, there I was, standing on the edge of the boat, staring down the long ramp to the ground. At the end of the plank, on the ground, stood a heavy man in a uniform. His cap was pushed back from his gray hair and his face was red and wet. He looked up at me. This was the face I remembered, the face of my nightmares; perhaps hatred had caused me to know this face better than I would ever know the face

of any lover. "Come on, boy," he cried, "come on, come on!"

And I almost smiled. I was home. I touched my breast pocket. I thought of a song I sometimes sang, *When will I ever get to be a man?* I came down the gangplank, stumbling a little, and gave the man my landing card.

Much later in the day, a customs inspector checked my baggage and waved me away. I picked up my bags and started walking down the long stretch which led to the gate, to the city.

And I heard someone call my name.

I looked up and saw Louisa running toward me. I dropped my bags and grabbed her in my arms and tears came to my eyes and rolled down my face. I did not know whether the tears were for joy at seeing her, or from rage, or both.

"How are you? How are you? You look wonderful, but, oh, haven't you lost weight? It's wonderful to see you again."

I wiped my eyes. "It's wonderful to see you, too, I bet you thought I was never coming back."

Louisa laughed. "I wouldn't have blamed you if you hadn't. These people are just as corny as ever, I swear I don't believe there's any hope for them. How's your French? Lord, when I think that it was I who studied French and now I can't speak a word. And you never went near it and you probably speak it like a native."

I grinned. "*Pas mal. Je me défends pas mal.*" We started down the wide steps into the street. "My God," I said. "New York." I was not aware of its towers now. We were in the shadow of the elevated highway but the thing which most struck me was neither light nor shade, but noise. It came from a million things at once, from trucks and tires and clutches and brakes and doors; from machines shuttling and stamping and rolling and cutting and pressing; from the building of tunnels, the checking of gas mains, the laying of wires, the digging of foundations; from the chattering of rivets, the scream of the pile driver, the clanging of great shovels; from the battering down and the raising up of walls; from millions of radios and television sets and jukeboxes. The human voices distinguished themselves from the roar only by their note of strain and hostility. Another fleshy man, uniformed and red-faced, hailed a cab for us and touched his cap politely but could only manage a peremptory growl: "Right this way, miss. Step up, sir." He slammed the cab door behind us. Louisa directed the driver to the New Yorker Hotel.

"Do they take us there?"

She looked at me. "They got laws in New York, honey, it'd be the easiest thing in the world to spend all your time in court. But over at the New Yorker, I believe they've already got

the message." She took my arm. "You see? In spite of all this chopping and booming, this place hasn't really changed very much. You still can't hear yourself talk."

And I thought to myself, Maybe that's the point.

Early the next morning we checked out of the hotel and took the plane for Alabama.

I AM just stepping out of the shower when I hear the bell ring. I dry myself hurriedly and put on a bathrobe. It is Vidal, of course, and very elegant he is, too, with his bushy gray hair quite lustrous, his swarthy, cynical, gypsylike face shaved and lotioned. Usually he looks just any old way. But tonight his brief bulk is contained in a dark-blue suit and he has an ironical pearl stickpin in his blue tie.

"Come in, make yourself a drink. I'll be with you in a second."

"I am, *hélas!*, on time. I trust you will forgive me for my thoughtlessness."

But I am already back in the bathroom. Vidal puts on a record: Mahalia Jackson, singing *I'm Going to Live the Life I Sing About in My Song*.

When I am dressed, I find him sitting in a chair before the open window. The daylight is gone, but it is not exactly dark. The trees are black now against the darkening sky. The lights in windows and the lights of motorcars are yellow and ringed. The street lights have not yet been turned on. It is as though, out of deference to the departed day, Paris waited a decent interval before assigning her role to a more theatrical but inferior performer.

Vidal is drinking a whisky and soda. I pour myself a drink. He watches me.

"Well. How are you, my friend? You are nearly gone. Are you happy to be leaving us?"

"No." I say this with more force than I had intended. Vidal raises his eyebrows, looking amused and distant. "I never really intended to go back there. I certainly never intended to raise my kid there —"

"*Mais, mon cher,*" Vidal says, calmly, "you are an intelligent man, you must have known that you would probably be returning one day." He pauses. "And, as for Pauli — did it never occur to you that he might wish one day to see the country in which his father and his father's fathers were born?"

"To do that, really, he'd have to go to Africa."

"America will always mean more to him than Africa, you know that."

"I don't know." I throw my drink down and pour myself another. "Why should he want to

cross all that water just to be called a nigger? America never gave him anything."

"It gave him his father."

I look at him. "You mean, his father escaped?"

Vidal throws back his head and laughs. If Vidal likes you, he is certain to laugh at you and his laughter can be very unnerving. But the look, the silence which follow this laughter can be very unnerving, too. And, now, in the silence, he asks me, "Do you really think that you have escaped anything? Come. I know you for a better man than that." He walks to the table which holds the liquor. "In that movie of ours which has made you so famous, and, as I now see, so troubled, what are you playing, after all? What is the tragedy of this half-breed troubadour if not, precisely, that he has taken all the possible roads to escape and that all these roads have failed him?" He pauses, with the bottle in one hand, and looks at me. "Do you remember the trouble I had to get a performance out of you? How you hated me, you sometimes looked as though you wanted to shoot me! And do you remember when the role of Chico began to come alive?" He pours his drink. "Think back, remember. I am a very great director, *mais pardon!* I could not have got such a performance out of anyone but you. And what were you thinking of, what was in your mind, what nightmare were you living with when you began, at last, to play the role — truthfully?" He walks back to his seat.

Chico, in the film, is the son of a Martinique woman and a French *colon* who hates both his mother and his father. He flees from the island to the capital, carrying his hatred with him. This hatred has now grown, naturally, to include all dark women and all white men, in a word, everyone. He descends into the underworld of Paris, where he dies. *Les fauves* — the wild beasts — refers to the life he has fled and to the life which engulfs him. When I agreed to do the role, I felt that I could probably achieve it by bearing in mind the North Africans I had watched in Paris for so long. But this did not please Vidal. The blowup came while we were rehearsing a fairly simple, straightforward scene. Chico goes into a sleazy Pigalle dance hall to beg the French owner for a particularly humiliating job. And this Frenchman reminds him of his father.

"You are playing this boy as though you thought of him as the noble savage," Vidal said, icily. "*Ça vient d'où* — all these ghastly mannerisms you are using all the time?"

Everyone fell silent, for Vidal rarely spoke this way. This silence told me that everyone, the actor with whom I was playing the scene and all the people in the "dance hall," shared Vidal's opinion of my performance and was relieved that

he was going to do something about it. I was humiliated and too angry to speak; but perhaps I also felt, at the very bottom of my heart, a certain relief, an unwilling respect.

"You are doing it all wrong," he said, more gently. Then, "Come, let us have a drink together."

WE WALKED into his office. He took a bottle and two glasses out of his desk. "Forgive me, but you put me in mind of some of those English *lady* actresses who love to play *putain* as long as it is always absolutely clear to the audience that they are really ladies. So perhaps they read a book, not usually, *hélas!*, *Fanny Hill*, and they have their chauffeurs drive them through Soho once or twice — and they come to the stage with a performance so absolutely loaded with detail, every bit of it meaningless, that there can be no doubt that they are acting. It is what the British call a triumph." He poured two cognacs. "That is what you are doing. Why? Who do you think this boy is, what do you think he is feeling, when he asks for this job?" He watched me carefully and I bitterly resented his look. "You come from America. The situation is not so pretty there for boys like you. I know you may not have been as poor as — as some — but is it really impossible for you to understand what a boy like Chico feels? Have you never, yourself, been in a similar position?"

I hated him for asking the question because I knew he knew the answer to it. "I would have had to be a very lucky black man not to have been in such a position."

"You would have had to be a very lucky *man*."

"Oh, God," I said, "please don't give me any of this equality-in-anguish business."

"It is perfectly possible," he said, sharply, "that there is not another kind."

Then he was silent. He sat down behind his desk. He cut a cigar and lit it, puffing up clouds of smoke, as though to prevent us from seeing each other too clearly. "Consider this," he said. "I am a French director who has never seen your country. I have never done you any harm, except, perhaps, historically — I mean, because I am white — but I cannot be blamed for that —"

"But I can be," I said, "and I am! I've never understood why, if I have to pay for the history written in the color of my skin, *you* should get off scot-free!" But I was surprised at my vehemence, I had not known I was going to say these things, and by the fact that I was trembling and from the way he looked at me I knew that, from a professional point of view anyway, I was playing into his hands.

"What makes you think I *do*?" His face looked weary and stern. "I am a Frenchman. Look at France. You think that I — we — are not paying for our history?" He walked to the window, staring out at the rather grim little town in which the studio was located. "If it is revenge that you want, well, then, let me tell you, you will have it. You will probably have it, whether you want it or not, our stupidity will make it inevitable." He turned back into the room. "But I beg you not to confuse me with the happy people of your country, who scarcely know that there is such a thing as history and so, naturally, imagine that they can escape, as you put it, scot-free. That is what you are doing, that is what I was about to say. I was about to say that I am a French director and I have never been in your country and I have never done you any harm — but you are not talking to that man, in this room, now. You are not talking to Jean Luc Vidal, but to some other white man, whom you remember, who has nothing to do with me." He paused and went back to his desk. "Oh, most of the time you are not like this, I know. But it is there all the time, it must be, because when you are upset, this is what comes out. So you are not playing Chico truthfully, you are lying about him, and I will not let you do it. When you go back, now, and play this scene again, I want you to remember what has just happened in this room. You brought your past into this room. That is what Chico does when he walks into the dance hall. The Frenchman whom he begs for a job is not merely a Frenchman — he is the father who disowned and betrayed him and all the Frenchmen whom he hates." He smiled and poured me another cognac. "Ah! If it were not for *my* history, I would not have so much trouble to get the truth out of you." He looked into my face, half smiling. "And you, you are angry — are you not? — that I *ask* you for the truth. You think I have no right to ask." Then he said something which he knew would enrage me. "Who are you then, and what good has it done you to come to France, and how will you raise your son? Will you teach him never to tell the truth to anyone?" And he moved behind his desk and looked at me, as though from behind a barricade.

"You have no right to talk to me this way."

"Oh, yes, I do," he said. "I have a film to make and a reputation to maintain and I am going to get a performance out of you." He looked at his watch. "Let us go back to work."

I WATCH him now, sitting quietly in my living room, tough, cynical, crafty old Frenchman, and

I wonder if he knows that the nightmare at the bottom of my mind, as I played the role of Chico, was all the possible fates of Paul. This is but another way of saying that I relived the disasters which had nearly undone me; but, because I was thinking of Paul, I discovered that I did not want my son ever to feel toward me as I had felt toward my own father. He had died when I was eleven, but I had watched the humiliations he had to bear, and I had pitied him. But was there not, in that pity, however painfully and unwillingly, also some contempt? For how could I *know* what he had borne? I knew only that I was his son. However he had loved me, whatever he had borne, I, his son, was despised. Even had he lived, he could have done nothing to prevent it, nothing to protect me. The best that he could hope to do was to prepare me for it; and even at that he had failed. How can one be prepared for the spittle in the face, all the tireless ingenuity which goes into the spite and fear of small, unutterably miserable people, whose greatest terror is the singular identity, whose joy, whose safety, is entirely dependent on the humiliation and anguish of others?

But for Paul, I swore it, such a day would never come. I would throw my life and my work between Paul and the nightmare of the world. I would make it impossible for the world to treat Paul as it had treated my father and me.

Mahalia's record ends. Vidal rises to turn it over. "Well?" He looks at me very affectionately. "Your nightmares, please!"

"Oh, I was thinking of that summer I spent in Alabama, when my mother died." I stop. "You know, but when we finally filmed that bar scene, I was thinking of New York. I was scared in Alabama, but I almost went crazy in New York. I was sure I'd never make it back here — back here to Harriet. And I knew if I didn't, it was going to be the end of me." Now Mahalia is singing *When the Saints Go Marching In*. "I got a job in the town as an elevator boy, in the town's big department store. It was a special favor, one of my father's white friends got it for me. For a long time, in the South, we all — depended — on the — *kindness* — of white friends." I take out a handkerchief and wipe my face. "But this man didn't like me. I guess I didn't seem grateful enough, wasn't enough like my father, what he thought my father was. And I couldn't get used to the town again, I'd been away too long, I hated it. It's a terrible town, anyway, the whole thing looks as though it's been built around a jailhouse. There's a room in the courthouse, a room where they beat you up. Maybe you're walking along the street one night, it's usually at night, but it happens in the daytime, too. And

the police car comes up behind you and the cop says, Hey, boy. Come on over here. So you go on over. He says, Boy, I believe you drunk. And, you see, if you say, No, no sir, he'll beat you because you're calling him a liar. And if you say anything else, unless it's something to make him laugh, he'll take you in and beat you, just for fun. The trick is to think of some way for them to have their fun without beating you up."

The street lights of Paris click on and turn all the green leaves silver. "Or to go along with the ways *they* dream up. And they'll do anything, anything at all, to prove that you're no better than a dog and to make you feel like one. And they hated me because I'd been North and I'd been to Europe. People kept saying, I hope you didn't bring no foreign notions back here with you, boy. And I'd say, No sir, or No ma'am, but I never said it right. And there was a time, all of them remembered it, when I *had* said it right. But now they could tell that I despised them — I guess, no matter what, I wanted them to know that I despised them. But I didn't despise them any more than everyone else did, only the others never let it show. They knew how to keep the white folks happy, and it was easy — you just had to keep them feeling like they were God's favor to the universe. They'd walk around with great, big, foolish grins on their faces and the colored folks loved to see this, because they hated them so much. "Just look at So-and-So," somebody'd say. "His white is *on* him today." And when we didn't hate them, we pitied them. In America, that's usually what it means to have a white friend. You pity the poor bastard because he was born believing the world's a great place to be, and you know it's not, and you can see that he's going to have a terrible time getting used to this idea, if he *ever* gets used to it."

Then I think of Paul again, those eyes which still imagine that I can do anything, that skin, the color of honey and fire, his jet-black, curly hair. I look out at Paris again, and I listen to Mahalia. "Maybe it's better to have the terrible times first. I don't know. Maybe, then, you can have, *if* you live, a better life, a real life, because you had to fight so hard to get it away — you know? — from the mad dog who held it in his teeth. But then your life has all those tooth marks, too, all those tatters, and all that blood." I walk to the bottle and raise it. "One for the road?"

"Thank you," says Vidal.

I POUR us a drink, and he watches me. I have never talked so much before, not about those things anyway. I know that Vidal has night-

mares, because he knows so much about them, but he has never told me what his are. I think that he probably does not talk about his nightmares any more. I know that the war cost him his wife and his son, and that he was in prison in Germany. He very rarely refers to it. He has a married daughter who lives in England, and he rarely speaks of her. He is like a man who has learned to live on what is left of an enormous fortune.

We are silent for a moment.

"Please go on," he says, with a smile. "I am curious about the reality behind the reality of your performance."

"My sister, Louisa, never married," I say, abruptly, "because, once, years ago, she and the boy she was going with and two friends of theirs were out driving in a car and the police stopped them. The girl who was with them was very fair and the police pretended not to believe her when she said she was colored. They made her get out and stand in front of the headlights of the car and pull down her pants and raise her dress — they said that was the only way they could be sure. And you can imagine what they said, and what they did — and they were lucky, at that, that it didn't go any further. But none of the men could do anything about it. Louisa couldn't face that boy again, and I guess he couldn't face her." Now it is really growing dark in the room and I cross to the light switch. "You know, I know what that boy felt, I've felt it. They want you to feel that you're not a man, maybe that's the only way they can feel like men, I don't know. I walked around New York with Harriet's cablegram in my pocket as though it were some atomic secret, in *code*, and they'd kill me if they ever found out what it meant. You know, there's something wrong with people like that. And thank God Harriet was here, she *proved* that the world was bigger than the world they wanted me to live in, I *had* to get back here, get to a place where people were too busy with their own lives, *their private lives*, to make fantasies about mine, to set up walls around mine." I look at him. The light in the room has made the night outside blue-black and golden and the great searchlight of the Eiffel Tower is turning in the sky. "That's what it's like in America, for me, anyway. I always feel that I don't exist there, except in someone else's — usually dirty — mind. I don't know if you know what that means, but I do, and I don't want to put Harriet through that and I don't want to raise Paul there."

"Well," he says at last, "you are not required to remain in America forever, are you? You will sing in that elegant club which apparently feels that it cannot, much longer, so much as open its

doors without you, and you will probably accept the movie offer, you would be very foolish not to. You will make a lot of money. Then, one day, you will remember that airlines and steamship companies are still in business and that France still exists. *That* will certainly be cause for astonishment."

Vidal was a Gaullist before De Gaulle came to power. But he regrets the manner of De Gaulle's rise and he is worried about De Gaulle's regime. "It is not the fault of *mon général*," he sometimes says, sadly. "Perhaps it is history's fault. I *suppose* it must be history which always arranges to bill a civilization at the very instant it is least prepared to pay."

Now he rises and walks out on the balcony, as though to reassure himself of the reality of Paris. Mahalia is singing *Didn't It Rain?* I walk out and stand beside him.

"You are a good boy — Chico," he says. I laugh. "You believe in love. You do not know all the things love cannot do, but" — he smiles — "love will teach you that."

WE GO, after dinner, to a Left Bank *discothèque* which can charge outrageous prices because Marlon Brando wandered in there one night. By accident, according to Vidal. "Do you know how many people in Paris are becoming rich — to say nothing of those, *hélas!*, who are going broke — on the off chance that Marlon Brando will lose his way again?"

He has not, presumably, lost his way tonight, but the *discothèque* is crowded with those strangely faceless people who are part of the night life of all great cities, and who always arrive, moments, hours, or decades late, on the spot made notorious by an event or a movement or a handful of personalities. So here are American boys, anything but beardless, scratching around for Hemingway; American girls, titillating themselves with Frenchmen and existentialism, while waiting for the American boys to shave off their beards; French painters, busily pursuing the revolution which ended thirty years ago; and the young, bored, perverted, American *arrivistes* who are buying their way into the art world via flattery and liquor, and the production of canvases as arid as their greedy little faces. Here are boys, of all nations, one step above the pimp, who are occasionally walked across a stage or trotted before a camera. And the girls, their enemies, whose faces are sometimes seen in ads, one of whom will surely have a tantrum before the evening is out.

In a corner, as usual, surrounded, as usual, by smiling young men, sits the drunken blonde

woman who was once the mistress of a famous, dead painter. She is a figure of some importance in the art world, and so rarely has to pay for either her drinks or her lovers. An older Frenchman, who was once a famous director, is playing *quatre cent vingt-et-un* with the woman behind the cash register. He nods pleasantly to Vidal and me as we enter, but makes no move to join us, and I respect him for this. Vidal and I are obviously cast tonight in the role vacated by Brando: our entrance justifies the prices and sends a kind of shiver through the room. It is marvelous to watch the face of the waiter as he approaches, all smiles and deference and grace, not so much honored by our presence as achieving his reality from it; excellence, he seems to be saying, gravitates naturally toward excellence. We order two whisky and sodas. I know why Vidal sometimes comes here. He is lonely. I do not think that he expects ever to love one woman again, and so he distracts himself with many.

Since this is a *discothèque*, jazz is blaring from the walls and record sleeves are scattered about with a devastating carelessness. Two of them are mine and no doubt, presently, someone will play the recording of the songs I sang in the film.

"I thought," says Vidal, with a malicious little smile, "that your farewell to Paris would not be complete without a brief exposure to the perils of fame. Perhaps it will help prepare you for America, where, I am told, the populace is yet more carnivorous than it is here."

I can see that one of the vacant models is preparing herself to come to our table and ask for an autograph, hoping, since she is pretty — she has, that is, the usual female equipment, dramatized in the usual, modern way — to be invited for a drink. Should the maneuver succeed, one of her boy friends or girl friends will contrive to come by the table, asking for a light or a pencil or a lipstick, and it will be extremely difficult not to invite this person to join us, too. Before the evening ends, we will be surrounded. I don't, now, know what I expected of fame, but I suppose it never occurred to me that the light could be just as dangerous, just as killing, as the dark.

"Well, let's make it brief," I tell him. "Sometimes I wish that you weren't quite so fond of me."

He laughs. "There are some very interesting people here tonight. Look."

Across the room from us, and now staring at our table, are a group of American Negro students, who are probably visiting Paris for the first time. There are four of them, two boys and two girls, and I suppose that they must be in their late teens or early twenties. One of the boys, a gleaming, curly-haired, golden-brown type — the color of his mother's fried chicken — is carry-

ing a guitar. When they realize we have noticed them, they smile and wave — wave as though I were one of their possessions, as, indeed, I am. Golden-brown is a mime. He raises his guitar, drops his shoulders, and his face falls into the lugubrious lines of Chico's face as he approaches death. He strums a little of the film's theme music, and I laugh and the table laughs. It is as though we were all back home and had met for a moment, on a Sunday morning, say, before a church or a poolroom or a barbershop.

And they have created a sensation in the *discothèque*, naturally, having managed, with no effort whatever, to outwit all the gleaming boys and girls. Their table, which had been of no interest only a moment before, has now become the focus of a rather pathetic attention; their smiles have made it possible for the others to smile, and to nod in our direction.

"Oh," says Vidal, "he does that far better than you ever did, perhaps I will make him a star."

"Feel free, *m'sieu, le bon Dieu*, I got mine." But I can see that his attention has really been caught by one of the girls, slim, tense, and dark, who seems, though it is hard to know how one senses such things, to be treated by the others with a special respect. And, in fact, the table now seems to be having a council of war, to be demanding her opinion or her cooperation. She listens, frowning, laughing; the quality, the force of her intelligence causes her face to keep changing all the time, as though a light played on it. And, presently, with a gesture she might once have used to scatter feed to chickens, she scoops up from the floor one of those dangling rag bags women love to carry. She holds it loosely by the drawstrings, so that it is banging somewhere around her ankle, and walks over to our table. She has an honest, forthright walk, entirely unlike the calculated, pelvic workout by means of which most women get about. She is small, but sturdily, economically, put together.

As she reaches our table, Vidal and I rise, and this throws her for a second. (It has been a long time since I have seen such an attractive girl.)

Also, everyone, of course, is watching us. It is really a quite curious moment. They have put on the record of Chico singing a sad, angry Martinique ballad; my own voice is coming at us from the walls as the girl looks from Vidal to me, and smiles.

"I guess you know," she says, "we weren't *about* to let you get out of here without bugging you just a little bit. We've only been in Paris just a couple of days and we thought for sure that we wouldn't have a chance of running into you anywhere, because it's in all the papers that you're coming home."

"Yes," I say, "yes. I'm leaving the day after tomorrow."

"Oh!" She grins. "Then we really *are* lucky." I find that I have almost forgotten the urchinlike grin of a colored girl. "I guess, before I keep babbling on, I'd better introduce myself. My name is Ada Holmes."

We shake hands. "This is Monsieur Vidal, the director of the film."

"I'm very honored to meet you, sir."

"Will you join us for a moment? Won't you sit down?" And Vidal pulls a chair out for her.

But she frowns contritely. "I really ought to get back to my friends." She looks at me. "I really just came over to say, for myself and all the kids, that we've got your records and we've seen your movie, and it means so much to us" — and she laughs, breathlessly, nervously, it is somehow more moving than tears — "more than I can say. Much more. And we wanted to know if you and your friend" — she looks at Vidal — "your *director*, Monsieur Vidal, would allow us to buy you a drink? We'd be very honored if you would."

"It is we who are honored," says Vidal, promptly, "and grateful. We were getting terribly bored with one another, thank God you came along."

The three of us laugh, and we cross the room.

THE three at the table rise, and Ada makes the introductions. The other girl, taller and paler than Ada, is named Ruth. One of the boys is named Talley — "short for Talliafero" — and Golden-brown's name is Pete. "Man," he tells me, "I dig you the most. You tore me up, baby, tore me *up*."

"You tore up a lot of people," Talley says, cryptically, and he and Ruth laugh. Vidal does not know, but I do, that Talley is probably referring to white people.

They are from New Orleans and Tallahassee and North Carolina; are college students, and met on the boat. They have been in Europe all summer, in Italy and Spain, but are only just getting to Paris.

"We meant to come sooner," says Ada, "but we could never make up our minds to leave a place. I thought we'd never pry Ruth loose from Venice."

"I resigned myself," says Pete, "and just sat in the Piazza San Marco, drinking gin fizz and being photographed with the pigeons, while Ruth had herself driven *all* up and down the Grand Canal." He looks at Ruth. "Finally, thank heaven, it rained."

"She was working off her hostilities," says Ada, with a grin. "We thought we might as well let

her do it in Venice, the opportunities in North Carolina are really terribly limited."

"There are some very upset people walking around down there," Ruth says, "and a couple of tours around the Grand Canal might do them a world of good."

Pete laughs. "Can't you just see Ruth escorting them to the edge of the water?"

"I haven't lifted my hand in anger yet," Ruth says, "but, oh, Lord," and she laughs, clenching and unclenching her fists.

"You haven't been back for a long time, have you?" Talley asks me.

"Eight years. I haven't really lived there for twelve years."

Pete whistles. "I fear you are in for some surprises, my friend. There have been some changes made." Then, "Are you afraid?"

"A little."

"We all are," says Ada, "that's why I was so glad to get away for a little while."

"Then you haven't been back since Black Monday," Talley says. He laughs. "That's how it's gone down in Confederate history." He turns to Vidal. "What do people think about it here?"

Vidal smiles, delighted. "It seems extraordinarily infantile behavior, even for Americans, from whom, I must say, I have never expected very much in the way of maturity." Everyone at the table laughs. Vidal goes on. "But I cannot really talk about it, I do not understand it. I have never really understood Americans; I am an old man now, and I suppose I never will. There is something very nice about them, something very winning, but they seem so ignorant — so ignorant of life. Perhaps it is strange, but the only people from your country with whom I have ever made contact are black people — like my good friend, my discovery, here," and he slaps me on the shoulder. "Perhaps it is because we, in Europe, whatever else we do not know, or have forgotten, know about suffering. We have suffered here. You have suffered, too. But most Americans do not yet know what anguish is. It is too bad, because the life of the West is in their hands." He turns to Ada. "I cannot help saying that I think it is a scandal — and we may all pay very dearly for it — that a civilized nation should elect to represent it a man who is so simple that he thinks the world is simple." And silence falls at the table and the four young faces stare at him.

"Well," says Pete, at last, turning to me, "you won't be bored, man, when you get back there."

"It's much too nice a night," I say, "to stay cooped up in this place, where all I can hear is my own records." We laugh. "Why don't we get out of here and find a sidewalk café?" I tap

Pete's guitar. "Maybe we can find out if you've got any talent."

"Oh, talent I've got," says Pete, "but character, man, I'm lacking."

So, after some confusion about the bill, for which Vidal has already made himself responsible, we walk out into the Paris night. It is very strange to feel that, very soon now, these boulevards will not exist for me. People will be walking up and down, as they are tonight, and lovers will be murmuring in the black shadows of the plane trees, and there will be these same still figures on the benches or in the parks — but they will not exist for me, I will not be here. For a long while Paris will no longer exist for me, except in my mind; and only in the minds of some people will I exist any longer for Paris. After departure, only invisible things are left, perhaps the life of the world is held together by invisible chains of memory and loss and love. So many things, so many people, depart! and we can only repossess them in our minds. Perhaps this is what the old folks meant, what my mother and my father meant, when they counseled us to keep the faith.

WE HAVE taken a table at the Deux Magots and Pete strums on his guitar and begins to play this song:

*Preach the word, preach the word, preach the word!
If I never, never see you any more.
Preach the word, preach the word.
And I'll meet you on Canaan's shore.*

He has a strong, clear, boyish voice, like a young preacher's, and he is smiling as he sings his song. Ada and I look at each other and grin, and Vidal is smiling. The waiter looks a little worried, for we are already beginning to attract a crowd, but it is a summer night, the gendarmes on the corner do not seem to mind, and there will be time, anyway, to stop us.

Pete was not there, none of us were, the first time this song was needed; and no one now alive can imagine what that time was like. But the song has come down the bloodstained ages. I suppose this to mean that the song is still needed, still has its work to do.

The others are all, visibly, very proud of Pete; and we all join him, and people stop to listen:

*Testify! Testify!
If I never, never see you any more!
Testify! Testify!
I'll meet you on Canaan's shore!*

In the crowd that has gathered to listen to us, I see a face I know, the face of a North African prize fighter, who is no longer in the ring. I used to know him well in the old days, but have not

seen him for a long time. He looks quite well, his face is shining, he is quite decently dressed. And something about the way he holds himself, not quite looking at our table, tells me that he has seen me, but does not want to risk a rebuff. So I call him. "Boona!"

And he turns, smiling, and comes loping over to our table, his hands in his pockets. Pete is still singing and Ada and Vidal have taken off on a conversation of their own. Ruth and Talley look curiously, expectantly, at Boona. Now that I have called him over, I feel somewhat uneasy. I realize that I do not know what he is doing now, or how he will get along with any of these people, and I can see in his eyes that he is delighted to be in the presence of two young girls. There are virtually no North African women in Paris, and not even the dirty, rat-faced girls who live, apparently, in cafés are willing to go with an Arab. So Boona is always looking for a girl, and because he is so deprived and because he is not Western, his techniques can be very unsettling. I know he is relieved that the girls are not French and not white. He looks briefly at Vidal and Ada. Vidal, also, though for different reasons, is always looking for a girl.

But Boona has always been very nice to me. Perhaps I am sorry that I called him over, but I did not want to snub him.

He claps one hand to the side of my head, as is his habit. "*Comment vas-tu, mon frère?* I have not see you, oh, for long time." And he asks me, as in the old days, "You all right? Nobody bother you?" And he laughs. "Ah! *Tu as fait le chemin, toi!* Now you are *vedette*, big star — wonderful!" He looks around the table, made a little uncomfortable by the silence that has fallen, now that Pete has stopped singing. "I have seen you in the movies — you know? — and I tell everybody, I know *him!*" He points to me, and laughs, and Ruth and Talley laugh with him. "That's right, man, you make me real proud, you make me cry!"

"Boona, I want you to meet some friends of mine." And I go round the table: "Ruth, Talley, Ada, Pete" — and he bows and shakes hands, his dark eyes gleaming with pleasure — "*et Monsieur Vidal, le metteur en scène du film qui t'a arraché des larmes.*"

"*Enchanté.*" But his attitude toward Vidal is colder, more distrustful. "Of course I have heard of Monsieur Vidal. He is the director of many films, many of them made me cry." This last statement is utterly, even insolently, insincere.

But Vidal, I think, is relieved that I will now be forced to speak to Boona and will leave him alone with Ada.

"Sit down," I say, "have a drink with us, let

me have your news. What's been happening with you, what are you doing with yourself these days?"

"Ah," he sits down, "nothing very brilliant, my brother." He looks at me quickly, with a little smile. "You know, we have been having hard times here."

"Where are you from?" Ada asks him.

His brilliant eyes take her in entirely, but she does not flinch. "I am from Tunis." He says it proudly, with a little smile.

"From Tunis. I have never been to Africa, I would love to go one day."

He laughs. "Africa is a big place. Very big. There are many countries in Africa, many" — he looks briefly at Vidal — "different kinds of people, many colonies."

"But Tunis," she continues, in her innocence, "is free? Freedom is happening all over Africa. That's why I would like to go there."

"I have not been back for a long time," says Boona, "but all the news I get from Tunis, from my people, is not good."

"Wouldn't you like to go back?" Ruth asks.

Again he looks at Vidal. "That is not so easy."

Vidal smiles. "You know what I would like to do? There's a wonderful Spanish place not far from here, where we can listen to live music and dance a little." He turns to Ada. "Would you like that?"

He is leaving it up to me to get rid of Boona, and it is, of course, precisely for this reason that I cannot do it. Besides, it is no longer so simple.

"Oh, I'd love that," says Ada, and she turns to Boona. "Won't you come, too?"

"Thank you, mam'selle," he says, softly, and his tongue flicks briefly over his lower lip, and he smiles. He is very moved, people are not often nice to him.

IN THE Spanish place there are indeed a couple of Spanish guitars, drums, castanets, and a piano, but the uses to which these are being put carry one back, as Pete puts it, to the levee. "These are the wailingest Spanish cats I ever heard," says Ruth. "They didn't learn how to do this in Spain, no, they didn't, they been rambling. You ever hear anything like this going on in Spain?" Talley takes her out on the dance floor, which is already crowded. A very handsome Frenchwoman is dancing with an enormous, handsome black man, who seems to be her lover, who seems to have taught her how to dance. Apparently, they are known to the musicians, who egg them on with small cries of "*Olé!*" It is a very good-natured crowd, mostly foreigners, Spaniards, Swedes, Greeks. Boona takes Ada out on the

dance floor while Vidal is answering some questions put to him by Pete on the entertainment situation in France. Vidal looks a little put out, and I am amused.

We are there for perhaps an hour, dancing, talking, and I am, at last, a little drunk. In spite of Boona, who is a very good and tireless dancer, Vidal continues his pursuit of Ada, and I begin to wonder if he will make it and I begin to wonder if I want him to.

I am still puzzling out my reaction when Pete, who has disappeared, comes in through the front door, catches my eye, and signals to me. I leave the table and follow him into the streets.

He looks very upset. "I don't want to bug you, man," he says, "but I fear your boy has goofed."

I know he is not joking. I think he is probably angry at Vidal because of Ada, and I wonder what I can do about it and why he should be telling me.

I stare at him, gravely, and he says, "It looks like he stole some money."

"Stole money? Who, Vidal?"

And then, of course, I get it, in the split second before he says, impatiently, "No, are you kidding? Your friend, the Tunisian."

I do not know what to say or what to do, and so I temporize with questions. All the time I am wondering if this can be true and what I can do about it if it is. The trouble is, I know that Boona steals, he would probably not be alive if he didn't, but I cannot say so to these children, who probably still imagine that everyone who steals is a thief. But he has never, to my knowledge, stolen from a friend. It seems unlike him. I have always thought of him as being better than that, and smarter than that. And so I cannot believe it, but neither can I doubt it. I do not know anything about Boona's life, these days. This causes me to realize that I do not really know much about Boona.

"Who did he steal it from?"

"From Ada. Out of her bag."

"How much?"

"Ten dollars. It's not an awful lot of money, but" — he grimaces — "none of us *have* an awful lot of money."

"I know." The dark side street on which we stand is nearly empty. The only sound on the street is the muffled music of the Spanish club. "How do you know it was Boona?"

He anticipates my own unspoken rejoinder. "Who else could it be? Besides — somebody *saw* him do it."

"Somebody saw him?"

"Yes."

I do not ask him who this person is, for fear that he will say it is Vidal.

"Well," I say, "I'll try to get it back." I think that I will take Boona aside and then replace the money myself. "Was it in dollars or in francs?"

"In francs."

I have no dollars and this makes it easier. I do not know how I can possibly face Boona and accuse him of stealing money from my friends. I would rather give him the benefit of even the faintest doubt. But, "Who saw him?" I ask.

"Talley. But we didn't want to make a thing about it —"

"Does Ada know it's gone?"

"Yes." He looks at me helplessly. "I know this makes you feel pretty bad, but we thought we'd better tell you, rather than" — lamely — "anybody else."

Now, Ada comes out of the club, carrying her ridiculous handbag, and with her face all knotted and sad. "Oh," she says, "I hate to cause all this trouble, it's not worth it, not for ten lousy dollars." I am astonished to see that she has been weeping, and tears come to her eyes now.

I put my arm around her shoulder. "Come on, now. You're not causing anybody any trouble and, anyway, it's nothing to cry about."

"It isn't your fault, Ada," Pete says, miserably.

"Oh, I ought to get a sensible handbag," she says, "like you're always telling me to do," and she laughs a little, then looks at me. "Please don't try to do anything about it. Let's just forget it."

"What's happening inside?" I ask her.

"Nothing. They're just talking. I think Mr. Vidal is dancing with Ruth. He's a great dancer, that little Frenchman."

"He's a great talker, too," Pete says.

"Oh, he doesn't mean anything," says Ada, "he's just having fun. He probably doesn't get a chance to talk to many American girls."

"He certainly made up for lost time tonight."

"Look," I say, "if Talley and Boona are alone, maybe you better go back in. We'll be in in a minute. Let's try to keep this as quiet as we can."

"Yeah," he says, "okay. We're going soon anyway, okay?"

"Yes," she tells him, "right away."

But as he turns away, Boona and Talley step out into the street, and it is clear that Talley feels that he has Boona under arrest. I almost laugh, the whole thing is beginning to resemble one of those mad French farces with people flying in and out of doors; but Boona comes straight to me.

"They say I stole money, my friend. You know me, you are the only one here who knows me, you know I would not do such a thing."

I look at him and I do not know what to say. Ada looks at him with her eyes full of tears and looks away. I take Boona's arm.

"We'll be back in a minute," I say. We walk a few paces up the dark, silent street.

"She say I take her money," he says. He, too, looks as though he is about to weep — but I do not know for which reason. "You know me, you know me almost twelve years, you think I do such a thing?"

Talley saw you, I want to say, but I cannot say it. Perhaps Talley only thought he saw him. Perhaps it is easy to see a boy who looks like Boona with his hand in an American girl's purse.

"If you not believe me," he says, "search me. Search me!" And he opens his arms wide, theatrically, and now there are tears standing in his eyes.

I do not know what his tears mean, but I certainly cannot search him. I want to say, I know you steal, I know you have to steal. Perhaps you took the money out of this girl's purse in order to eat tomorrow, in order not to be thrown into the streets tonight, in order to stay out of jail. This girl means nothing to you, after all, she is only an American, an American like me. Perhaps, I suddenly think, no girl means anything to you, or ever will again, they have beaten you too hard and kept you in the gutter too long. And I also think, If you would steal from her, then of course you would lie to me, neither of us means anything to you; perhaps, in your eyes, we are simply luckier gangsters in a world which is run by gangsters. But I cannot say any of these things to Boona. I cannot say, Tell me the truth, nobody cares about the money any more.

So I say, "Of course I will not search you." And I realize that he knew that I would not.

"I think it is that Frenchman who say I am a thief. They think we all are thieves." His eyes are bright and bitter. He looks over my shoulder. "They have all come out of the club now."

I look around and they are all there, in a little dark knot on the sidewalk.

"Don't worry," I say. "It doesn't matter."

"You believe me? My brother?" And his eyes look into mine with a terrible intensity.

"Yes," I force myself to say, "yes, of course, I believe you. Someone made a mistake, that's all."

"You know, the way American girls run around, they have their sack open all the time, she could lose the money anywhere. Why she blame me? Because I come from Africa?" Tears are glittering on his face. "Here she come now."

And Ada comes up the street with her straight, determined walk. She walks straight to Boona and takes his hand. "I am sorry," she says, "for everything that happened. Please believe me. It isn't worth all this fuss. I'm sure you're a very nice person, and"—she falters—"I must have lost the money, I'm sure I lost it." She looks at

him. "It isn't worth hurting your feelings, and I'm terribly sorry about it."

"I no take your money," he says. "Really, truly, I no take it. Ask him"—pointing to me, grabbing me by the arm, shaking me—"he know me for years, he will tell you that I never, never steal!"

"I'm sure," she says. "I'm sure."

I take Boona by the arm again. "Let's forget it. Let's forget it all. We're all going home now, and one of these days we'll have a drink again and we'll forget all about it, all right?"

"Yes," says Ada, "let us forget it." And she holds out her hand.

Boona takes it, wonderingly. His eyes take her in again. "You are a very nice girl. Really. A very nice girl."

"I'm sure you're a nice person, too." She pauses. "Good night."

"Good night," he says, after a long silence.

Then he kisses me on both cheeks. "*Au revoir, mon frère.*"

"*Au revoir, Boona.*"

After a moment we turn and walk away, leaving him standing there.

"Did he take it?" asks Vidal.

"I tell you, I *saw* him," says Talley.

"Well," I say, "it doesn't matter now." I look back and see Boona's stocky figure disappearing down the street.

"No," says Ada, "it doesn't matter." She looks up. "It's almost morning."

"I would gladly," says Vidal, stammering, "gladly —"

But she is herself again. "I wouldn't think of it. We had a wonderful time tonight, a wonderful time, and I wouldn't think of it." She turns to me with that urchinlike grin. "It was wonderful meeting you. I hope you won't have too much trouble getting used to the States again."

"Oh, I don't think I will," I say. And then, "I hope you won't."

"No," she says, "I don't think anything they can do will surprise me any more."

"Which way are we all going?" asks Vidal. "I hope someone will share my taxi with me."

But he lives in the sixteenth arrondissement, which is not in anyone's direction. We walk him to the line of cabs standing under the clock at Odéon.

And we look each other in the face, in the growing morning light. His face looks weary and lined and lonely. He puts both hands on my shoulders and then puts one hand on the nape of my neck. "Do not forget me, Chico," he says. "You must come back and see us, one of these days. Many of us depend on you for many things."

"I'll be back," I say. "I'll never forget you."

He raises his eyebrows and smiles. "*Alors, adieu.*"

"*Adieu, Vidal.*"

"I was happy to meet all of you," he says. He looks at Ada. "Perhaps we will meet again before you leave."

"Perhaps," she says. "Good-by, Monsieur Vidal."

"Good-by."

Vidal's cab drives away. "I also leave you now," I say. "I must go home and wake up my son and prepare for our journey."

I leave them standing on the corner, under the clock, which points to six. They look very strange and lost and determined, the four of them. Just before my cab turns off the boulevard, I wave to them and they wave back.

Mme. Dumont is in the hall, mopping the floor.

"Did all my family get home?" I ask. I feel very cheerful, I do not know why.

"Yes," she says, "they are all here. Paul is still sleeping."

"May I go in and get him?"

She looks at me in surprise. "Of course."

So I walk into her apartment and walk into the room where Paul lies sleeping. I stand over his bed for a long time.

Perhaps my thoughts travel — travel through to him. He opens his eyes and smiles up at me. He puts a fist to his eyes and raises his arms. "*Bonjour, Papa.*"

I lift him up. "*Bonjour.* How do you feel today?"

"Oh, I don't know yet," he says.

I laugh. I put him on my shoulder and walk out into the hall. Mme. Dumont looks up at him with her radiant, aging face.

"Ah," she says, "you are going on a journey! How does it feel?"

"He doesn't know yet," I tell her. I walk to the elevator door and open it, dropping Paul down to the crook of my arm.

She laughs again. "He will know later. What a journey! *Jusqu'au nouveau monde!*"

I open the cage and we step inside. "Yes," I say, "all the way to the new world." I press the button and the cage, holding my son and me, goes up.

SYLVIA PLATH

THE MANOR GARDEN

The fountains are dry and the roses over.
Incense of death. Your day approaches.
The pears fatten like little buddhas.
A blue mist is dragging the lake.

You move through the era of fishes,
The smug centuries of the pig —
Head, toe, and finger
Come clear of the shadow. History

Nourishes these broken flutings,
These crowns of acanthus,
And the crow settles her garments.
You inherit white heather, a bee's wing,

Two suicides, the family wolves,
Hours of blankness. Some hard stars
Already yellow the heavens.
The spider on its own string

Crosses the lake. The worms
Quit their usual habitations.
The small birds converge, converge
With their gifts to a difficult borning.

FICTION OF THE SIXTIES

BY
HERBERT
GOLD

Author and teacher, two of whose novels, THE MAN WHO WAS NOT WITH IT and THE OPTIMIST, have been published under the Atlantic-Little, Brown imprint, HERBERT GOLD here discusses the tone and the themes which he believes will characterize the fiction of the coming decade.

THE pig is the most discreet animal; it never looks at the sky. With just this much apology for my indiscretion, let me try to anticipate the color and content of American fiction in the decade ahead. I shall first perform some harassed wig-wagging before my brother novelists, stalled on our dark roadways, and then offer an optimistic view of the next place on the road, and hope that the peculiar disconnection between actual and prospective station can provide an occasion for inventory of self by both readers and writers.

The immediate decade past has not been a bad time for novelists if they did not care about getting their messages through. There have been career opportunities aplenty for bona fide, stamped and certified, government-inspected, prime tellers of stories. George P. Elliott, one of the fine writers who matured during the decade of the fifties, recently commented wryly on these fellowships and prize opportunities, academic offers, lecture offers, writers' conference offers, article-writing offers, ghost-writing offers, review offers, copy-composing offers: "Fiction writers are in short supply." Having been sponsored by United Artists and *Esquire* and sent by first-class jet on a visit to Hollywood, where he stayed at the Beverly Wilshire and had his clothes valeted by the great movie company, and having been locked in man-to-man talk with mighty agents and famous actors, all this energy spent on an article for *Esquire* about

a movie producer, he returns to the little back room in New York where he does his writing. There he contemplates the enthusiastic reviews of his novel, *Parktilden Village*, which has thus far been sold to about 700 readers. Mr. Elliott has finally come into some esteem as a writer — without, however, being read.

Of course, 700 out of 180 million Americans suggests a startling number of nonreaders for a vigorous contemporary talent, but it is not a much more lugubrious percentage than 3000 out of 180 million, which is more typical of the non-bestselling novel. The American cornucopia has enabled the American writer to keep alive, but the same embarrassment of riches which has fed his family with irregular spurts of cash has provided the prospective reader with enough distractions to avoid any imposition of books on his time. Perhaps some new foundation should give fellowships to novel-readers.

We are all aware of the peculiar inadequacy of book distribution, beginning and ending with the tic of the nervous book buyer, who asks for whatever title is floating in the air that week. The first books of Saul Bellow, Nelson Algren, and Vladimir Nabokov sell in the hundreds; in these cases, eventually something happy occurs, a peculiar combination of virtue having out and the wheel of fortune spinning. A novel like Ralph Ellison's *Invisible Man* sells poorly, receives an important

prize, picks up sales, finally does okay. For the publisher, who operates by statistics and needs only one best seller to justify ten poor sellers, the business risk is a reasonable one. But what about the forsaken novelist, who loves his book and wrote it to say something important to an audience which does not realize that it has been spoken to? Well, he either sheds a noble tear (his own view of it) or a maudlin one (everyone else's opinion). He reminds himself, if he has the required strength: "No one asked you to write stories, pal. Do you want to or don't you?"

Answer: he wants to, and wants to again; a gadfly whose victims do not know when they have been gadded.

SO MUCH for shoptalk about the writer's financial and nervous problems. But the peculiarly book-shy audience bears watching for clues about the subject matter of serious American novelists in the immediate past and in the future which we project from it.

In the thirties and the early forties, political and social ideologies preoccupied the minds of most writers, and many books ended with such rooster morals as "Strike!" or "He died for all of us" and had doctrinaire donkey titles like *Brother, the Laugh Is Bitter*. The old problems were still with us during the fifties, but the teeth of the beasts were sugared into ruin by the fact of a victorious war (however temporary), economic prosperity (however specious), and the lack of an important political ideal to set against apparent American failures. The blissful despair of the twenties had turned to the blind staggers; the great enemies of the thirties, fascism and depression, were slumbering quietly; the hopes of Marxism and Peace Through War were dead.

The coming-of-age novel, the quest novel, the novel of philosophical purpose demanded intense formal and stylistic ingenuity to fill the gaps left by diminished political passions. Novelists could not yet make their deep response to the Bomb and a lemming impulse to race suicide dramatically relevant in fiction. There was no active cause to join, no genuine war to declare (plenty of false wars and individual bandit expeditions). The simplicity and resolution which even the dramatically complicated mind finds necessary were hard to discover in public life.

A characteristic expression of the period is John Cheever's uneasy exploration of middle-class decorum in *The Wapshot Chronicle* and his many stories. Truman Capote and J. D. Salinger attempted to raise elegant eccentricity and child psychology to the level of literature. Writers like

Saul Bellow, Ralph Ellison, and Bernard Malamud managed to make explicit philosophical purposes relevant in fiction by the force of their personal vision.

The great fads were, first, the novel of American self-congratulation, typified by Sloan Wilson, Cameron Hawley, Herman Wouk, and other celebrants of business and obedience; and later in the decade, the so-called hipster writers, who also failed to produce a convincing voice. The trouble with both groups is a symptomatic one. They are not egotistical, but rather nonegotistical, lacking a firm sense of self, thus terribly frightened, needful, vain, demanding from a public which is itself avid for genuine personality an assurance that they really exist. The weak ego strives for strong assertion through immolation in bureaucracy or advertisements for its selfishness: Help me, tell me I am here!

Many other passive novelists settle for everybody's unhappy childhood, exposés of the already exposed, tremendously gory and horny war novels, pseudo revivals of religious conformity, imitations of Henry James and Kafka and Fitzgerald, guilt-mongering and magnolia-mongering and the moony, loony interior decoration of prose. Some of them seem to know Shelley's description of the skylark, which pours out its "full heart In profuse strains of unpremeditated art," but they forget that the sincere skylark is a mere feathered bird, not a hairy poet, and a human being's sincerity must come of more than the winds of nature blowing in his craw. The poet or the novelist sings most with his own heart when the arbiter of his intelligence has brought both his body and the rest of the world together into the room where he does his singing.

Certain ideological writers — the Freudians, the neo-religious, and the hipsters, for example — like to think of themselves as devilish chaps with probes stuck into their very depths, and so they rejoice. Milton's Satan made their point with succinct awareness and terror: "Which way I fly is Hell; my self am Hell" and thus understood that the awful privacy of the rebel must be mitigated by some meaningful communion with others. The writer needs a causal connection with his society, some sense that his work does something to make everyone's privacy a privilege rather than a burden. Else numbness, coolness, the erosion of self, and the acquiescence in self-murder around us. Without this causal connection with the wide world, the writer may issue shrill directives from his own coddled privacy; he may fidget and giggle and tell himself he is Whitman or Kafka, hip or cool, gimmicked by chic and as fashionable as a sports car; he is in hell all the same.

The categories of American virtue (material accumulation plus good intentions) and American guilt (spiritual vagueness plus nuclear derangement plus impure intentions plus a clouded future) exclude the writer who is not a compulsive joiner of causes. And yet he seeks to broaden the allegiance of his one-member team. The most serious writers of this period feel as an immediate personal deprivation the lack of an imperative politics, an enveloping and involving view of the world. And the best creation of the time has implied an effort to close this gap. Probably no imaginative writing can do the work of a society in giving a sense of public hope and purpose to a people, but awareness of the lack and the personal effort to find personal solutions constitute an essential labor in a difficult time. Literature, like politics, is an art of the possible.

A few writers have fled to traditional shelters — religious revival, political dogma, hedonism and its anemic, psychoanalytic grandchild, the pursuit of health, which provides a misunderstood parody of the classical purgation by pity and terror in order to reach order and calm. The strongest have accepted their ignorance and their doubt; they will continue, in the decade to come, perhaps learning themselves, as they note along the way what some among the world of men have learned. As Ralph Ellison's invisible man asks, "Who knows but that, on the lower frequencies, I speak for you?" The labor of opposing invisibility — to others and to ourselves — will be continued by novelists who aim not at a secondary quality of health but at the primary issue of ransoming the time by inventing a sharply personal reality.

In the decade ahead, the successors to Faulkner and Hemingway will be new novelists, striving in their little rooms and staring out the window, as writers always do; but they will be striving with issues and staring out over a world which the elder statesmen of American letters must find quite alien, slippery white, electronic, forbidding. The society celebrated by Faulkner and Hemingway, Wolfe and Fitzgerald, Dos Passos and Sherwood Anderson and Steinbeck has become a matter of history — a history of vital concern, perhaps, but history. For that essential fictional mastery of the way things are, we must now look to younger voices evaluating an altered experience of America. No one can call the roll of the strong talents of the sixties. Many of them are already at work, but some are probably still in high school. However, we can anticipate something of the kind of world out of which their stories and novels will emerge.

The environment of American writing in the sixties will provide an accelerated continuation of

the post-war period, with a possibility of closer challenge and confrontation of the risks of technological explosion, of living on a shrinking globe jostled by the Soviet Union and China, and of the revolutionary reversals of the importance of work and leisure. The bloating of cities and populations, with resulting great shifts of power, suggests frontiers at least as exciting as those out in space.

MANY of the writers who will nominate themselves to reckon with our world through the magical synthesis of fiction will seem more strange than Martians to some of us. Roosevelt, Hitler, Stalin, the Depression, and the War will be dim history to them. My earliest "political" memories are of a teacher weeping over the bank closings and of the freight trains ant-heaped with men traveling hopelessly in search of work. What political reality will the youngest writers of the sixties carry forward from their seventh years? A TV apology by a worried candidate? A discussion of the effect of ileitis on the stock market?

Not many of these writers will wash dishes in diners while going to college; scholarships even reach down to arts students. When they rebel against their parents, suggests one psychiatrist, the mania for popular psychology will oblige them to rebel against being understood rather than being misunderstood. They will be richer, healthier, groupier, more suburban, rarely driven into the early isolation of economic crisis, second-generation conflict, and rapid changes of class.

They will nevertheless discover the eternal problems lying in wait after their air-conditioned classrooms and their Merit Scholarships. How to find proper work for a man? How to find a way of living that is worthy? How to survive in a world which is no longer addicted to necessary progress? Are we really reborn through love? If so or if not, how to live with the cardinal fact of death?

But these new writers will have grown up among the specters of passivity, isolation, and doubt which haunt American political and family life. Passive self-absorption is surely the great antagonist of the creating mind. Unless others respond to the "moving image of desire," the writer does not really have a command post; he is in isolation, no matter how shrilly he raises his voice. The writer of the sixties will have to thread his way through the interlocking loneliness of contemporary America. If he accepts the ticket for the Fun House maze, where all he can make out is his own reflection in thousands of mirrors, he fails.

Dare anyone promise that fiction writers in the sixties will discover the causal connection between

their work and our society, the impulse to make a self-engrossing music and the need to tell the best truth a man knows? Of course not. The first difficulty is that the imaginative writer is not that unacknowledged legislator which his dream as a young man tells him to be; he may find himself in "short supply," but the occasional accident of best-sellerdom bears little relationship to a powerfully attentive audience. He is, rather, an acknowledged nonlegislator. But more important than the personal career disconnection of the writer is the fact that he suffers like the rest of Americans, at three o'clock in the morning and all day long, individually and as a people, with the need to find a significant connection between desire and love, ambition and work, principle and actual function in the largest world. What, as a people, we lack of the large public issues of spirit and purpose, the novelists in their narrow rooms can hardly provide.

Then what will they give us in the sixties? At their strongest, they can offer relish even in trouble, freshness even in chagrin; they can tell us stories about how things are, how they might be; they can create heroes who point to better chances through being tested in extremity. They can refresh the sense of personality and remind us that the mysterious pride in self is more than the lining to our striving or cajoling public faces. If tragedy lies buried in a ruck of pathos, they can still show us where tragedy lies buried. This is familiar work for the novel, but it must be done afresh every time.

At their frazzled worst, novelists will continue to give us the ephemera which inspire us to a constant activity of forgetting. The juvenile delinquent will remain loyally with us, as he has since Zeus ate Kronos, but the hipster will fold his hypodermic and silently steal away; though no one can replace Jack Kerouac, the no one's name will be legion. The thick book-club novel, fashioned by steady hand and indifferent heart, and the thin interior decorator's novel, fashioned by the desire to pitch a camp in the tent of literature, will produce their accustomed results in the form of dollars and social status. The self-absorbed outpouring which sometimes precedes a controlled gift and sometimes precedes silence and oblivion will continue to find optimistic publishers and tireless but fatigued reviewers. The weekly great book about America's Mission will detonate ecstasies by the familiar missionaries.

THE new serious writers will find an inadequate substitute for the moral equivalent of the traditional life-and-death struggles in the coming-of-

age novel and the suburban novel and the business novel and the exposure-of-selling-out novel. The novel of political and social protest must find new energies; it is difficult to be as attentive to Margaret Mead, telling American men to unite as Men, as one was to Karl Marx, telling us to unite as Workers. Though the alarmed viewers of American family life have a pertinent "issue," "problem," "question," it does not suggest the bedrock challenge of the apparent breakdown of an economic system in the thirties. Can there be a powerful general cause for the writers of the sixties, apart from their personal need to tell a story?

The vital accommodations to reality and demands upon experience will, I think, present themselves with a force that must change our sense of the American novel. The first question is moral, philosophical, metaphysical, religious; the second, linked with it like a Siamese twin, has political roots. How does a man place himself as a *person* in the coming new world? How will Americans accommodate to this world as a *people*?

Part of the novelist's purpose has always been to present possibilities, to judge, to decide, and to give a weight, assurance, style, and energy to these decisions. In the sixties the best novelists will grapple with a problem which can be pejoratively described as "abstract" but which involves a return in extremity to the deepest poetic demand: to know.

They will ask final questions: For whom do I live? For what? They will search out examples of personal value in a massified society: What is the relationship between freedom and isolation, loneliness and independence, responsibility and that pseudo responsibility of merely following orders? Stripped down to poetry and story and the inauguration of passionate conviction, they will leave the self-conscious recording of the details of social life to the social historians; the "research team," that miniature lonely crowd, is better equipped to perform this interesting but secondary function.

Because the novelist relishes what is, he will continue to find joy in the *bizarries* of talk and the salient observation, but he will, I believe, look for a specific coherence in much the way that philosophers and religious thinkers traditionally have done. He will do this partly because the linguistic analysis of contemporary philosophy and the sermons of contented religiosity leave the primary questions unanswered. The writer who fought in Spain did nothing more than sign a petition for Hungary, but he must find a way to translate his ardent moral judgments into literary meaning in time of shock and crisis.

And the sixties will surely be a time of shock and crisis, sensed by the artists even if the mass of

Americans do not admit it. (When a body is first wounded badly, it does not feel the pain.) The novelist obliges himself to confront the individual's changed relationship toward himself and a mass society; his changed assignment of duty will also be the result of two important political facts built into the texture of American life out of which the novel of the sixties will emerge. The first fact, relatively easy to accept, is that America is neither the great villain of mass civilization nor the wistful hope of the world. American self-love and self-romanticization have jaded along with the self-hatred of the Anglophile or the Marxist myths. The second, more difficult realization has to do not with patriotic indulgence but with power. The United States is no longer the young giant (peace to Thomas Wolfe); it will be one giant among at least three, including China and Russia and perhaps India and perhaps some European complex. The drama and images of American novels will either be reconciled with these facts or unreconciled, but fiction always shows the effect of its nourishment by facts.

Let us follow this notion in one detail: If we accept the reality of Chinese power, we will begin to trade with China. If we trade with China, San Francisco will rival New York as a great port and center of cultural radiation. And when this occurs, the magnetic attraction of New York City for novelists may well be succeeded by the image of another city, in which European and Oriental influences are combined as Western and Byzantine influences were combined during the glory of Vienna. The St. Lawrence Seaway makes Cleveland, Ohio, an ocean port, with French sailors strolling up Ninth Street. Jet planes will take Huck Finn to Moscow from Hannibal, Mo., in only a few hours. The map of the world is part of every novel. Even without hydrogen explosions to break up continents, the tidal waves of transport and trade and the erupting volcanoes of national power will create a new mental geography and a new need for coherence in the sixties.

Rhetoric and the shape of speech itself must reflect these tidal changes. A small example: If Saul Bellow were writing *The Victim* now, the sentence which begins the book, in which he describes New York as "hot as Bangkok," would carry less of the fantastic *Arabian Nights* associations which it had for the writer ten years ago; he knows people who have been to Bangkok, he may go there himself, Bangkok is *there* as a part of the hard life of the times.

Fiction in the sixties will be bent to celebration of a world magnificently on edge, at the limit; while perhaps free in fact of economic crisis and war, we will remain under ultimate threat, with implications of being chastened for error by the

disappearance of men from the earth. Avowing the facts of man's ambiguous destiny, the writer will try to give his private vision some viable control. He will often stumble, often settle for shrillness. Many thoughtful writers will create out of total mastery and partial awe. That is, they will know too much, or at least think too highly of their partial knowledge; brain-proud, convinced, combative, and making points, they will prune their effective awe before the brute gift of life on earth. The supple and compassionate mind is essential; knowledgeability is the enemy of awe, that sun under which the artist's wisdom turns and grows.

The best writers of the sixties, as of all periods in history, will suffer gladly under partial mastery, being gripped by strong convictions and total awe. The novelist's ideas will finally be stopped before the greatest idea of all for a writer of fiction, the fact that his people live and that what they do is important; in other words, before his awe at the spectacle of human love and sorrow, folly and dignity. Having thought, the novelist will then suspend thinking and go into the kitchens, the streets, and the dilemmas of his fictive world. Once again he will discover actions, themes, styles, and forms which enable him to do that labor which must be performed afresh for every time, finding an exemplary reality in the true lie which is a story.

DOUBLE LOVE SONG

BY THOMAS WHITBREAD

Open your heart, as if you could,
Let me come into it, like fire,
And let me know it as dry wood,
Pretend your being is desire:

Then turn to sandstone, as you can,
And let me flow like water through
Your pores toward air, where I began,
As if your earth were all of you.

An Atlantic "First" by JACK LUDWIG

REQUIEM FOR BIBUL



"I live and write by the faith that the world is full of magnificence which only compassion and imagination can discover and celebrate," says JACK LUDWIG. Mr. Ludwig, who has been writing seriously for the past eight years, is a Canadian by birth and graduated from the University of Manitoba. He now teaches at the University of Minnesota and coedits a new magazine of creative writing, THE NOBLE SAVAGE.

ONCE upon a time — if we counted time not by calendars but by assimilated history and scientific change, I'd be tempted to say four or five thousand years ago — before total war and all-out war, before death camps, Nagasaki, before fusion and fission, jets, moon shots, astronauts, luniks in orbit, before antibiotics, polio vaccine, open-heart surgery, before TV, garburetors, and other wonders of automation, before dead-faced hoods on motorcycles, dead-faced beatniks on maldecycles; once upon *that* kind of time lived a boy and his horse. The year was 1939. The boy and the horse are both dead.

This is no pastoral tale.

Twenty years late, counting time by the calendar, I write you of this boy Bibul and his horse Malkeh, of Bibul's ambition and his sad, sad end. In time-sorrowed perspective I record for you the imprint Bibul left on my mind and feeling: his ticlike blink, his coal-black hair in bangs over his forehead, his emery-cloth shaver's shadow, his ink-stained mouth, his immutable clothes that wouldn't conform to style or the seasons — always black denim relief-style pants whitened by wear and washing, always a brown pebbled cardigan coiled at the wrists and elbows with unraveled

wool, always a leather cap with bent visor, split seams, matching the color and texture of Bibul's hair. And old ruined Malkeh, scorned before lamented, making her daily round under Bibul's urging, dragging his creak of a fruit peddler's wagon through Winnipeg's "island" slum north of the Canadian Pacific Railway yards.

Bibul peddled while my time burned: in 1939 all of us high school boys were owlish with sixteen- and seventeen-year-old speculation and almost missed seeing this Bibul, all foxy with world-weary finagling. We were out to save the world; Bibul, a buck. Hip deep in reality, trying to beat tricky suppliers, weaselly competitors, haggling customers, Bibul couldn't believe in us vaguesters. Peddling had forced him to see, hear, and judge everything. By his practical measure, we were simply unreal. We'd speculate; Bibul would respond with "*Yeh-yeh*," the Yiddish double affirmative that makes a negative. He didn't have to say a word, or raise that skeptical eyebrow, or even frown with that tic. His smell alone argued a reality out of reach of our politely neutral, Lux, Lifebuoy, Vitalis middle-class sweetness: "effluvia Bibul" we called that mixture of squashed berries, bad turnips, dank pine apple-crates, straw,

chickens, sad old horsy Malkeh. Bibul had a grand gesture to sweep away our irrelevance, a sudden movement of the hand like a farmwife's throwing feed to chickens, his nose sniffing disgust, his sour mouth giving out a squelching sound, "Aaaa." Sometimes he sounded like a goat, other times a baby lamb; just "Aaaa," but enough to murder our pushy pretensions.

We were a roomful of competitive sharks — math sharks, physics sharks, English, Latin, history sharks — secretly, often openly sure that we surpassed our teachers in brains and know-how. Joyfully arrogant, we shook off the restricting label of "high school student," considering ourselves pros — mathematicians, scientists, writers, artists. In our own minds we had already graduated from the university, had passed through Toronto or Oxford, were entangled in public controversies with the great names in our respective fields, ending right but humble, modestly triumphant. But where was Bibul in this league? As loudly as we pros hollered, Bibul heard nothing. He only yawned, slouched, even snoozed, gave out with that killing "Yeh-yeh," poked his grayish nose into his peddler's notebook red with reality's ooze of tomato.

"Bibul," we'd try to break in on him, "aren't you interested in semantics? Don't you care for the coming intellectual revolution? Once and for all, are you for Count Korzybski or are you against him?"

"Aaaa," was Bibul's response, and that chicken-feeding gesture waved us back to our ivory towers. Bibul turned to reality with a lick of his indelible-pencil's tip and a purple inscription in his book of life.

"You nuddin' bud gids," he'd say impatiently if we insisted on disturbing his audit. "A 'ell of a lod you guys know about live."

We'd jeer and mock, which made no impression on Bibul, nor did much for us. Weren't we the kings of St. John's High School? Even if Bibul wasn't very active, he was still one of us on the top floor, dominating with us the giants and dwarfs living the underground life amid blazing forges and screeching lathes in the school basement, second-generation Canadians joyously illiterate, English having to fend for itself in their houses, a poor second to Ukrainian or Polish or German; or the salt-of-the-earth commercial students, blond and blue-eyed, clearly dedicated to the sensible life, who heard our loud violent arguments and shuddered in silence and good taste.

We might have been kings, but how could anybody crown Bibul? We ran the yearbook, but it, sad for Bibul's talents, was printed neither in Yiddish nor Hebrew, and on Bibul's "island" who had mastered English? We wanted him to debate,

but peddling had made him overexcited; wrought up, he stammered, angry, he slobbered — hindrances to the winning of arguments. Tone-deaf, he was no candidate for the glee club; a business man through and through, he had no time for politics. At sports he was terrible; he couldn't swim a stroke, or skate, was flubby-knuckled at baseball, slashingly pigeon-toed at soccer, kamikaze going over a hurdle. He had no time for women in his life. Malkeh and the ladies who bought from him were the only females Bibul knew; these customers whom he called with a little, if not much, affection *schnorrers*, pigs.

In recognition of his great talent, we made him room treasurer.

After school, while we theoreticians sprawled on boulevards and took pleasure from the long-limbed, large-breasted twelfth-grade girls giving the lie to an educator's pious wish that the serge tunic neutralize the female form, Bibul hurried off to Malkeh, that wagon open-pored and gaping for paint, the running of a gauntlet of *schnorrers* avid for a beet or turnip to fill an empty pot. And early on a morning, when we theoreticians-turned-lovers, wearied after a long night of girls, sat in the Street Railway waiting house knocking ourselves out over my noisy reading of Panurge's adventure with the Lady of Paris, Bibul, up and dressed at 4 A.M., waited with Malkeh for the fruit row to open and the struggle for possession of the bruised fruit and battered vegetables he'd have to wrest from ancient wizened trickster peddlers and their muscular sons so that his *schnorrers* would have something concrete to haggle over later in the day.

LOST in abstraction, and me, I thought little of Bibul in those days. He was a clown. A mark. A butt. The peddling was part of the sad, desperate struggle for money every family in the Depression knew. Bibul was the oldest of four children, his widowed ma supporting them on what she could make out of a tiny grocery store, doing the best she could, the dear lady, and known throughout the island as the "Golden Thumb" and the "Adder," the latter reference ambiguous, meaning either snakes or computation, Bibul's ma being famous for a mathematical theorem that said $5 + 6 = 12$, or 13, whichever was higher.

Not till the year of our graduation did I discover why Bibul peddled with such dedication, why he rode out like a teen-age Don Quixote to do battle with those abusive, haggling, thieving *schnorrers*.

What a riding out that was! His paintless wagon listed like a sinking ship, moved with the

sound of fiddles scraped rosinless in a concert by deaf mutes, its wheels' circles successfully squared, a few spokes missing from each, its seat a tatter of leatherette bulged at the ends like a horsehair cream puff, its wilted greens and culled fruit lorded over by Bibul's faultless-in-his-favor scales, rusted fistlike weights, a battered tin scoop more dented than a defeated World War I veteran's helmet. For such a wagon, what was more fitting than a progress through the island under the leadership of a nag like Malkeh!

As beat up as Don Quixote's Rosinante would look next to elegant Pegasus, that's how Malkeh would look next to Rosinante: she was U-shaped in side view, as if she'd been ridden by the fattest knight in heaviest armor; she sagged like a collapsed sofa with its stuffing hanging low. She was bare as buffed mohair, her shoulders tanned from the rub of reins, her color an unbelievable combination of rust, maroon, purple, brown, found elsewhere only in ancient sun-drenched velvets. Her tail was a worn discarded feather boa picked almost clean. Like a badly carpentered table, all four of her legs were of assorted lengths, which made her move by shuffling, like a pair of aged soft-shoe dancers making a final farewell. Her hoofs were fringed with fuzzy hairs like a frayed fiddle bow abandoned to rain and sun, her horse-shoes were thin as dimes, rusty as the metal hinges on her wagon's tail gate.

Her faded yellow horse collar and harness once sat on a czarist artillery horse, but now, padless, dry, broken, reknotted, supported Malkeh in poor style, fitting much like the suits handed up by Bibul's competitors' muscular sons to their tiny fathers. To encourage her to see out of her old eyes, Bibul flatteringly covered them at the sides with a pair of snappy black racing-horse blinkers trimmed with shiny silver rivets, a touch to Malkeh's décor like a monocle in the eye of a Bowery bum.

Out of loyalty to this Malkeh, Bibul let his wagon go to ruin: a wagon could be covered over with paint or varnish, but poor mortal Malkeh, where was the therapy or camouflage to hide from the world what *she* really was?

She was the horse version of *The Dying Gaul*. While Malkeh lived on her island she wasn't subject to the reality of horse hierarchy, but on a main thoroughfare like Salter Street her submarginal subproletariat position was exposed. High-stepping T. Eaton Company horses, glossy-flanked, curried, combed, middle-class cousins of aristocratic thoroughbreds seen only on race tracks and in stables, spurned Malkeh as they sped past, their harnesses shiny with saddle soap, their hoofs steel-ringing, their heads up, their traces white as snow, their tails prinked out with

red ribbons, their wagons elegant as chariots, freshly painted, glowing blue-black, red, white, and gold where it counted, their drivers uniform and uniformed, not like sloppy Bibul. Horses like these had blankets, slept in the fancy T. Eaton stables, ate oats from an unfaded green feed bag, not the ripped postman's pouch Bibul filled with bad lettuce, carrot tops, shriveled beets wisped over with a sign of hay. Their snubbing was a denial that Malkeh was a horse. Even the heavy, powerful working-class Percherons, inexorably destined for life to the smell of the garbage scows they pulled through the city, refused to acknowledge kinship with Malkeh, speeding up without any urging, turning into a can-ridden back lane with relief, much as a person at a high-toned party successfully hides from a waiter who turns out to be a close relative.

I saw her only once, when Bibul brought her to school. A crowd gathered, some to gawk, some to cluck, some to find cause for letters to the editor. The principal happened to look out. Malkeh died a long time ago, but her memory is gnomically preserved in a memorial tablet that went up early next day and says clearly "No Parking at Any Time."

That was the first and last time Bibul brought Malkeh to school.

NOT that the island was without hazards. Perhaps Bibul had put blinders on Malkeh to keep the old animal from seeing reality too clearly with whatever sight she still had left in her eyes. Those schnorrers, bare feet stuck hurriedly into their husbands' felt house slippers, wearing nightgowns at four in the afternoon, their hair uncombed, their hands deep in housecoat and apron pockets in a gesture like stick-up men's, pennies and silver tightly clenched, prizes Bibul could get with bargains, fast talk, tempting, threats, guile. Singly they watched for him, in concert they plotted unbeatable stratagems, their motto simple: Pay little, get much. To the victor went the spoiled spoils.

"Giddy ahb, Malgeh," Bibul would holler from his high seat, and the schnorrers knew that war was on.

Into the lists Malkeh dragged the keening wagon, onto the island in ruins like a medieval town (Canadian history is short, but our buildings add spice by getting older faster). Foundationless houses sagged, leaned at angles to astound Pisa, some north, some south, giving an effect of pure craziness, what kids might have built with assorted-sized decks of cards. Gates tipsy as Malkeh's wagon swung on one hinge from a last lost post;

dry, cracking wood fences leaned in surrender toward the ground, begging like old men in sight of a grave to be allowed to fall the rest of the way; windows were tar-paper patched, like pirates' eyes, and ominous as the blackness left in the streets by uninsured fires.

Behind every window or screen opaque with dust, behind every door splintered from kids' kicking waited the schnorrers, trying to make Bibul anxious, make him sweat a little, a cinch for persistent hagglers.

"Ebbles, ebbles, den boundz f'a quadder!" Bibul shouted.

The schnorrers didn't move.

Unflustered, unfooled, Bibul used his phony war time well, popping into his mouth the only three unspotted cherries in his entire stock. Malkeh, for her bit, sighing and groaning, panting but pulling, dragged the exposed tin rims of the wheels off the street and into the frost heaves and crevices of the muddy back lane which Bibul and his customers had silently agreed was the Complete Battlefield, Bibul because the cloudlike stench of chicken droppings and horse dung hanging over the lane was unbeatable camouflage for whatever imperfection time and decay might bring his produce, his schnorrers because the cramped quarters of a narrow lane made scale tampering easier for their anxious old hands, detection difficult, fliching not so.

"Whoa beg, whoa der, Malgeh," Bibul ordered, and there among ripped mattresses resembling enormous wads of steel wool, in a bone yard of Model T Fords, Malkeh finally halted. Dogs came yapping from all directions, cats hissed from rust-streaked iron roof tops, frightened pigeons whirled into the air, wheeling high over sun-beaten stables, returning to their places like grandstand fans anxious to be close to the scene of scuffle.

BIBUL's ticlike blink was a cover for all expression. He looked blanker than the Sphinx. He faked a brow-furrowing entry into his book, peeled an orange, scratched himself variously and thoroughly. The schnorrers couldn't stand the suspense. Dead was their united front. A few broke ranks and, already cursing Bibul's bad prices, shuffled out in a gait to match Malkeh's.

Horseflies, the pickings so sparse they had to drop their high standards and declare Malkeh a possible host, left the poor banquet of the uncovered garbage cans — each lid long commandeered to serve as target in the minor-league jousts of the schnorrers' knightly kids — and, under cover of the schnorrers sneakily advancing to do Bibul battle, launched assault on Malkeh's weak

flank. In a second, both boy and horse were under siege.

The attack came swiftly: stealthily, deftly, a red-haired old woman flipped two-cent oranges into the one-cent bins, her rasp of a voice trying to get Bibul to look up at the sky and predict weather; her accomplice meanwhile made a great display of finding a terrific buy.

"Boyaboyaboy, f'a change you god good tings in this stinkin' wagon," she said shamelessly.

Bibul's ticlike blink was a camera shutter ready for mischief, and snapped the entire action.

"Give over here dat bag," he said gruffly. "Mizzuz, *yoisher*, show a liddle resdraind," he scolded the old innocents watching the oranges fall back into the proper bin.

A pair of raspberry hands crunched lettuce greens. "How much you give off f' damaged goods?" the criminal hollered, while still wiping lettuce juice off on her apron.

The red-haired old woman was set on getting oranges. "Robber, black-hearted robber," she cried out, shaking a fist under Bibul's disapproving nose. "Perls d' fruit man, a father who supports eight growin' kids and a sister in Russia, Perls charges two coppers cheaper for fresher and firmer, so ha come, ha? Ha come?"

"My oniges are Sundgizd, Blue Gooze," came back Bibul, a sucker for brand names. "Berl's oniges grow on ebble drees."

With a slamming of doors and a shuffle of feet the schnorrers came now in full force, wave after wave, surrounding Bibul's wagon, pressing fruit, squeezing, poking, tapping, filling the air with shrieks and curses that urged the pigeonhearted pigeons high to the sky. Like a bucket brigade, the ladies passed fruit the length of the wagon, each nose a compulsory inspection station. Some — baseball fans, no doubt — tried the hidden-ball trick with Bibul's apples; others, proud of what teeth they had left, showed off a little by nipping fruit as it passed by.

For each bite Bibul took his due.

"Schnorrers dad youz are," he yelled, imposing and collecting his fine, "you god no gare vor my brovids? You eadin' ub all my brovids!"

"Don' be s'independent," said the red-haired one, fruitlessly after a fistful of cherries, "don' hold yourself big. You' fadder ain' no doctor, he ain' no mayor!"

Bibul was a lone guard defending his fortress from desperate pillagers; ubiquitous as Churchill, many-handed as Shiva, he had to be compassionate as Schweitzer. Though I didn't know what Bibul's dedication to peddling was all about, the schnorrers did: Bibul was saving up to become a rabbi. Bibul immersed himself in the practical, pedestrian, material life because of a Great Cause

— the Yeshiva in New York, eventual immersion in a spiritual life dedicated to suffering mankind.

How the schnorrers used that Great Cause in their war with Bibul! It was all double: in sincerity they poured out their hearts to him; an educated boy, soon to be a rabbi, maybe he'd understand *their* side — the husband who had taken off and never come back, the bad-hearted rich relatives, the ungrateful kids, the treacherous friends, root, trunk, branch of a Jewish Seven Deadly Sins. They dizzied him with complicated stories, unsettled his strong stomach with demonstrations of human frailty — missing teeth, crossed eyes, wens, tumors, needed operations.

As a bonus to sincerity they hoped the tales would divert Bibul long enough for their aprons to fill with filched fruit.

Crying real tears, Bibul would free an apricot from a fist already stained with cherry.

"A religious you call yourself?" the caught thief howled. "God should strike me dead if I stole ever in my life one thing!"

Glancing up at the sky, she moved closer to the other ladies: who knew what kind of pull with God a boy to be a rabbi had?

"Bibul, *boychik*," cooed this Mrs. Fenson, bleached a little but not yet forty, without a man since her husband disappeared into the harvest lands of Saskatchewan years before. "Give off ten cents on this here dozen, eh, doll? I can show plenty good appreciation."

Bibul shuddered a No. There were some things in this material world even the Great Cause did not justify.

For their part, his schnorrers prayed God to give Bibul good enough ears to hear out their incriminating bill of particulars against the human race, bad eyes to miss seeing what their energetic hands were doing; and they cursed fate when Bibul's unaffected eyes snapped them filching. After a day of listening to lamentation, was there anything Bibul could hear that would amaze him?

"My brudder's second wibe's kid wid da hump in back god already her tird miscarriage, Bibul," he'd hear, and a second later, "Ha c'n ya cha'ge two cends a pond f'a busted wadermelon?" — this to the accompanying sound of a melon being smartly cracked against the side of the wagon.

"Bay ub, bay ub." Bibul would rise to his full height on the wagon's seat, like a soapbox orator trying to sway these masses.

That's when the curses changed from rain to hail, the moment for desperation measures — pinching, throwing a kiss, snatching a potato, gulping a cherry, pit and all. But Bibul was through. A loving kick woke Malkeh, a swish of the broken whip banished her horseflies. The swaying tin scoop clattered retreat, the creaking

wagon mocked the defeated schnorrers cursing boy and horse down through all possible generations.

WAS it any wonder, then, that when we sharks, all hot for culture, oozing ideology, long on judgments, short on facts, turned our abstract faces toward Bibul, he responded with that "Aaaa"? What was there in our books and ideas to compete with a schnorrer's lament? Now I know what that "Aaaa" meant in part: "Aaaa" translated "When I was a child I spake as a child" (may Bibul forgive me for invoking St. Paul!) or "You nuddin' bud gids." "Aaaa" said "vanity of vanities; all is vanity" and, in explanation of Bibul's giving himself to Mammon for a term so that he might give the rest to Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, "To everything there is a season, and a time to every purpose under the heaven."

The sharks vaguely yearned for the Higher Life; Bibul alone had a concrete goal, a building in a specific city, New York. Every knightly thrust and parry with an unqueenly schnorrer, every cull of orange he sold, every bruised apple brought him that much closer to the Yeshiva.

On graduation day at St. John's, Bibul was already half a rabbi. Gone were the familiar cardigan and accompanying accessories. Bibul wore a brand-new serge suit. His sideburns were religious enough to be called side curls, the emery-cloth shadow was lengthened. His eyes shone with a fervor no schnorrer had ever seen. He looked beautiful, incredibly happy.

"Damorrow," he said in a low secretive voice, "I go d' Yeshiva in New Yorg. I wanna say goo'by, Joe."

"New York?" I said. "A city that big? Aren't you a little afraid?"

"Aaaa." Bibul gave me that wave of his. "Wadz t' be sgared?"

"You're a stranger. Winnipeg's a village compared with New York."

"Aaaa. Zame ding. Beoble iz beoble."

"What about Malkeh?"

"Berls da beddler robbed me. I gave Malgeh away t' him. Da groog knew I was goin' d' New Yorg."

"Bibul," I said enthusiastically, "good luck to you. Be a good rabbi!"

"Aaaa," he said with the usual flourish, his last word to me then or ever.

That fall we sharks entered the university, and Canada the war. Winnipeg was transformed, full of air crew trainees from places known to me before only through postage stamps; yellow skins, black, red, brown, Maori tribesmen from New Zealand, Bushmen from Australia, strange-sound-

ing South Africans, sculpture-faced Indians thronged the city's streets and beer parlors. But far off in New York, Bibul, who'd known war with his schnorrers since his thirteenth year, paid no attention to this latest struggle, his mind committed to the study of Torah and Talmud, his spare time involved in a fruit-selling job among the East Side schnorrers around New York's Essex Street market. His old customers, a little cash to speculate with now that the Depression seemed ended, haggled halfheartedly with old man Perls and old Malkeh, the one mercifully deaf, the other almost totally blind.

Once in a long while I checked in at Bibul's mother's store and, gleaned news of Bibul, let her weigh me up a light pound of corned beef. She wore her hair Buster Brown, carried a huge buxom body on little feet tucked into gray-white tennis shoes.

She shoved a letter at me.

"Look how a educated boy writes," she said, pugnaciously proud. "Who but a rabbi could understand such hard words?"

She pulled it back before I could give an opinion.

"See him only, look, look." She pushed a picture at my eyes.

Bibul huddled against a bare Williamsburg wall, grinning the same grin as three other Bibuls in the picture, all of them bearded and wild as Russians, in black beaver hats bought with money they had earned tutoring the Americanized grandchildren of rich Hasidim.

"Some boy, my Bibul," his mother called to me as I was leaving.

WINTER passed; the war grew grimmer. Spring was beautiful; the war more dreadful. Summer was very hot in New York, where Bibul divided his time between the Yeshiva and Essex Street's schnorrers. For days, the temperature was in the high humid nineties. Bibul had never known such heat. He couldn't study, sleep, sell. In desperation he took himself one evening to the Y, forgetting, in the heat, that he had never learned to swim.

An attendant, going off duty, warned Bibul away, told him not to enter the pool. Who can be blind to Bibul's response?

"Aaaa," and that gesture.

He drowned.

His schnorrers, being told, wept and lamented.

We sharks, even in the midst of the war's casualties, were moved and stricken.

Bibul was the first of us to die.

I cannot find Bibul's like in Winnipeg today.

Somebody waved a T-square wand over the old island, and the ninety-degree angle, unknown a few thousand years ago, in Bibul's time, has made its appearance there. Progress pretends Bibul's island never existed: the back lanes are paved, paint has been sloshed all over the bare wood fences. When the green gave out, the painters, unflustered, turned to brown. Bibul's world has left signs of itself: a clothesline pole, exhausted from long years of supporting soggy fleece-lined underwear, seems ready to give up the ghost; an outside staircase, impermanent as a hangman's scaffold, still mocks the fire commissioner who asked for safety and got greater danger.

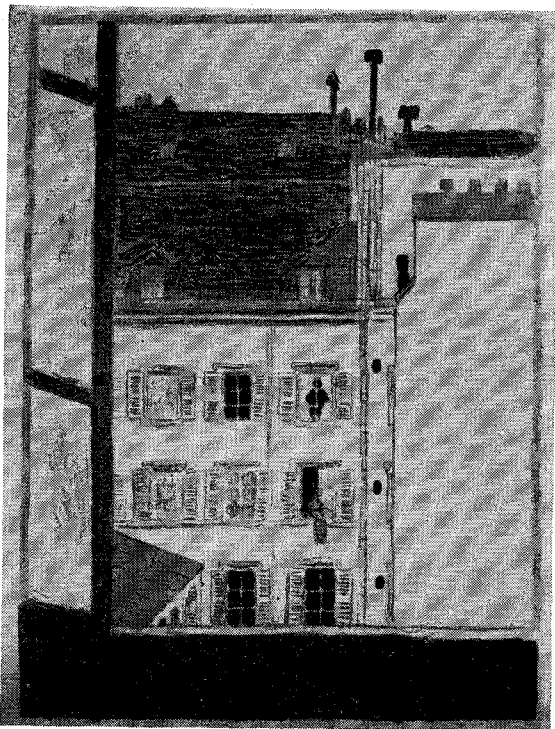
Malkeh is dead. The wagon fell to pieces. Motorized peddlers in trucks like Brink's cars zoom through the island late at night with the remnants of produce picked over by ringed and braceleted upper-middle-class hands on the day route: River Heights, Silver Heights, Garden City; places of Togetherness, Betterness, Spotlessness, the answers Comfort has given the questions of Civilization.

"Apples, apples, two pounds for a quarter," cry the peddlers, but not too loudly, and the women once poor enough to be schnorrers — few are left — and the women living in the rebuilt T-squared houses look over the produce, ironically like Bibul's old rejects because of prior pawing, buy a little, haggle not at all, or withdraw with a snub at peddlers, a bow in favor of the superior refrigeration of the supermarkets.

Throughout Bibul's city, cars pass in unending gaggle, the drivers great speedsters with no goal for their horsepower. The mayor tells the people to "Think big" and hang many flags and buntings. Slums like Bibul's island and the city hall are doomed; Winnipeg is obviously a better place in which to live; who doesn't salute the coming of prosperity?

But the fact remains, I cannot find Bibul's like in Winnipeg today. And that is why, here and now, in this, his and my city, I write you this requiem for Bibul, for his face, for his Cause, his tic, his wave, his "Aaaa." In love and the joy of remembering, I sing you this Bibul and all that's past and passing but not to come.

When the city hall is torn down they will build Winnipeg a new one, but where, oh, where shall we find more Bibuls?



THE MAN BELOW

BY

SHIRLEY ANN GRAU

IT BEGAN to rain. Holding her purse over her head, Carrie ran the last few steps to the Lafayette Bar. Steve was waiting at the same table, the corner table next to the line of open doors at the sidewalk. He saw her, smiled, and half stood up.

She wondered how many times she'd come here in the two years she had known him. It had been almost every evening, when he'd finished with his work at the hospital. Every evening they hadn't had a regular date. Except for the past three, she thought, with a sudden twitch of pain.

She shook the water off her purse and went to meet him. He leaned over and gave her a peck on the cheek. Without having to be told, the waiter brought her a beer. He knew too, she thought.

The rain was falling in thick gray sheets, straight down, the color of fog. All along Bourbon Street, drain pipes began to rattle and sing as they dumped thick arcs of water out on the broken uneven sidewalks.

New Orleans is home to SHIRLEY ANN GRAU; her two grandmothers were of mixed French and Spanish blood; and to this colorful background she naturally returns for the source material for her novels and short stories. Alfred A. Knopf published her first book, THE BLACK PRINCE, in 1955 when she was just twenty-five years old, and since then editors and readers have regarded her as a writer to watch. The best of her work has been reprinted in the O. Henry and Martha Foley collections. She has just finished a new novel.

"And it never rains at night," Carrie said.

"Feel it turn to steam," Steve said.

Rain splashed through the line of open doors, ricocheting like bullets from the sidewalk. She could feel it on her legs, cool for a second, then a warm snaky line down to her ankles. She moved her foot from under the table and looked at it.

"You getting wet?"

"Just looking."

"We can move back if you want."

On the sidewalk, not three feet away from them, a raincoated policeman walked by, sloshing through the puddles without looking. She leaned over and watched him. At the corner the shiny black coat merged into the shiny black street.

Out on the river a ship began blowing, urgent and mournful.

In the corner of the bar, there was a record player. The bartender changed the record, moving with slow deliberation. He turned up the volume.

"God," Steve said.

"What?"

"*Vesti la Giubba*."

"Oh," she said, "I wasn't listening."

"You've got the darnedest habit these days."

"Like what?"

"Not listening. You just kind of disappear."

"I don't mean to."

"Oh, hell," he said, "everybody's got a right to be peculiar."

"I don't —" She stopped. Don't whine, she told herself firmly.

On the river the tug hooted again, insistently.

He cocked his head, listening. "Maybe some barges got loose."

"*Ridi, Pagliaccio*. . . ." There was a scratch in the record.

She asked quietly, "Your parents get off?" Her voice was more firm than she had intended.

"Sure. Why shouldn't they?"

She shook her head, smiling again. They had come down for a quick visit, his parents. And she hadn't seen him for the three days they'd been in town.

She wondered why she hadn't been asked at all. It bothered her. Sometimes.

They sat quietly, finishing one beer and beginning a second.

The same policeman sloshed wearily back along the walk. And on the other side a stray dog trotted along, hugging the wall, moving briskly.

"Where do you suppose he's going?"

"Who?"

"The dog."

Steve looked first at her and then out into the rain. "I don't know," he said. "Looks like he's heading for the docks."

"I can hear the ferries," she said suddenly. "I can hear their signals just before they pull off."

"I shouldn't wonder," he said. "It's not more than two blocks away."

"Let's go take the ferry over to Algiers."

"What for?"

"Might be fun."

"In the rain?"

She thought about that for a moment, and it was on the tip of her tongue to say yes. But finally, under the steady prompting of his eyes, she said softly, "No, I guess not."

"For a minute you had me worried."

"If we had a tree house we could go and sit in it," she said softly.

"What?"

His new bottle of beer had come, and she watched him pour it carefully.

"I've been looking for another place," she said.

"I don't think I want to live in the Quarter any more."

"How come?"

"I don't know — seems kid stuff, in a way."

"You're not that old."

The record ended. The bartender walked over lazily and changed it. "Oh, God," Steve said, recognizing the first bars. It was the *Intermezzo* from *Cavalleria Rusticana*.

"I thought you liked that."

He made a face and did not answer.

The rain stopped, with the same suddenness with which it had begun. They listened to the small sucking sounds of bricks absorbing water.

"Okay," Steve said, "let's go."

They walked the few blocks down Bourbon Street to the high iron gate that led to her apartment. She fumbled for her key, then dropped it. He found it and wiped it on his handkerchief.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I was born clumsy."

She opened the gate, noticing for the first time

that the rust came off in great smears on her hand. "I won't ask you up," she said. "I'm sort of beat today."

He hesitated, and she wondered if he were about to object. But he only said, "I'll call you tomorrow."

It was very dark in the courtyard. The small lantern over the gate didn't penetrate the thick heavy leaves and the vines. She stopped once and peered down, then shrugged. The walk must have been under water. She could feel the water slosh through the open toes of her shoes. Here under the wide leaves of the banana trees it was still raining, a light continuing sprinkle. She looked up and caught a quick glimpse of the sky through a tiny opening. There was a star stuck in it, like a piece of ice.

She climbed the stairs slowly. On one, halfway to the first landing, the sharp point of her heel jabbed through the wood, and she had to slip her foot free, bend down, and jerk the shoe loose. In the damp under the trees and between the thick moldy brick walls, boards lasted barely a year.

Her apartment was stuffy. She started the air conditioner, then methodically began to undress. Without thinking she hung her clothes away, brushed her hair, and gave her nails a quick buffing. The noise of the air conditioner bothered her, so she turned it off and opened the window. She took off the bedspread, folded it neatly, and put it away. Then she lay down, stretching herself carefully all over. She wanted to cry, but she told herself firmly that it was a silly thing to do, that it would only make her eyes achy and puffy and swollen in the morning. She said this quite a few times, and finally, just before she slept, she came to believe it.

SHE had been asleep for some time. And for a while she thought that the sounds were part of a dream. A rustling. And a scratching. For just a second behind the closed lids of her eyes she saw her father, sitting on the back porch on a Sunday morning, reading, the newspapers rustling under his hands. She could see the colors of the funny papers. She could even hear the flat-toned ringing of the Lutheran Mission bell down the block. And she could hear her mother complaining: "And he goes out in the yard in his pajamas. A big Tocko he is!"

Even at this distance Carrie smiled and whispered to herself, "And not for nothing is his name Francevich."

She didn't think of her parents very often, and when she did it was in terms of pyramids of fat, with a tiny head balanced on top like a rock. . . .

They had gone back, when she was still in high school, right after the war. The strange country had got to be too much for them, after nearly forty years. They had left her — to finish school — with a cousin, and they went back to Ragusa.

At first, in the unfamiliar smells of her cousin's house, she missed them. But when the year was done, and her cousin brought out the little savings book with her passage money marked in it in violet ink, she just shook her head. And she never went. Her parents wrote, once or twice, but then the letters stopped too.

She hardly saw her cousin any more, ever since the day years ago when she had got her first job and moved into her own apartment. She'd done well since then. She had a fine job, and a fine future. She was sharp and efficient, too, the sort of secretary nobody made passes at, though she was nice-looking, with a lush, full figure. It just didn't seem to occur to them.

Until Steve came. They had gone to bed on their second date. Cold sober, too. That was a couple of years ago, when he'd been a tall skinny medical student. He'd put on weight since then. You could begin to see the outline of a very heavy man in the making. Like his father, he said. His hair was thinning too, rapidly, though he was just her age, twenty-five. Sometimes when she stood above him, she could see the skull all pinkish under the thin blond hair. She always looked away quickly. As if she'd seen into a bedroom.

OUTSIDE her window the rustling continued. That would have to be in the garden next door. Somebody must be walking about down there in the bamboo and banana bushes, a tangle so thick that even the cats circled around it.

She opened one eye and looked at the small green luminous hands of the clock: ten past one.

The rustling stopped. Far off, and muffled by the thick high brick walls of the houses, a siren wailed. It seemed to stop on the other side of the block.

She paid no particular attention. Sirens were so frequent, anyhow, you'd be up all night if you followed each one.

The voices came closer, and lights flickered on the ceiling.

Oh, hell, she told herself. And got up slowly and went to look out of the window. She propped both elbows on the sill and leaned her chin in them.

She looked directly down into five adjoining back yards, separated each from the other by the same thick brick wall that formed the houses. From her unusually high second floor, she looked

over them, saw easily and clearly into the little squares. The two larger ones ran just under her window, met back to back with a wall edged by broken glass, just a little bit to the right. Across the length of these and running at right angles to them, she could see the three other yards, each of them behind an almost identical cottage.

On the roof of the farthest house several lights were flashing, the little jerky swings of flashlights. And even as she looked, two more figures stepped from the dormer window to the gentle slope. The lights joined in a confused circle, she could hear some low voices, then the circle broke up and moved in single file across the roof. As they climbed the low wall that separated one roof from the other, she recognized the light-gray uniforms of the police.

She got a cigarette, lit it, and pulled a chair over to the window to watch.

The rustling in the growth almost directly beneath her had stopped. The lights were on the second roof now. The police had gathered again, three of them, and were waiting while two others clambered up the pitch of the roof and shone their lights down the other side. A woman's voice called from inside, "I saw him go that way there, for sure." And the police drifted slowly across the roof, looking like kids playing hide-and-seek in the dark.

Carrie thought: They're going over to the right, toward Royal Street, and they guess he's up on the roofs. But he isn't. He's in the yard directly below.

She bent forward until her head rested on the screen, and she stared down into the darkness. The top of the leaves reflected the flashlights dimly. Under them it was still and dark.

He must see me, she thought. He must see the cigarette.

The police walked slowly back and forth across the three roofs, searching.

"What about down in the patio?" somebody asked.

"Hell, man, don't jump."

"Hell of a drop."

"Go down around the doorway, man."

"He wouldn't jump down," the woman inside said, complainingly.

"Lady, I seen 'em go straight up brick walls from a running start, like a fly, and get hold of a second-floor porch."

He can hear them, Carrie thought, but maybe not too well down below the walls and smothered under the canes. But he can see me. He's got to have looked up and seen me.

She let her eyes move slowly around the five little squares of patios, let her eyes feel their outlines like tangible things.

And she saw something else. In the fifth yard, which backed into the cluttered, overgrown one, a screen door scraped open. No lights went on. But her eyes, accustomed to the dark, made out the shape of a policeman's cap. He stood leaning by the door, and the gray of his uniform blurred into the old wall. He seemed to be turning his head about slowly, but he did not appear to hear anything, though the rustle in the canes had begun again.

She pressed her forehead to the screen. The man down there seemed to be dragging something.

In the other yards doors slammed open and shut and heels scuffed the brick. A big police searchlight flashed on. She blinked and shook her head, dazzled. The roofs were outlined now, sharp, black and white; the uneven slates made big black shadows in the glare.

Then she saw the man below for the first time. She saw the back of his head and one hand. And all of a sudden she knew what it was he was trying to do.

He had dragged something over to the back wall; in that garden it wouldn't be hard to find a rusted chair and a couple of wooden crates—things you could stand on. And he was now climbing on them to get across the back wall.

On the other side the policeman still hadn't heard anything above the shouting. But he could not miss someone who crawled over the wall and tried to cut across that yard.

The hand was reaching higher and higher. She noticed it wasn't too steady or certain as it groped around for a hold on the bricks.

She thought, They'll catch him, and that'll be all. . . .

It wasn't anything to her. She pressed her forehead even harder against the screen, so that the dust fell tingling in her nose. And she lifted one finger and tapped on the screen so that a little rattling sound dropped out into the night.

The scratching stopped. The hand jerked back down into the dark shelter of the bamboo.

She said, in a whisper, not quite believing it was herself speaking: "Back of you, goddam it, back of you." There was no movement. "The gate. You didn't see it. And out the alley to Bourbon Street."

After a pause, a steady rustling. And a small rattle of the locked gate. "Goddam it," she whispered again, "get out!"

The banana trees grew almost right up to the gate, which was about six feet high, wrought iron with great squiggles of feathers and corn tassels. She saw a figure go over it like a cat, a large black cat, up one side and down the other, headlong. There was a single grunt when he hit the other side.

Like a fly, the policeman had said.

The cigarette burned her fingers. She dropped it on the sill and poked at it with her nail until it went out. Police now stood on the walls and turned their lights down into the overgrowth.

"Jeez," one said, "he could be down there."

"That house don't have a door on Dumaine," someone else said. "That's on Bourbon."

"You go around."

She turned away from the window. She went into the living room, still in the dark, and felt on the coffee table until she found the cigarettes.

SHE smoked quietly, watching the tiny coal in the dark, lighting one cigarette from the other. The phone rang. She let it ring for a while before she even thought about answering.

Steve said, "Where have you been?"

"Here."

"You sound funny."

"I don't mean to." She yawned slowly.

"Look," he said, "I'm coming over."

"I'm sort of sleepy."

"I've got to talk to you."

"Okay," she said listlessly.

She sat, half dozing, thinking of nothing at all, until he came. It took him only a very few minutes; he must have run all the way.

"What's going on out there?" he asked quickly. "There are four police cars over on Dumaine Street."

"Yes," she said, "I know."

"They're checking the alley that runs right under your window."

But he'd be gone, she thought, that dark figure who'd scrambled over the gate with such a hurt grunt. "He wasn't a very good burglar."

"What?"

"They were chasing him and he got away."

"Oh," he said. "Well, listen to me."

"I helped him, but he wasn't very good, really."

"What in God's name are you talking about?"

She felt floating and pleasant. As if she had been drinking absinthe. "He made much too much noise."

Steve went over to the little bar and mixed two drinks.

Words drifted across the front of her mind. As they passed she read them aloud. "The way you do that, seems almost like you live here."

He brought back the two glasses.

She took hers, ducked her nose down into the tickling of the rising soda bubbles, played with the pieces of ice with her tongue.

"Quit," he said. "That's too damn suggestive when I'm talking to you."

She put the glass down on the coffee table and folded her hands and waited.

"I don't know how you guessed it," he said.

"Me?"

"You acted so strange, I should have caught on."

She said nothing, went on studying the small patch of yellow light over the spindly pink lamp in the corner. She did not remember turning it on. Steve must have done it when he came in.

"Look," he said, "there was something else all right."

"What else?"

"There was somebody else with my parents."

"Oh."

"A girl."

That was it, she thought. It was so simple. And still, she hadn't thought of it. She hadn't thought of it at all.

"I've known her ever since high school."

The way he said it made her think of football games in crisp clear Northern weather, and proms with all the dresses fluffy and pastel, like so many flowers. And everything cool and crisp like an air-conditioned office. . . . The only high school prom she had ever been to had been hot and crowded and steamy with perspiration. The dresses were streaked and wilted. The net of her dress sagged in the heat and drooped down and she caught her heel in it and tore it. And her skin stung and reddened in splotches from the perfume she had dabbed on it.

"My parents have been friends of her mother for years. Before she was born, even."

And do I have continuity like that? Carrie thought. Of friendships carried from generation to generation? Did my parents give me a single thing but my blood? . . .

"I guess they kind of decided that it would be a good thing if we made a couple. They had it all figured out. You know, the way parents do."

A crisp clear world where boy and girl infants held hands between their carriages. . . . She hadn't had a carriage at all. She had lain on a blanket on the floor of the front porch, fenced in by chairs turned on their sides.

"I didn't tell you before," he said, "because I didn't know if you'd understand."

"No," she said, "I probably wouldn't have."

"She'd been looking forward to coming down. It was a kind of holiday for her."

"Is she pretty?"

"I guess so."

"Like what?"

"Dark hair, dark eyes, sort of short."

"Oh," she said.

"I'd have told you before, only I thought it would just hurt your feelings."

"Oh," she said.

"I felt like a heel for not warning you before."

"But you feel better now."

"Well," he said, "yes."

"Are you going to marry her?"

"Now you are mad with me."

"I was asking."

"No," he said, "I'm not going to marry her."

"That's a shame, when she was counting on it."

She stared at the pink azalea on the table, thinking: If I had a wall I could climb over it, but I don't even have a wall. I don't have anything at all.

She reached out and patted his head, gently, absent-mindedly, like a child. "Go home, little boy."

She did not hear the door. After a while she looked up and saw that he was gone. And the silence was no emptier than it had been with him there.

THE STRONGHOLD

BY PETER REDGROVE

We had a fine place to come —
Into the keep of the old oak,
The frill of leaves to challenge through,
The tower room in the old trunk,
The knotholes, loops, and battlements,
And the chinks wedged open with sunlight,
The fine soft shavings of decay
To putter in, run through our toes.
We were the breathing of the wood,
Its tender core, the faces, watchers, guardians,
Bare and bony-cold in winter,
Warm and odorous in summer
And in the autumn rustling in our leaves.
That is all gone now; by haunting
I learn that oak-tree strongholds are out of fashion
And I grow too big to squeeze inside:
The shadow of my head cuts off the light
And I peer into unrelieved and cramping gloom.
The sun breaks in hiding darting shadows outside
And smooth children's faces form among
the rough tree barks.

ERROL WHITTALL

TO FIGHT OR TO GO

ERROL WHITTALL is an Englishman who managed a coffee plantation near Nairobi and who then fought through six years of the war with one dream in mind — to have his own forest home and Ayrshire herds in the remote hills of Kenya. He secured it on friendly terms with his African neighbors; he told the story of his farm in his graphic book, *DIMBILIL: THE STORY OF A KENYA FARM*; and now, with other white Africans, he is face to face with grim alternatives.

AFRICA south of the Sahara had no history of achievement until the arrival of the white man at the turn of this century. This fact is a point of departure for the arguments which insist that the European and Asian minorities have as much right to remain in black Africa as the indigenous Bantu and Hamite inhabitants, who were themselves invaders from the north about four centuries ago. Except for the palaces and forts built by the Arab and Portuguese colonizers along the eastern coast line, there is no vestige of a stone building in Central Africa.

In the latter part of the last century, the disturbances in the missionary field in Uganda caused the British government to construct a railway from Mombasa on the east coast to Lake Victoria, in order to eliminate the foot caravan and also in the belief, later justified, that the railway would tap the wealth of Central Africa.

The Uganda Railway cost the British taxpayer considerably more than was estimated; and so, with a view to putting its operational costs on an economic footing, European settlers were encour-



The Dilemma of White Africans

aged to take up land along its route in areas where there were no African tribes. It was hoped thereby to create trade and agricultural production, and the hope was justified, since £25 million worth of produce was exported from East Africa in 1958. The railway traverses the mountainous flanks and the plains of the Great Rift Valley; and the land was made available because it was uninhabited, owing to its vastness, and also owing to the depredations of the warlike Masai tribe, who created a no man's land between themselves and the small agricultural tribes who were their prey.

Into the empty lands settlers began to come, encouraged with gifts of land. By their efforts, and in the face of incredible difficulties, the country of their adoption began to flourish. There was no extermination of the indigenous peoples, as had happened in previous colonial penetrations; and for many years there was room for all, white and black.

The great enemy was the diseases endemic to Africa. East Coast fever and rinderpest took a heavy toll of farmers' stock; deficiency of cobalt caused pining of cattle within the Stargrass pastures of the Rift Valley, for it had not been noted that the wild game migrated yearly on this account. Stem rust in wheat ruined farmers and caused the establishment of plant breeding stations, which worked in close liaison with scientific organizations in America's wheat belt. In spite of setbacks, progress had brought some measure of security by the time that World War I called men

Photograph by Emil Schulthess, courtesy of Black Star Publishing Company, Inc.

to the colors to fight an aggressive German force based in Tanganyika. Production had to be stepped up to feed the men at the front, so that many of the men in uniform were alternately fighting and planting their crops in the season.

After the war, land was alienated to soldier settlers of British and South African stock, and the surveyed area became known as the White Highlands to describe the mountains and plains, ranging from 5000 feet to 9000 feet, which had been diverted for farms and for plantations. The settlers drove their ox wagons north to the Uasin Gishu Plateau, with its vast herds of game; and over the years the pattern of development emerged: coffee at the lower altitudes, maize at six thousand feet, and wheat and cattle in the mountains.

IT WAS at the close of this second period in Kenya's history that I arrived in the country. The people were still primitive after only twenty-five years of contact with civilization: roads were almost nonexistent, and transport was done at the pace of the ox. After a period on the coffee plantations near Nairobi, the capital, I set out for the fringe of the Nandi tribal lands and discovered Africa in the raw. One morning I found that all my work oxen had been stolen, and so, taking the law into my own hands, I rustled some Nandi cattle and stood guard over them until the evening, when some warriors walked up to claim their cows. After bargaining, they agreed to return my oxen in exchange for their cows, and I was never again molested.

Then, one day I was walking through the acacia thornbush, looking for a buck to shoot for my supper, when I saw an old man sitting under a tree in the distance. When I reached the tree he had gone, and when I mentioned the incident to one of my Nandi workers, he looked at me aghast and said that I had seen the witch doctor Kapuso, who had been killed in the Nandi rebellion in 1906 and who haunted that very place where I saw him sitting. Those who saw him suffered a violent death in their homes. Two months later, a European shot himself in my house during my absence. What was the use of trying to convince the Africans that it was a coincidence?

After the Wall Street crash of the thirties, the country staggered under the slump, and then, in 1932, came the locust invasion from Arabia and from the Western Sahara. Wave after wave swept down Africa in a holocaust of destruction which brought both Africans and settlers to the verge of starvation. Brazil was throwing coffee into the sea, and the price fell to £45 per ton. War came once more, this time in Abyssinia, where we drove the

Italians out of a land which they had invaded in defiance of the League of Nations, and no sooner had those six war years passed than the Kenya government once more extended a helping hand to ex-servicemen. On a September morning of 1946 I saddled my horse and rode out of the gates of the ranch I was managing, over the rolling uplands of the mountains west of the Rift, and down through the winding forest glades which had been allocated to me and my family.

A piece of Africa: remote hills and valleys clothed in forest, and red oat grass winding up and down through the trees like inland fiords biting deeply into the fringe of forest. The vast uncharted bamboo of the Trans Mara, an endless ocean of green, uninhabited except by the migrating elephant, the rare bongo, the lion, and many antelope living on the succulent shoots; a land known only to the Dorobo hunters, who dig their pits for elephant, trap buck with springes, and seek honey from their hives in a manner identical to that shown in the wall paintings found in the middle of the Sahara. A piece of my beloved Africa, after six years of absence.

I have lived in my forest home for fourteen years, and I believe that no man could have lived a more rewarding and satisfying life. Out of an untamed wilderness of forest my wife and I have built a productive home and farmstead. Our Ayrshire cattle graze on paddocked grasslands or wander down to the forest glades, where they can be seen mingling peacefully with a herd of elephant. We have Romney Marsh sheep, a deciduous orchard, and we grow pyrethrum for processing into an insecticide. We worked and planned for our children to follow us, and we could seldom look up from the land or from tending our beasts.

The Africans whom we found ready to work for us on that extreme frontier farm were happy-go-lucky smiling Hamite nomads and Dorobo hunters who knew not nor cared for civilization. They worked for a while and then disappeared like migrating animals; but slowly, one by one, they settled and cultivated some land. We fed them, doctored them, and paid them, and they herded our stock. Since they spent most of their time asleep under a tree, we were forced to find other tribes to do the hard work of development. It was not a Rousseau's golden age, but we formed a normal community with the usual sheep thieves, unfaithful wives, unruly children, and old men, charming, even if they were rogues.

Civilization, however, insists on exploitation, and though I wished the clock to stand still, ideas were penetrating even our forests. Having molded my way of life on the assumption that I had created something fundamental to living, I asked only to be left out of the race of modernism, with the sole

concession that I would produce butter, meat, and wool as my right to the land. Given a loving woman and the tools wherewith to work, I could let the world pass me by.

THE modern town-dwelling African has doffed tribalism with some scorn, and in some cases with considerable ability. He has cast off the tribal sanctions and replaced them with a veneer of civilization which has about it the quality of a parrotlike imitation without the culture and integrity that is the hallmark of Western man. This curious inability to master the finer points of reasoning is demonstrated by the educated African police inspector who was lecturing leading citizens on road safety measures. One of his audience asked why it was that we had to drive on the left-hand side of the road. "It is just one of those impositions by the white man," said the inspector, "but when we get self-government you will be able to drive on both sides of the road."

The locomotive driver knows how to drive his engine, but he would be utterly unable to draw the plans and construct his charge, and this inability also applies to the machinery of state. We hear the vociferous demands of the African to be allowed to take responsibility, to be made the head of a department; but he cannot understand that he is not yet fitted for the post, so he points to the West Coast states, again forgetting or not knowing that they have had a hundred years start on his mere few years of contact with the Western world. Lacking understanding, he turns the whole matter into racial discrimination and calls for freedom from oppression. The word "freedom" is being bandied about, and the ordinary man understands it to mean freedom from the restrictions of law and order, freedom from taxation, a motorcar for everybody, and a regular wage for doing nothing.

This is not an indictment of the African; rather, it is a warning against too much haste in giving him dangerous weapons to handle before he is capable. Even in Ghana, the veneer of civilization tends to crack when magic and witchcraft rear their ugly heads and confuse cause with effect. A member of the judiciary in that country is careful always to burn his nail parings and hair clippings, as these are throughout Africa the most vulnerable agency for casting spells by sympathetic magic.

I am not suggesting that time cannot alter their growing independence, but Africans are impatient to be leaders in everything before they have learned discipline and before they have served an apprenticeship. This dissatisfaction, plus their inability to match the white man's progress, was one of the causes of the Mau Mau rebellion among

the Kikuyu peoples, whose poverty created frustration when they were faced with the vast gulf which separated them from us. Disregarding the fact that the colonizing power brought not only wealth but also the technical ability so necessary to the development of a new country, the Kikuyu agitators, determined to make a bid for power, preached the policy that a bad government in their own hands, without funds other than the filched wealth of the European, was preferable to a good government in the hands of the white men. In fact, they advocated a return to primitive tribalism, with which I have a great deal of sympathy; but during the Mau Mau rising the Kikuyu rebels introduced unprintable oaths, based on witchcraft and the dregs of human debauchery, which disgusted even their own kin but which held such power over the mind and engendered such fear of consequences that no antidote was acceptable.

The Kenya government had been trying to instill into the Kikuyu people the urgent need for rehabilitation of the land and the control of stock diseases for many years before the rebellion. Here again, agitators stepped in and spread rumors with the object of bringing the work to nought. In an adult population with an 80 per cent rate of illiteracy, there was no difficulty in persuading the people that the government was forcing them to take these conservation measures in order to prepare the Kikuyu land unit for white farmers to take over. The policy envisaged by the authorities was to consolidate holdings with individual ownership, to bench-terrace the steep slopes so as to arrest erosion, to plant exotic trees so as to prevent runoff, and to clothe catchment areas to maintain the flow of rivers.

Resistance became so powerful that the work was almost abandoned, and the topsoil over vast areas was eroding into the rivers and choking the mouth of the Tana River. A phrase in the African Land Development publication summed up the situation in the following words: "The rules had failed, and the area was devastated."

It is easy to understand that modern civilization cannot flourish beside an Iron Age husbandry on subsistence and shifting cultivation, because to sustain the economy of a modern state the land must produce a hundredfold, so as to support industry, which in its turn employs those who are surplus to husbandry. It was clear that, though the White Highlands were producing the wealth of the country, it was nevertheless an anachronism in black Africa and as such would inevitably tempt the black tide to overrun these broad acres — though in point of fact these white areas covered an area only one fifth the size of the African reserves. Farms tended to average a thousand

acres, and the Africans drew comparisons in acreage with their own holdings but conveniently overlooked the capital sunk in those farms and the production per unit.

Thus, by the end of the Mau Mau rebellion, while the emergency regulations still imposed some compulsion, the work of rehabilitation was resumed and huge sums of money were made available. Landowners, after establishing their rights, had their holdings demarcated and registered, and agricultural farm planners advised, if not insisted on, cropping, stocking, and rotational grazing. Coffee and tea nurseries were established, and within four years there were 25,000 coffee growers.

By 1954 it was realized that colonial rule, as interpreted in the past, was a dead letter. All over Africa, the ferment of nationalism was stirring within the black inhabitants. The apartheid policy of South Africa was described as sitting on the safety valve; Ghana was on the eve of becoming independent; Algiers, Egypt, the Sudan, Uganda, and other countries were crying for liberation; the words "freedom," "self-determination," "democracy," and "liberation" were bandied about the continent with a continual stream of vituperation against the colonial powers.

From the last Accra Conference African leaders returned with the cry for democratic government, "one man, one vote," and demands for immediate self-government. Pressure of these demands wrung concessions from Belgium, France, and the Federation. Kenya had met the situation to some extent by the Lyttelton plan of a reconstituted legislature, and this was again changed by Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the then colonial secretary in London. The Africans were granted many more seats, but their nationalist leaders refused to cooperate and they boycotted the council in an attempt to win the support of the Labor Party for their sweeping demands for an African majority.

One might well ask why the British government refused to hand over the reins of government to a handful of educated Africans. One obvious reason is that there are very few Africans with the ability to take responsible posts in the civil service, though a fair argument maintains that until they have tried their hand it is impossible for them to prove their worth. More important is the fact that, without the 50,000 Europeans and the 200,000 Asians controlling the economic life of the country, there would be an economic collapse of all that has been built up since 1904. This wealth has been created by the European farmers with Asians as the traders — though, admittedly, with the help of African labor. In the Californian timber industry each worker employed is capitalized to the extent of £10,000. By contrast the African worker is capitalized to the extent of between £100 and

£200, and Africans constitute the most expensive labor in the world.

For myself, a farmer, the reason is clear. It is futile to rail against Africans for their lack of desire to work, because, excluding a number of progressives, they have no taste for an occupation which has been relegated to their women for untold centuries. The young men at one time regarded themselves as the guardians of the tribe, and though the need has passed, I can only admire a man who thinks that to wield a hoe is unworthy of a warrior spearman. We have forced our economic pattern onto their tribal life, and the result has been disintegration and a loss of authority, which used to be administered by the elders and which has had nothing put in its place. We have introduced the hypodermic syringe to man and beast with devastating results on population pressure on the land. We cannot force the land into the pattern we wish to impose upon it, but we must fit the use to the land.

These are the real problems of Africa, and of Kenya in particular, but, as in many other parts of the world, political slogans have clogged the mind to the exclusion of the real need for economic independence.

PARTY politics in England has increased tension between races in Kenya and elsewhere. The Socialists have convinced the local African leaders that "one man, one vote" democracy is the panacea for British Africa, but they conveniently ignore the lessons of recent history, in which Ghana shows up as a potential dictatorship, with the removal of the democratic opposition in all but name. In the Sudan, democracy has failed, as was inevitable, and has been replaced by a military dictatorship. The causes are not far to seek, since the peoples of Africa are not just Negro. They have a strong Hamitic infusion (Bantu is a cross between Negroid and Hamitic). The Hamites, who came from the Arabian peninsula and from Persia, are basically nomads and cattlemen. They despise the agricultural Bantu, and here lies the fundamental problem of Uganda.

Except as an electioneering cry, the colonial policy of the Socialists and that of the Tories are almost identical, and while the Tories are honestly trying to establish a democracy, the Socialists are undermining this policy for their own ends, and in the process they are dashing the hopes of white and brown in Kenya to survive as minorities. Business interests and capital investments will probably have the last say in the babel of voices and counter-solutions which have caused six political parties to appear. Recently Mr. Blundell, leader of the European Liberal Party, stated: "We consider

that land should be regarded mainly as an economic asset, in which the main criterion should be good land management. The whole issue is a difficult and emotional one because both Africans and Europeans tend to regard land as a basic security for their way of life. We must never forget that 40 per cent of the national gross income comes from agriculture and that three quarters is generated in the European areas." It is, in fact, estimated that 2 per cent of the population produces 75 per cent of the wealth.

Another speaker on these vital matters of economics states: "A government based on undiluted democracy in its fullest sense must mean today, and for many years to come, the complete elimination from political influence of those elements of society which generate the wealth upon which advance depends."

The African nationalists in Kenya, led by Tom Mboya, call for undiluted democracy in the full knowledge that they will wrest power only to impose an autocracy. The African has not yet reached the stage where personal integrity plays a part in his make-up. One African in power is another African's worst enemy, because he is imbued with the notion that power begets privilege and its abuse. In West Africa, little can be achieved without "dash" or bribery, and it is looked upon as the right of the strong to extort from the weak. This is a remnant of tribal practice.

During sixty years of contact with Western civilization, education of Africans has increased enormously, but as yet the £30 million required to give every African child eight years of education is beyond the budgetary means of Kenya. The nationalists, besides demanding integrated schools, are demanding universal education, and should a black majority come to power, they would carry out their plan and ruin the country. That a black majority sometime in the future will come is certain, but quite naturally the Europeans are seeking a formula which will protect their survival as a minority before handing over the reins of government. There is a movement afoot for partition of the White Highlands from the black areas, with a delegation of power to local government controlled by a central council. But this proposal is diametrically opposed to the views held in Whitehall, which give encouragement to the nationalists, who are demanding unconditional surrender of the European land rights and an infiltration of the White Highlands. The Asians, as owners of township property and businesses, tend to sit on the fence, not knowing which way to jump.

Democracy cannot be made to work in a country with four races (including the coast Arabs) contending for positions of power and at different

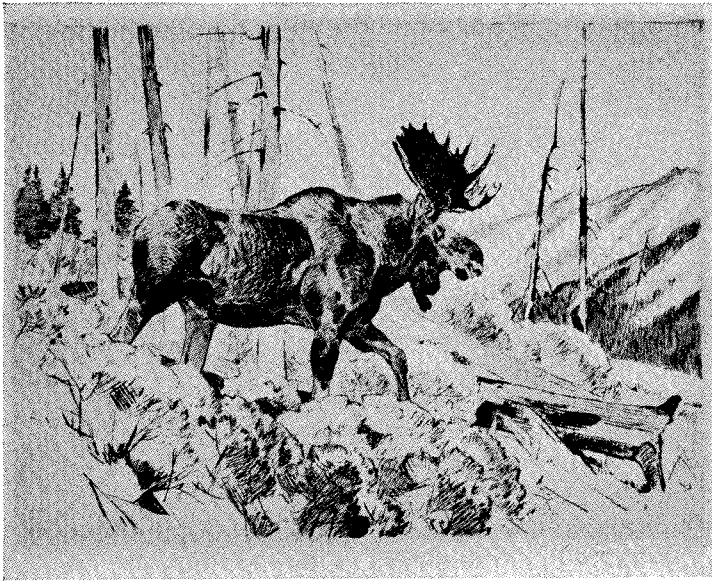
stages of culture. It is now no longer a matter of the color bar; it is intrinsically a cultural bar which prevents integration and which maintains tension among the four races.

An eminent American recently said, "The trouble with my people is that they think of Africans in terms of the modern Negro instead of the American Negro of one hundred years ago." Apartheid is a potent force in South Africa, where the white race, living in fear of black domination, resorts to savage extremes for self-preservation. Similar repressive measures have taken place in Madagascar, Portuguese East Africa, and India. The civil disturbances in Uganda of recent date, though not fully reported in the world press, fall into the same category.

England is determined to avoid violence, and yet in Kenya, when the African majority takes over the legislature, there is the probability of economic collapse. The country is dependent upon an agricultural marketable surplus of £20 million from the European plantations and farms. With the possible collapse of European agriculture, this export figure would shrink to £2 million, and if the White Highlands area of 16,700 square miles were to revert to landless Africans, this developed area, without capital, would sink back to subsistence farming. In addition, the £10 million paid by Europeans in wages would cease to flow, and this wage bill is twice the total value of surplus crops produced from the 52,095 square miles of African reserves.

Nyerere of Tanganyika is enlightened in comparison with Kenya's African leaders. He has sent deputations to farmers asking them to remain on their farms after independence is achieved so that the economy of the country may be maintained. In Tanganyika, however, there is no land hunger such as exists in Kenya, where the raised standard of living owing to European and Asian enterprise has increased the population beyond the capacity of the land. Only by the establishment of industry could the scramble for the White Highlands be averted, but Kenya is singularly lacking in mineral wealth.

Kenya's future hangs in the balance. Mr. Macleod, on the advice of Dr. Marshall, the American Negro lawyer, and of other constitutional experts, has proposed a bill of rights for minorities based on that proposed for Nigeria, but this has been received with derision by the Kenya settlers, who point out that an African majority would tear it up. The alternatives are to fight or to go, and as England refuses to send troops to defend the rights of its countrymen, those ex-servicemen who sank their all in the land in the belief that England would hold to its promises consider themselves betrayed on the altar of expediency.



PAUL BROOKS

ISLE ROYALE

PAUL BROOKS, *editor in chief of Houghton Mifflin Company, has written previously for the ATLANTIC about wilderness areas in which he and his wife have traveled during their holidays and whose preservation is one of his chief concerns. He has visited the Quetico-Superior canoe country, the Olympics, and the Great Smoky Mountains, and here he describes Isle Royale in Lake Superior.*

WE WERE flying higher than the gulls, though an eagle might have looked down on us. The ranger naturalist sat up front next to the pilot; in the back seat, wedged tightly enough to make safety belts a formality, were the ranger's wife, my wife, and myself. An island in a long lake was just disappearing beneath our pontoons. The map described it as "the largest island in the largest lake on the largest island in the largest fresh water lake in the world." We were over Ryan Island in Siskiwit Lake in Isle Royale National Park in Lake Superior, getting literally a bird's-eye view of the country where we planned to camp for ten days. Below us lay two hundred square miles of roadless wilderness.

There had been a sporting quality in our take-off. When the pilot had looked over the total load, including the naturalist's heavy cameras and tripods and projector (he was on his way to lecture at the park campground) in addition to our ample knapsacks, he had shaken his head doubtfully, finally shrugged: "Either we go up or we don't." Slowly he taxied out into the narrow bay, which was protected from the big swells of the lake, though the water was choppy. As the plane gathered speed and spray, it must have looked like an overfed cormorant trying to take wing. The pontoons hit the wave tops faster and faster, harder and harder. They skipped a beat, two beats; then with a final spine-jarring bang they

rose dripping, free. My wife, who had had some qualms about this experiment in aerodynamics, relished every moment. "You can have your turbojets," she shouted in my ear. "Give me a plane that tells me when it's in the air."

One of the least publicized of our national parks, still used largely by neighbors from the mainland of Michigan and Minnesota, Isle Royale has a growing number of devotees, who go there between mid-June and mid-September for boating and lake fishing, for hiking and nature study, for the bracing pollen-free air and the salubrious climate — all the elements of an ideal summer resort.

The main island lies like a huge fossil fish in the northern part of Lake Superior, in an archipelago of lesser islands, only a Paul Bunyan step from Canada. The fish is looking southwestward toward Grand Portage, Minnesota, famous gathering place of the *voyageurs* in the heyday of the fur trade. Between its eye, where there is a small inn, and its tail, where the park boat lands and where most visitors stay, there are forty miles of unspoiled woods and lakes, reachable only by boat and by trail. This is what attracted us to Isle Royale.

From above, the bony structure of the island stood out sharply in the late afternoon sun. Down the center ran a rounded ridge, paralleled by lesser ridges, with swamps and long narrow lakes lying

in the valleys between. Compared with the Great Smoky Mountains, where stream-sculptured gorges run every which way from the main divide, the low hills and shallow valleys below us seemed strikingly neat and regular. We learned that this washboard surface was the result of ancient lava flows, deposited one on top of the other, later folded and uptilted. The whole island, whose highest point is only eight hundred feet above the level of Lake Superior, was completely covered with ice during the last glacial age and remained submerged after the ice melted, only gradually emerging into the light as the waters of the lake slowly sank to their present level of six hundred feet above the sea. Now, as the valleys extend out into Lake Superior, they become pencil-thin bays and harbors, all running in the same direction, like raindrops on a windowpane. We could see the ridges stretching out for miles as chains of islands, substantial and densely wooded near the mainland, then broken into smaller and smaller slivers till they became mere pinpoints of black rock. A few minutes later, as the plane dropped down for a landing, the scene sharpened into a pattern of fiord-like inlets and rocky promontories crowned with wind-swept evergreens, reminding us of the coast of Maine.

Islands have always had a fascination for civilized man, beyond their intrinsic beauty. Like mountaintops, they have the aura of mystery that goes with remoteness and inaccessibility. But whereas throughout most of history mountains have inspired dread, and still, to those who know them, inspire reverence and awe, islands have an almost opposite connotation. They suggest refuge and escape, but most of all they promise the blessed simplicity of a self-contained world. From the point of view of the modern biologist, this is not just romantic nonsense. The isolation of an island makes it the ideal environment for biological research: a study area with a permanent fence around it, a laboratory in which the relationships between different forms of life can be investigated free from outside influences. Isle Royale is today such a living laboratory. It was, in fact, so considered more than fifty years ago, when some forms of biological research were still in their infancy. The modern science of ecology — the new natural history, as it is called, that deals with the relation of living things to their environment — did not rise full-blown like Venus from the foam. But if one had to pick a single spot for its birthplace, that spot might well be this very wilderness. Before leaving home, I had taken from the library a formidable tome entitled *The Ecology of Isle Royale*, by Charles C. Adams, a pioneer work when it was published in 1912. An area that has so long been under observation is, of course, particularly valu-

able for study today. As I write, for example, there is a fascinating project under way to determine the relationship between the Isle Royale moose and the timber wolves that prey upon them. No scientists, my wife and I hoped to get at least a fleeting glimpse of these mysteries in the few days at our disposal.

OUR camping gear was not very chic, but it was light. No mysteries here, as we frequently tell our noncamping friends, who think there must be some particular know-how involved. We have, to be sure, learned a few tricks for saving weight. Glass is heavy, so we carry our powdered coffee, Pream, marmalade, sugar, and salt in weightless baking-powder tins with reliable screw tops and adhesive-tape labels. We use dehydrated potatoes, carrots, fruits, soups. We often take our own bread, to avoid the typical store bread that gets squashed into a shapeless mess after a few hours in a knapsack. Our tent weighs five pounds, including aluminum poles, and we carry lightweight air mattresses. Our sybaritical objective is to achieve the maximum in luxury for the minimum in weight.

This trip began, appropriately enough, on a bleak and rocky coast that suggests the beginnings of Isle Royale itself. Wherever a land is exposed to the full violence of the weather — high winds, cold, fog, driving rain, or spray — one finds a vegetation that exists on the borderline of survival. Most successful are primitive plants such as lichens, which were presumably the first to take hold when the bare rock of Isle Royale emerged many thousands of years ago from the waters of the glacial lakes.

Now, as we stood on the tip of one of the eastward-pointing promontories, bracing ourselves against the cold wind, the scene before us suggested those far-off beginnings: bits of gray-brown volcanic rock projecting above the surface, mottled with black lichen near the water line and bright orange higher up; here and there a bit of green where moss had found a foothold; on the larger islands, the twisted mass of a few stunted firs.

At our feet lay a world in miniature. Every niche in the rock nurtured some tiny plant. The shallow, boggy basins, twenty or thirty feet across, held whole plant communities: dwarfed spruce near the center, surrounded by low-lying juniper, blueberries (we found them rather tasteless), hardy flowers like the little three-toothed cinquefoil, sedum, ferns, and club mosses. Everything was Lilliputian: fronds of wood fern, knee high under forest conditions, were two or three inches long; shining club moss a half inch or less. Here

in the war for survival the rule was clearly, "Keep low, keep your head down." The spruce trees spread out in skirts, as they do on mountaintops. The junipers, whose central trunks looked old and gnarled, flowed down over the rocks like ivy covering a wall.

There is a strange mixture here of the inland and the maritime. No tide rushes in and out of these narrow fiords. A fairly deep draft vessel can squeeze through them at any hour scarcely a boat-hook's length from the sheer rock on either side, perhaps herding before its bow wave a family of American mergansers, as a canoe does on a river trip. But the soaring, screaming gulls belong to the sea, and the waves of Lake Superior, which is over a thousand feet deep in places, are ocean waves. They pound the rock with bursts of spray and swirl high up into the crevices and grind the loosened stones below. Far back from the present shore line, half concealed beneath trees and undergrowth, we saw a cave that is believed to have been hollowed out by this wave action in prehistoric times, when the lake level was higher than it is today.

As we turned inland, the trees became taller and straighter. We entered the quiet darkness of the spruce-fir forest, the forest that thrives in the cool moist places of the earth, that once extended, the botanists tell us, along the line of the retreating glacier, from the Pacific Northwest to New England. And here on Isle Royale we had an elementary lesson in forest succession. The trees among which we stood were for the most part evergreens, white spruce and balsam fir. This is the climax forest — the end product, so to speak — on those parts of the island most affected by the coastal fogs and cold waters of Lake Superior. But a forest is never static. After a fire or a blowdown, the first trees to take over the freshly exposed areas are not evergreens but fast-growing, sun-loving paper birch and poplar. Once grown to maturity, however, the birch-poplar forest casts a deep cool shade, in which its own seedlings grow poorly but young spruce and fir thrive. So at last the latter take over completely, and their offspring continue to grow up at their feet, maintaining the pure stand of conifers until a fire or other cataclysm lets in the sun, and the cycle then starts all over again.

EARLY in every wilderness trip there comes a moment of awareness, a sudden sense that you are there. I felt it in the Olympics at the end of a fifteen-mile walk through the rain forest; in the Quetico canoe country when we had put three or four portages between us and the last settlement.

It is as if, somewhere along the way, a door has silently opened and you have been invited to come in. So I felt as I lay in my sleeping bag two nights later on Isle Royale, at the edge of a remote inland lake. The purest voice of the North Country, the wild unearthly cry of the loon, was pulsating through the darkness like northern lights through a night sky. A white-throated sparrow whistled softly. An incongruous note reminded me that I was on an island: the regular moan of a foghorn out on Lake Superior. I knew what Thoreau meant when he wrote of "an infinite and unaccountable friendliness all at once like an atmosphere sustaining me."

There is no antidote for rapture like a broken egg, taken raw. Eighteen broken eggs discovered before breakfast, gumming together the contents of a tightly packed knapsack, will complete the cure. I had noticed a stickiness on the ax handle. Now I discovered that those new plastic egg boxes that had looked so pretty on the store shelf were cracked and oozing from end to end. We had not been so smart about our containers after all! Wiser but eggless, we started out on the short, steep climb leading to the central ridge that runs the length of the island. The woods here were strikingly different from those on the coast, only a foghorn's voice away. The trail led through pure stands of paper birch, beneath which lay a waist-high blanket of thimbleberries, tempting to the eye as raspberries, but rather sickly sweet to the tongue. Dark clumps of cedar grew here and there on the shaded north slope. The boggy spots were lush with ferns, mingled with the bright green spikes of the club mosses and the tall feathers of the swamp horsetails.

We had covered perhaps two miles when, as abruptly as a new slide on a lecturer's screen, the picture changed. Now we had another lesson in the complex life history of a forest: a lesson this time in the effects of fire. Beneath the dense shade of the birches the ground had been moist and springy, the air cool. Suddenly, as if we had stepped from an air-conditioned building onto the hot city pavement, we emerged into the glare of a recently burned-over area. The dry open slopes were barely covered with scrubby vegetation. Grasshoppers rose crackling at our feet. Blue jays darted overhead; the brushy hollows were alive with song sparrows and black-throated green warblers; but the hairy woodpeckers, the nut-hatches, and the brown creepers had been left behind, and the song of the vireos and winter wrens was no more.

Next to man and works of man, fire is the greatest threat to a forest. Isle Royale has suffered three major fires in the past hundred years. We stood now on the edge of the great fire of 1936 that

burned almost a fourth of the island. But if man-made fires, caused by carelessness, ignorance, or just indifference, are a constant menace to our few remaining wilderness areas, fire itself has always been a part of the pattern of nature. When much of America was covered by a vast canopy of virgin forest, the occasional conflagration started by a bolt of lightning would open up an area to the sun, providing a variety of new habitats, and consequently of living forms. The seedlings of many plants, including the great Douglas firs of our Northwest, need full sun and exposed soil in order to start their growth. To take an extreme case, there are in the West several species of pine whose seeds germinate only when the cone has been exploded by fire.

In many instances, fire is the clue to the character of a woodland. The uniform stand of birches through which we had just passed, where the trees were all approximately the same age, was undoubtedly the result of a fire many years ago. Now, in the clearing, so much more recently burned over, the only evidence of past glory was isolated, arrow-straight boles of great white pines, weathered to a silver-gray, one of them topped by an olive-sided flycatcher, who darted and swooped every few moments to pick an invisible insect out of the air, others by sparrow hawks and cedar waxwings.

Soon we were clawing our way up the last steep slope to the summit of the ridge, where it flattens out to a broad whaleback. And here, at the end of our climb, we found ourselves again at the beginning of the plant story, back to where we came in, so to speak, on the coastal promontory. The top was bare rock, spotted with patches of dark, papery lichen and dry reindeer moss, a region reduced by fire to the first stage of forest succession. Exposed to full sun and warm dry winds, and to wide variations in temperature, it provided an even harsher climate for new growth than the moist, cool habitat of the storm-swept shore. Fire had left a scar that would outlast many generations of trees and men.

Before nightfall we had returned to our camp in the lush woods by the inland lake. A walleye sizzled in the pan, and my hands were scarred from unhooking the less choice northern pike that had kept snatching at our trolling spoon. The family of goldeneye ducks that had dived around and under our canoe had retired to the reeds, but a great blue heron was coming to roost clumsily in the treetops, teetering with outspread wings until he finally got his balance. The loons were calling again from lake to lake. As the light faded, I noticed how the silhouette of the farther shore was enriched by a few ancient white pines — live trees, these, not skeletons — that stood out above

the forest canopy, and I thought of the great pines Thoreau describes that once rose above the Concord River, only to fall at last to the lumberman's ax. I was glad I was in a national park.

OUR most memorable campsite was at the southwest end of the island, within reach of one of its wildest areas, untouched by either fire or ax. We were on the bank of a shallow, curving estuary connecting a nearby river with the bay, its shores rich with cattails and marsh grass and tall purple asters. Higher up the slope grew red osier dogwood, Juneberry, wild sarsaparilla. A perfect base for further exploration. One trail led inland through an ancient forest of mixed hardwoods and conifers: tall firs, massive cedars, and white pines, a paper birch so old that its main trunk was gray and deeply seamed, with no remaining trace of the papery outer bark, and each of its limbs the size of a large birch tree in our New England woods. Where a recent blowdown had let in the sun, we entered a patch of chest-high Solomon's seal and ate our way through a thicket of wild raspberries. Then, abruptly the trail vanished, and we were knee deep in ooze, amid the hummocks of a great swamp.

The other, longer trail wound its way for five miles to the northern shore. Halfway along, where the path skirted a broad beaver flow, we heard an unfamiliar, squeaky call that suggested some kind of hawk — and then a deep rumble that made me think for a moment that I was in a zoo. We froze, our eyes searching the underbrush. Only a few steps below us in the shallow pond stood a cow moose with twin calves. They waded slowly toward the bank, and then, with a few graceful bounds, emerged dripping from the slough, crossed the trail ahead of us, and disappeared in the forest. Farther along, where the water was deeper, we spotted a young bull almost completely submerged, in retreat, I suppose, from the ever-present flies.

At last we reached the lake front and were again struck by the dramatic contrasts of this comparatively small island. Instead of the fingerlike points and island-studded harbors that had welcomed us where we first landed, we now found sheer cliffs where the unbroken land mass meets the full force of the waves, where wind-sculptured evergreens cling to pinnacles of rock like the gnarled pines of a Japanese landscape. At the trail's end was the nearest thing to a harbor on this part of the island, a crescent cove, the beach of which consisted of wave-polished boulders, strewn with bleached and rounded tree trunks that reminded us, though the scale was smaller,

of the gigantic forest debris on the Pacific beach strip of Olympic Park.

IF you are getting up at daybreak, there is no alarm clock to compare with a few hungry moose. Each morning their splashing awakened us as they came down to feed and then stood around in the shallow estuary like a herd of cows grazing in a pasture. In one sense, Isle Royale has been a paradise for moose, an isolated area in which they are protected from hunting and in which, until about twelve years ago, they have had virtually no natural enemies. But the web of life is not so simple as that. In any natural community, the lack of predators to keep the numbers of a species within bounds can be the greatest enemy of all. So it has been with the Isle Royale moose, whose story is particularly significant because it involves another of our finest, but much maligned, American mammals, the timber wolf.

The story opens early in this century, when the moose began to breed on the island, presumably having crossed over from the mainland on the winter ice. Protected from natural predators, and at the same time confined to a limited area with a limited food supply, they went through a cycle of overpopulation, during which the young trees and other browse on which they feed suffered severely, and subsequent decline, as their numbers were reduced by starvation and disease. The cycle was then repeated, with a second population peak in the late nineteen forties. But at this point, a new actor appeared on the stage. In 1948, tracks of timber wolves were first discovered on Isle Royale, and there was evidence that they

were preying on the overabundant moose. Today, more than ten years later, the moose population is down again to a healthy level, the vegetation is recovering, and the predator and prey have apparently reached some sort of dynamic equilibrium. The concept of ecology, of the balance of nature, begins to make sense when you stop to think that the seedling tree at your feet may ultimately depend for its life on the existence of the wolf.

One does not, in a few days, learn much about such mysteries. One picks up a fragment here and there of an infinitely complex mosaic, and one gets some idea of how the trained naturalist painstakingly fits such fragments together to make the living picture of the whole. Best of all, one gets a glimpse of the natural world through the eyes of men who have grown to love it, not sentimentally but by hard work and exact knowledge.

My last impression of Isle Royale is perhaps the sharpest of all. The scene is neither deep forest nor wind-swept rocks. It is the interior of a log cabin on one of the outer islands, a remote ranger station where we awaited a boat to take us back to the main island. The young summer ranger is out of uniform; he has spent his day off taking us to his favorite camp spot on a birch-clad point nearby. Though off duty, he has an ear cocked for the short-wave radio muttering in one corner of the room. His pretty wife comes to the kitchen table with the baby on one arm; with the other she reaches for the coffeepot, always waiting on the back of the stove. Alone for days at a time, she is never lonely. For both of them, the "unaccountable friendliness" of the forest has made the summer slip by all too fast. She has news for her husband. Last night, for the first time on their own island, she heard the cry of a wolf.



DON'T PINCH THE STEAK

BY DAVID S. SALSBURG

"I feel qualified to write about supermarkets," writes DAVID S. SALSBURG, "since my firm supplies packaged frozen meats to them and since I once spent over an hour in one, looking for the bicarbonate of soda." A graduate of the University of Pennsylvania who spent three years in the U.S. Navy on destroyer duty during the Korean War, Mr. Salsburg operates a small wholesale frozen-meat business in Connecticut.

SELF-SERVICE was a lucky discovery. I don't believe that anyone ever invented it. When the first chain groceries started in this country, their philosophy was to trim selling prices by trimming their margin by trimming their costs. To do this last, they purchased in carload lots, distributed to a large number of small outlets, and eventually cut the number of employees in those outlets to one—the manager. When the one manager complained that it was impossible to wait on a large number of people, someone got the bright idea of putting the manager at a desk by the door with a cash register, marking all the cans with their prices, and letting the customers run loose in the back, picking up whatever they wanted and bringing it to the manager in the front.

Thus was born self-service. The manager just sat in one place while his customers made themselves unpaid clerks and stock boys. To put across what most grocerymen thought would be an unpalatable innovation, the chains began to advertise such slogans as "Save Money with Self-service" or "Save Yourself Self-service." What they didn't realize was that the housewife had been itching for years to get behind the grocer's counter to pick out just what she wanted.

For some strange reason, certain cans on a shelf held more attraction than others for the self-service shopper. Many women felt that something was wrong with the first can (otherwise,

why would it be put first?). Thus, the first can to be sold was usually the second one in the pile. Many women liked to pick up the can on the bottom (since that was sure to be the freshest). If only one or two cans remained, the shelf was as good as empty. No shopper would buy the last can. (After all, there must be some reason why everyone else rejected it.) Freed now from depending upon the grocery clerk and his conniving eye (the grocery clerk could always tell which can was bad and try to foist it off on an unsuspecting customer), American women romped through the fairyland of self-service, tearing down island displays, opening packages to count the contents (and then buying an unopened one), scrutinizing labels, and weighing one can against another without fearing to be seen or thought cheap. Managers of chain stores soon discovered that the best-selling display was the "bin." They just opened a case of salmon, dumped it into a big box, set up a sign, "Special — Three for 89¢," and sold five times as much as the neatly stacked salmon on the shelves selling for 29 cents each.

Meanwhile, the merchants of perishable commodities looked with envy at the volume-selling chain stores and their magic of self-service. The early chains dealt only in canned and packaged goods, since these foods needed no special handling and could last forever. If canned artichokes didn't sell this week, they sat on the shelf until

they did sell. Canned artichokes never spoiled like the fresh ones in the fruit and vegetable stores across the street.

For the merchants of fish, meat, and fresh fruit and vegetables, business life had other problems. Selling a perishable is a constant battle against spoilage. A fruit merchant buys apples on Monday, throws out some rotten ones by Tuesday, culls his remaining merchandise on Wednesday and throws out some more. By Friday, if his sales have not been good enough, he may well have discarded half of the apples he purchased on Monday. The mere thought of spoiled fish is enough to give a fish man ulcers, for even fresh fish takes on the odor of spoiled fish near it. If Mrs. Hotzenplotz orders a steak cut one inch thick and then decides she does not like its looks, the butcher has to sell the steak that day or turn it into hamburger the next. To help offset this constant spoilage, the men who handled perishable items marked up their goods 30 to 60 per cent. But it still took a good fruit man to make money by the end of a week, and many a novice who could not tell a fresh head of lettuce from one with an incipient rot fell by the way. Fish, fruit, and meat men would look enviously at the grocery chains and their problemless sales and then go back and trim a little more costly spoilage from their rapidly dwindling stock.

The chain stores, on the other hand, were looking enviously at the 60 per cent markups in the fish line and hankering for a hunk of that business, too.

Fortunately for the merchants and the chain stores, science soon came to the rescue. A visionary chemist discovered a cellophane which would not disintegrate when wet and which could be sealed with a simple heating iron. Heat-sealable, moistureproof cellophane could not stop spoilage, but it could create the appearance of doing so, which is really just as good.

Whether it was an independent merchant or a vice president in some huge grocery chain, whoever thought up the idea of selling half-spoiled merchandise in cellophane at a reduced price deserves a plaque on Madison Avenue. This idea is an even greater one than the tank car full of suds from one box of laundry soap or the "more doctors" who smoke in a misconstrued English sentence. In one stroke, perishables became a self-service item and the housewife was given the illusion of saving money — and in the world of supermarkets, illusion is the same as reality.

Soon self-service markets began taking in meats and fruits. Whole bins of cellophane-wrapped fruits and vegetables would line one side of the store. If some oranges in a crate went soft, the

rule was, Don't throw them out, put one bad one in a bag with five good ones and sell the whole thing for a price ending in 9. (In self-service circles, 59 cents equals 50 cents — illusion is all that counts.) Don't trim all the fat off that roast. Just round it off and put a cardboard in to hide the fattest side. (What looks lean is lean.) If half the fish is bad, don't throw out the other half. Put two such pieces together and give it a fancy name. (That which appears whole is whole.)

GREAT discoveries always carry with them implications never dreamed of by their discoverers. When Napier thought up logarithms, did he realize that his invention would soon generalize a whole new family of hyperbolic sign curves? Thus, without thinking of it, the discoverer of self-service meat marketing aroused the most inward passions in the shopper.

Years ago, a meat market was a constant battleground between the butcher and the customer. Before she bought it, the customer had to squeeze the steak. The butcher, knowing he could never sell a presqueezed steak, had to hold it just beyond the woman's reach. "Let me see it," she'd say. "Hold it a little closer, my glasses are dirty." It was with a sharp eye and a quick hand that the butcher stayed in business. A woman might defer to the judgment of her hairdresser, but the butcher never really knew how to trim her meat. She'd make her way behind the counter and stand over the butcher at his block. "Cut more here," she'd say. "Trim all that fat." It is great testimony to the forbearance and patience of the old-time butcher that so many women in their seventies have all ten fingers.

These same women would then hasten to the live chicken markets and pick out the fowl for the weekend. Unless they felt its gut, opened its beak, and yanked at the wing feathers, they never really knew what they were buying. The mauling those women could give a poor chicken would put a present-day diagnostic clinic to shame.

It was the same way with fruit. Everyone knew a banana was bad if it gave under gentle pressure. Squeezing, pulling, poking, and pinching a perishable was all in a day's shopping less than two generations ago. That most women hardly knew what to expect from this manifest mauling did not matter. It was putting on the appearance of being an expert to one's friends that counted.

Gradually city health officials, humane societies, and insurance companies tightened up such loose practices. The invention of a meat counter too wide and too high for the average woman to

lean across was a magnificent boon to the butcher business. Insurance companies, having less faith in the forbearance of butchers than my grandmother, tried to discourage the practice of mixing butchers, cleavers, and customers in one small space. Fruit men began pointing to innocuous-looking strangers and muttering to a squeeze-happy customer, "He's a health inspector." And fish fell under the cold hand of the Food and Drug Administration.

The greatest advance from this age of ignorant mauling, however, was the gradual education of the daughters and granddaughters. Today's graduate of a large Midwestern university living in a suburban development named Green Acres knows enough to have no desire to go back to that primitive age when bare meat was squeezed by customers and chopped on an open block.

Today she goes into a clean sanitary supermarket, and with her fellow graduates of Vassar, Smith, and various teachers' colleges, she pushes her basket past row upon row of neatly packaged steaks, roasts, and bags of fruit. She then reaches down to the bottom of the pile, feels the weight of one package against another, squeezes a steak to see if it is tender, tries to push back the cardboard to see how much fat there is, argues with her neighbor over who saw that steak first, and pummels, pokes, and pinches every package she can lay her hands on.

All up and down the meat counter, on a typical Friday afternoon, are hundreds of women mauling packages, fighting over supposedly tender steaks, squeezing and yanking, pulling and tearing. If my grandmother could see it, she would scream with delight and wade in with the best of them.

Sanitary? In the world of supermarkets, appearances are all that count, and sanitary they appear to be. Some years ago, public health officials began setting standards on milk. Most states now require that milk offered for public sale have fewer than 10,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter when examined under a microscope. Various public bodies have been trying to set standards on other foods, too. But few state legislatures have gone along with them. After all, milk can be partially sterilized by pasteurization. However, fruit, fish, and meat are perfect cultures for the growth of most bacteria.

A national trade magazine reported recently on the bacteria count in hot dogs under different conditions of storage. The product, upon being removed from the smokehouse, tested at six bacteria per cubic centimeter. After one week under normal storage conditions, wrapped in cellophane, it was inhabited by 500,000 bacteria per cubic centimeter. Within a month the count had risen to two million. Tests conducted on pack-

aged meats in a self-service showcase reveal bacteria counts in excess of 100,000 after three days.

I dare say that a check in a butcher shop in the outlying provinces of France would show no worse a record, once the fly spots had been discounted.

If this seems a bleak picture of that great American institution, the supermarket, none such was intended. In reality, the supermarket is a boon to life, a leavening in the drab dull week of existence. Within the atmosphere of a great fair, husband and wife together push their shiny carts past row upon row of plenty, gadgets and foods never even thought of before, vast amounts of everything anyone could ever need. It is like a child's dream. Sugarplums dance in gold-foil boxes, soft drinks are piled in kaleidoscopic confusion, and, as in every good dream, all desires and wishes come true. The supermarkets provide for the customer the illusion of saving money, and they combine a proper modern sanitary atmosphere with the opportunity to engage in the most primitive of human activities — pinching steaks.

WE MEET AGAIN

BY JOSEPH SIEBEL

With half a laugh of hearty zest,
I strip me of my coat and vest.

Then heeding not the frigid air,
I fling away my underwear.

So, having nothing else to doff,
I rip my epidermis off.

More secrets to acquaint you with,
I pare my bones to strips of pith.

And when the exposé is done,
I hang a cobweb skeleton.

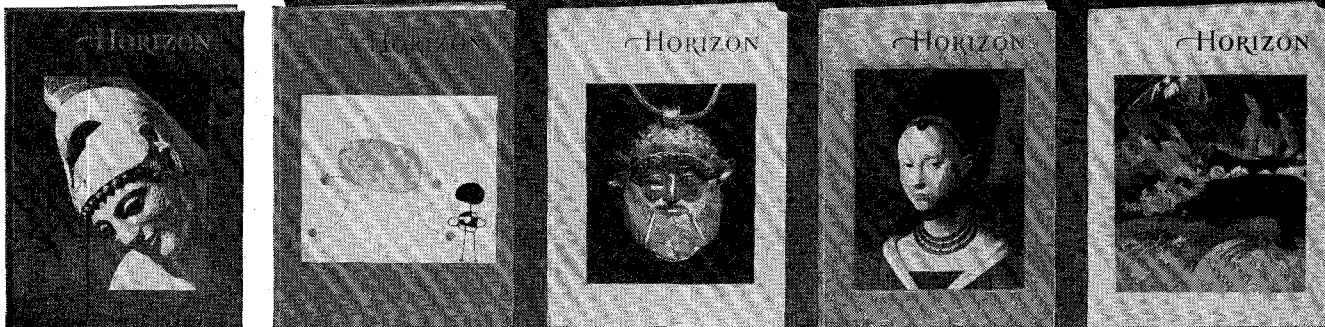
While there you sit, aloof, remote,
And will not shed your overcoat.

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HAVE you met HORIZON yet? Perhaps it's time you did, as this strikingly different magazine in book form begins its third year.

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HORIZON seeks to serve as a guide to the long cultural adventure of modern man; to explore the many mansions of the philosopher, the painter, the historian, the architect, the sculptor, the satirist, the poet; to create a "museum without walls" for man's finest achievements in the visual arts; to build many bridges between the worlds of scholars and the minds of intelligent readers.

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the Negev to the stage — lively art from cave drawings to movie palaces.

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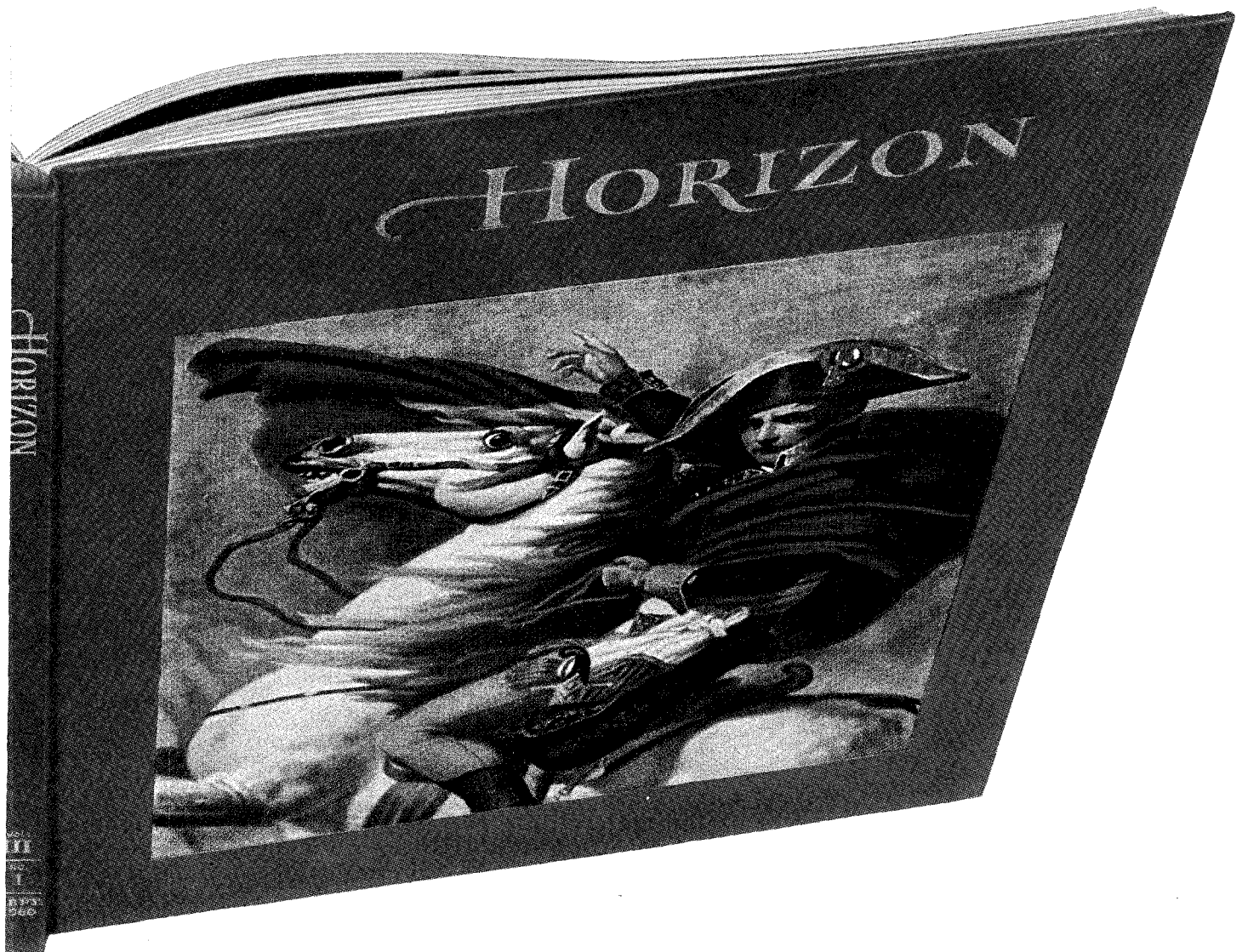
Nothing aggressively uplifting, or fashionable, or urgent. There's no counsel on how to manage your money or your ballot, your casserole or your spouse.

There *is* food for thought, play for the imagination, for any reasonably inquisitive mind. And you'll discover, as 160,000 people already have, that every issue fits in well with your home's more cherished books, as part of a purposefully elegant, *permanent* collection of the arts.

To try HORIZON, tentatively (you may cancel at any time, without penalty), mail the form inserted between these pages. If it's gone, the address is 551 Fifth Avenue, New York 17, N. Y. Look through your first issue before you send a cent. Then we shall ask for \$1.95 to begin, \$5 a month for the next three months. (HORIZON is regularly \$3.95 a copy, \$18 a year — necessarily expensive, but not extravagant for a magazine which is equivalent in quality to a \$10-\$15 book.)

The lower price lasts only as long as our supply of the current issue*, and that won't be long. Good idea to mail the form today.

*Some highlights of the September HORIZON (pictured below): Ingmar Bergman on *Why I Make Movies*; John Kenneth Galbraith on the arts in an affluent society; *The Louvre*, a history, with a portfolio of master works; *The Coming of the White Man* as portrayed by other cultures; articles by Russell Lynes, Jean Stafford, Gilbert Highet, Walter Terry, and many others.



POLO MATCH—Malta offers sports and sporting events of all kinds!



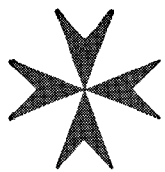
CELEBRATIONS . . . the Maltese love them!



DOWN TO THE SEA—Even the boats are uniquely Maltese.



ISLAND OF CONTRASTS—The old and the new . . . both are loved on Malta!



MALTA

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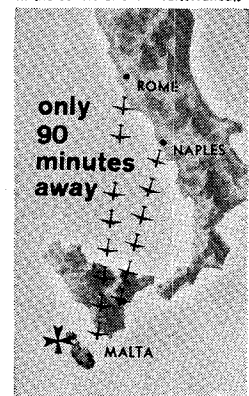
and treasures of the Knights of Malta and works of Italy's greatest artists.

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All this year, Malta celebrates the 19th Centenary of the landing of St. Paul in 60 A.D.

THE AGE OF THE WORDFACT

BY

JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH

No politician or statesman ever makes a mistake any more, no matter how completely his plan may be reversed in the event. This circumstance leads JOHN KENNETH GALBRAITH, Harvard economist, to bring forth a new term, the "wordfact."

"It means," he explains, "that to say that something exists is a substitute for its existence. And to say that something will happen is as good as having it happen."

Mr. Galbraith is the author of THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY and THE LIBERAL HOUR.

AFTER the loss of New York and Long Island to Howe in 1776, General Washington made no effort to picture this misfortune as an important gain for the Continental army. Lincoln was similarly remiss after the debacle at First Manassas. In 1919 Wilson succeeded in persuading a clear majority of the Senate to vote in favor of the Covenant of the League of Nations, although not the necessary two thirds majority. Nothing whatever was made of this moral victory.

Things are different today. In June of 1960 President Eisenhower returned from a trip to the Pacific which would seem, superficially, to have been an unparalleled disaster of its kind. Japan, which was the principal object of his tour, had been beset by violent riots over the visit, and in the end it had been forced to urge him not to come. With the aid of his press secretary, however, the President was able to report on his return that the trip had been a success. A small number of Communists, acting under outside orders, had made things a trifle sour in Japan. But that was because they knew how powerful was the impression Mr. Eisenhower made on his trips to other lands, and they determined, as a result, that no such impression would be made on Japan. This was not the first time this kind of thing had happened. Two years earlier, Communists in South America had been forced to take similar preventive action because of the over-

whelming appeal of Mr. Nixon to the Latin populace.

Some will perhaps conclude from this comparison that Mr. Eisenhower (and also Mr. Nixon and Mr. Hagerty) has a deeper and more perceptive insight into the ultimate meaning of events than did Washington, Lincoln, or Wilson. After all, the battles of Long Island, of Bull Run, and over the League all occurred in wars that were eventually won. Such a conclusion would be wrong. The earlier Presidents operated, in fact, without the help and support of one of the most important modern instruments of public administration. Just possibly they would not have used it, but the issue is academic, for it had not been invented. I refer to the institution of the "wordfact."

The wordfact makes words a precise substitute for reality. This is an enormous convenience. It means that to say that something exists is a substitute for its existence. And to say that something will happen is as good as having it happen. The saving in energy is nearly total.

There is a distinct possibility that the inventor of the wordfact was an editor or a newspaperman. But whatever its origins, it has come to have present-day importance less in journalism than in government. A press that fully accepts the institution is essential to its employment, but one of the principal functions of the modern

public leader is to find the language which adequately improves the reality. Where once it was said of a statesman that he suited action to the words, now he suits the words to the action. If past action (or inaction) has failed to produce the desired result, then, by resort to wordfact, he quickly establishes that the undesired result was more desirable than the desired result.

Lest any of this seem farfetched or complicated, let us remind ourselves of some of the achievements of wordfact in these last years. We agree, of course, that any manifestation of anti-American sentiment abroad is the work of a misguided minority. And until last summer there was no misunderstanding that could not be cured, no resentment that could not be alleviated, no fear that could not be dissipated by a smiling visit of two days to the capital of the country. It would then be stated with appropriate solemnity that the visit was a success; the papers would report that it was a great success; the problems then were presumably gone. Perhaps never before in history had diplomacy become so simple.

But not even traveling has always been necessary. By a bold use of wordfact, we were long able to convert South American dictators into bulwarks of the free world, although on occasion it was thought necessary to drive home the point by decorating them. The recent rise of military regimes in Asia is not a setback for democracy. Rather, it reflects the natural and inevitable difficulty in these countries of basing government on the consent of the governed.

Here at home it is no longer easy to think of unemployment as a misfortune. It reflects the introduction of needed and desirable slack in the system. No properly run economy can be without it. The drastic decline in farm income in recent years has become a manifestation of the vitality of the market system. Though farmers have been leaving their farms at an unprecedented rate, the forces making for this migration have been favorably described by the Secretary of Agriculture in a book with the agreeable title *Freedom to Farm*. Bad television programs were strongly defended early this year by the Federal Communications Commission as a precious manifestation of the freedom of speech. The networks found this a more than satisfactory substitute for any improvement in their programs. They are said, as a result, to be coming up with autumn offerings of unparalleled banality and horror. One hopes that some Sunday afternoon they will have a statesmanlike salute to the principal modern architects of the wordfact.

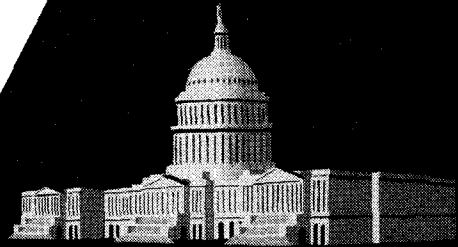
However, as an indication of what can be done by skillful deployment of the wordfact, with the aid of an acquiescent press, it is unlikely that any

recent event matches that of the ill-fated U-2. Until Francis Powers made his unpremeditated landing, the sending of military or paramilitary aircraft by one country over another without the permission of the latter would have been considered a somewhat provocative act. (Even now the appearance of such planes over the United States would not be regarded with any real warmth and enthusiasm.) To have an aircraft shot down in the course of such an excursion into another country would have been regarded as a serious misfortune from which little comfort or reward of any kind could possibly be gleaned.

Yet in the days immediately following the last flight of the U-2, by the massive use of wordfact all of the relevant circumstances were changed. Flying planes over other countries became a kind of fifth freedom, to be justified, not without sanctimony, by the secrecy of the other country. The information gained justified the danger incurred and the mistrust aroused among our friends. Indeed, the flights would have to continue. The loss of the plane had proved, as nothing else, the weakness of the opposing defenses. The flights were then suspended, and this became an act of wise restraint. At this stage, the information being gathered ceased to be important as compared with the danger involved and the discomfort and mistrust created among our allies.

SUCH is the service of wordfact in transforming misfortune into fortune. But it has at least an equal value in transforming inaction into action. Thus, for a year and half now, a cabinet committee headed by Vice President Nixon has been dealing with the problem of inflation. This it has done all but exclusively by denouncing it, and so great has been the fury of its denunciation that it has not deemed it necessary to propose any concrete remedies of importance. In recent years, medical care for the aged has become a major political issue. As this is written, both parties in Congress are endeavoring to make a record on the issue. Records are made not by enacting legislation but by indicating an all but uncontrollable desire to enact legislation. Yet there is a difference, which is recognizable to those who are old and ill and faced with a terrible medical bill. Strong statements in favor of school integration and voting rights for Negroes are a widely accepted substitute for progress, and much less complicated in practice. To most congressional and campaign strategists, it would be considered little short of eccentric to inquire what might be accomplished. The important thing is to find the form of words that will satisfy, and if possible in-

WHY SHOULD A BUSINESSMAN BE TAXED TO SUPPORT GOVERNMENT COMPETITION AGAINST HIMSELF?



Some strange paradoxes crop up, at times, in the American scene.

We are scrupulous, as a nation, to safeguard the rights of the individual in court . . . his right to worship without interference . . . his right to speak freely and openly on any issue.

We have federal laws and regulations to protect him against unfair competition in his efforts to make a living . . . unfair competition, that is, *except that from the federal government itself.*

Take, for example, the matter of the government's producing and selling electric power in the open market. Because federal power systems pay no federal income taxes, and little or no taxes to state and local governments, they can undersell the independent electric companies which *do* produce taxes. *In fact, the very taxes provided by the independent electric companies and their customers are used in part to help finance this unfair competition.*

Now the proponents of federal "public power" are pressing for billions more to build additional federal power plants, although the independent electric companies are ready and able to supply all the power the nation can conceivably need. And this *on top* of more than \$5,000,000,000 of taxpayers' money already spent on such government installations.

How can this go on? Simply because the public doesn't know about it.

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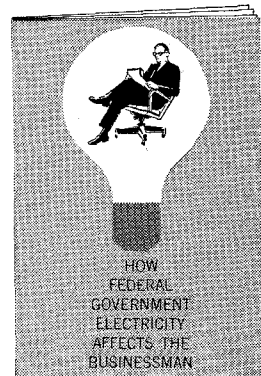
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spire, the Negro voters. One imagines, incidentally, that the invasion of the lunch counters by Negro students is related to the discovery that much of the civil rights discussion is purely inspirational.

On occasion, as when Republicans opposed slavery and Democrats favored alcohol, political platforms in the past have been a guide to ensuing action. But these, too, have been taken over by wordfact. In those hammered out this summer at Los Angeles and Chicago, little thought was given to whether the good things mentioned in them could or would be done. It would have been a jarring note had anyone on either platform committee asked: "Are we sure we can keep this promise?" (It *was* a jarring note at Los Angeles when Paul Ziffren, the California Democratic national committeeman, said that it was less important to write platforms than to get them enacted.) In the case of the platforms, the people appear to be fully aware of the use of wordfact. As a result, they pay them only the most perfunctory attention. It is unfortunate, but words have value only if they have some nexus, however tenuous, with action.

This truth is well illustrated on a global and tragic basis by the discussion of disarmament. Here it is all but taken for granted that no one means what he says, that proposals are made for their effect on public opinion and not on the arms race. And, as a result, people have ceased to pay any attention to the proposals. Civilized survival may in this instance depend on our ability to redeem this problem from the practitioners of wordfact.

BUT the redemption had better be general. To some extent, of course, it is automatic. It cannot be supposed that the vast verbal fallout of recent years is intrinsically attractive. It is certain to breed a reaction. Convention viewers doubtless saw the beginning of such a reaction this year in the massive inattention that was accorded these wordy proceedings. One sees it also in the tendency to assume, when the government explains that all is well, that something must be wrong.

In part, the control of wordfact requires only

that our leaders be slightly more sensible in their approach to the American people. It would be to their own interest. When President Eisenhower described his trip to the vicinity of Japan as a success, he was fooling no one capable of consecutive thought. He did risk giving the impression that he was susceptible to such nonsensical conclusions. And certainly he revealed an unflattering attitude toward the gullibility of the American people.

This, to some extent, was their — or our — fault. We have come to suffer nonsense gladly, and pompous nonsense far too gladly. Elaborate rationalizations of failure should not be met by bored silence or even by a fishy stare. They should be greeted by loud and vulgar laughter, followed immediately by equally uncouth speeches and letters and, if nothing else is possible, by scribbling on walls. All who proclaim good intentions should be immediately asked for their program as to performance. Speeches of candidates for public office this autumn should be scrupulously clipped and saved — and sent to them at intervals over the next couple of years with a request for a progress report. Four years from now, when the parties meet to write their programs, a large number of articulate citizens must be on hand to inquire what in hell happened to the pious promises of 1960. They should have this year's copies in hand.

Perhaps, having organizations for almost everything else, we should have an organization for enforcing election promises and for fingering the man who imagines that he can make his record with words. At a minimum, however, we must reconstruct our hierarchy of political delinquency. The most serious delinquent, the man now to be marked for extinction even before the Florida free-loader, is the man of any political faith or persuasion whose talk shows any sign of being unmatched by intention. The windy liberal should go, along with the windy conservative, and, as a liberal, I devoutly hope that he will go first. And while dealing kindly with all who confess honest error, we should make a special bipartisan onslaught on any man who defends his mistakes by saying that the unintended was better than the intended and that it was really planned all along.



A native of Colorado, a graduate of Harvard in the class of 1949, and a Fulbright scholar at Cambridge University, PETER DAVISON joined our editorial staff after making a distinguished record at Harcourt, Brace and at Harvard University Press. In his leisure time Mr. Davison writes poetry of his own, some of which has appeared in the ATLANTIC. We have asked him to appraise the new books of verse which have recently been published.

NEW POETRY

Prizewinners and Apprentices

BY PETER DAVISON

IT is curious how poets are forced to live in cubicles, or nests of them. All over America, it seems, there are poets working away; and yet our country is too large for us to see aggregations of poets flying free, like flights of swallows. The poet's work is lonely, like that of all writers; but a little lonelier than that of some because his audience is smaller. Recognition can come for the poet in only a few ways. When he is young he may be taken into membership in a group, the members of which know one another, and congregate together if it is geographically convenient, and read and admire one another's work.

A directory of one such group may be found in a recent anthology, *The New American Poetry: 1945-1960* (Grove Press, cloth \$5.95, paper \$1.95), edited by Donald Allen. Most of the forty-four poets represented here are well under age forty, and the book (which does not by any means represent *all* the new American poetry of the last fifteen years, in fact displays almost none of the best of it) draws its battle lines along the directives laid down years ago by Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams. The subcommanders of this exclusive movement—for such it would appear to be—are Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, and Robert Creeley. Among the marchers can be found many poets of talent, and many more who seem to have made the mistake of confusing intense personal emotion with poetic value. With these the reader is torn between sympathy for the keen and sometimes anguished feelings that stutter across the pages in verbose free verse and irritation with the writers for not keeping quiet until they had learned how to write.

Many of the poets represented in this anthology have received publicity as members of the Beat

Generation, and much of their poetry has something in common with the prose output of the Beats: an intense and often sensitive disgust with the grisly aspects of our society, and an ignorant and perverse inability to be articulate about them. I am afraid that this collection as a whole has more sociological than poetic interest to it, and the title is a misnomer: these poems are not nearly as new as they are recent.

Another kind of recognition for the younger poet can come from prizes and fellowships. These differ from private recognition by a group of peers in that they carry semiofficial dignity and bring money with them. The poet may win a fellowship, endowed by a charitable foundation or administered by the editors of a little magazine, which enables him to live abroad for a year and devote himself exclusively to his writing, or a prize may underwrite publication of a book.

The administration of such endowments would appear, *prima facie*, to be less subject to cliques and piques than the word-of-mouth procedures governing movements. On the other hand, once money is to be given away, committees must be formed, and no committee's response to a poet's work can carry with it quite the excitement and spontaneity of the direct reaction of ordinary readers and fellow poets. Yet, such is the indifference of the American public to most poetry that the younger poet must depend on gifts like these for his support and for any kind of wide hearing in the first ten or fifteen years of his writing career.

George Starbuck's first book, *Bone Thoughts* (Yale University Press, cloth \$3.00, paper \$1.25), shows an emergent young poet at this stage of recognition. It is the fifty-sixth in the Yale Series of Younger Poets, the volumes of which are

selected annually by an editor who contributes an introduction. For many years the editor of the series was W. H. Auden, who has this year been replaced by Dudley Fitts.

Bone Thoughts is a very good book. For one thing, Starbuck has mastered all kinds of intricacies of technique to an extent that might excite envy in a much more experienced poet. With dexterity he interlaces short lines, as in this description of the bombardment of the Normandy beachhead from "A Tapestry for Bayeux":

Over the
seaworthy
cavalry
arches a
rocketry
wickerwork. . . .

This comes at the outset of a poem that moves gradually from this pretty first blush to a deeper and desperate absorption of the ripping carnage of the bombardment. In addition, the first letters of each line make up a concealed satirical poem; doggerel, it is true, but not bad for a poem within a poem. In "Tapestry," as in his elegiac poems on Boston and Chicago, his satiric verses on contemporary science (he has a poetic flair for this subject which is rare), and in poems that paint deft word pictures, Starbuck is fortunate in having wit on his side. I cannot illustrate his gifts better than in these lines, which unite music, sense, passion, and freshness into a complete statement:

Full-feasted
Spring, like an ill bird, settles to the masthead
of here and there an elm. The streets are misted.
A Boston rain, archaic and monastic,
cobble the blacktop waters, brings mosaic
to dusty windshields; to the waking, music.

Read that aloud and listen to the subtle sound of it.

Louis Simpson is a little older than Starbuck, and one step further up the ladder of recognition, having held several fellowships and grants. *A Dream of Governors* (Wesleyan University Press, cloth \$3.00, paper \$1.65) is his second book, and you will find in it some of the best traditional verse being written by a young American poet today. American poetry needs more than anything else a reinfusion of the narrative element, and Simpson is devoted to narrative. His book contains a long poem about World War II and the feelings of men in battle. It is, unfortunately, less a narrative poem than a short story told in well-written blank verse; its story gains little from having been told in poetic form. When it deals with a dramatic confrontation, as in the final battle when the Germans attack at Bastogne, it

succeeds admirably; but it fails in conveying the passage of time, which is one of the hardest things for a narrative in verse to do.

Some of Simpson's shorter narratives do succeed: he retells myths (St. George, Orpheus, and others) in a rich aura of mysticism and moonlight. One day he will have achieved the full flavor of what he is striving for in his narratives; but this collection is uneven, and that time has not yet come. The final group of love poems, however, has things in it as whole and true as in any recent love poems I can remember. Poems like "The Custom of the World," "Rough Winds Do Shake," and "Summer Storm," a touching and humorous sonnet, are humane entities, full of feeling and vitally expressed. Listen to another kind of love from "The Goodnight," a poem to a small daughter:

The lives of children are
Dangerous to their parents
With fire, water, air,
And other accidents;
And some, for a child's sake,
Anticipating doom,
Empty the world to make
The world safe as a room.

This is memorable writing.

Robert Francis is one of the outsiders. He has been publishing for almost twenty-five years, but is, unfortunately, no better known than younger poets like Simpson and Starbuck. Living alone, outside the cities and the university circuit, he has held his own course; and if his verse has antecedents, it resembles only that of the most independent of all our poets, Robert Frost. He is far less ambitious than Frost, and his individual strokes do not work, as Frost's do, to fill in a moral picture of the world. Yet *The Orb Weaver* (Wesleyan University Press, cloth \$3.00, paper \$1.65) is a genuine, if quiet, accomplishment.

There are many poets (many of them not very good at poems) who write about nature to avoid writing truly of themselves. Francis writes of nature steadily, solidly, and as a matter of fact, because nature is a part of him. He breathes nature, drinks it in ("His mind holds summer as his skin holds sun"), and wrinkles his brow at the puzzles in it, as in a poem, "Encounter," about poison ivy, which reads in part as follows:

Those who have touched it or been touched by it
Or brushed by something that the vine has brushed,
Or burning it, have stood where the sly smoke
Has touched them — know the meaning of its name. . . .

My neighbor's cow grazing beside the road
Munches with joy (and almost with a smile)
The salad of its leaves, transmuted them
Into sweet milk that I will drink tomorrow.

There are not many surprises in these self-effacing poems, except for the refreshing surprises that lie in seeing natural objects as they are, truly and clearly.

THE later stages of an American poet's career can obviously bring wider recognition. After the grants, the publication in magazines, the appearance of two or three books, the fortunate ones may suddenly find themselves, often unpredictably, recipients of one of our national prizes, which have the ability to make a poet known to everyone who cares. By this stage in his career, however, the poet has often already brought into being all the newness that is in him and has something other than newness to give. "Maturity," Robert Frost has said, "will come. We mature. But the point is that it is at best irrelevant. Young poetry is the breath of parted lips. For the spirit to survive, the mouth must find how to firm and not harden."

Three poets who have won Pulitzer Prizes in the past have this spring published new collections, and it is not mere maturity that makes their work differ in quality from that of the poets already discussed. Marya Zaturenska won a Pulitzer Prize in 1938, and her new book, *Terraces of Light* (Grove Press, cloth \$2.75, paper \$1.45), draws heavily on European sources and traditions. These are intensely mystical poems, imbued with a gray symbolism that has seldom found its way into the poetry of our language, and with good reason. You will read here of streams and trees, skies and the sea, light and dark, angels and heaven; but the blend is one that leaves a vague and somewhat disagreeable taste in the mouth.

These poems read curiously like translations, and they neglect so many of the rich resources of English as to be in many cases almost devoid of tone or flavor. At their worst they are devoid of meaning as well. Take the following octave from a sonnet called "A Vision of Judgment" (I guarantee that the punctuation is reproduced exactly):

Under the half-closed eyelids earth appears
Wide with its vision, growing more and more
The walls of heaven arise, its golden door
Stretches immense into the unlied years —
Time like a desert burns unpeopled, vast
But God's long shadow hovering over it
With wrath and wrathful pity overcast
Not to be moved by beauty, power, or wit.

Ezra Pound once laid down the stark dictum that verse should be at least as well written as prose. Set aside the wasteful repetition of ideas between "hovering" and "overcast"; the feebleness of the verb "appears"; the vagueness of "more and more." Is this good prose? Is not the syntax

muddled, the punctuation misleading, the grammar incorrect? Whose are the eyelids? Over what does "God's long shadow" hover? Who or what is "not to be moved"? What, in short, is the poem about? A symbol cannot raise echoes in the reader's mind unless it stands clear by itself; and these symbols, whatever their inner meaning, are expressed in such slipshod language as to vitiate most of their inherent power.

Many of the poems in the book suffer from the same difficulties as this sonnet; and those that succeed best are poems that are held erect by a backbone of narrative, like "The Castaways." This is poetry that sounds as though it were written out of habit, without the rigor and scrupulousness that go hand in hand with poetic vitality.

Gwendolyn Brooks won a Pulitzer Prize in 1950. Her new book, *The Bean Eaters* (Harper, \$3.00), stands at almost the opposite extreme from *Terraces of Light*. Nothing vague here, nothing European, nothing mystical. These poems, generous and full of humanity, rattle with verbs and jangle with action. Their images are everyday; their subjects are poor people (often Negroes), the dreams of the downtrodden, the frustrations of the meek.

Yet, for all the worthiness of their themes and their aims, you will probably find them incomplete as poems. Miss Brooks appears more concerned to condemn social injustice and to draw sympathetic character portraits than to write poems that echo on every level, and as a result she repeats the same kind of statement too often for poetic truth.

The best poem in her book is a ballad of racial segregation, with the stark rhythms and devices of the traditional ballad adapted to a theme that suits it perfectly. Most of this book, however, has the same virtues and faults as the title poem, which for the sake of journalistic realism ends in a catalogue that reminds the reader of nothing so much as Ogden Nash and destroys the poem's serious intent. I quote the entire poem:

They eat beans mostly, this old yellow pair.
Dinner is a casual affair.
Plain chipware on a plain and creaking wood,
Tin flatware.

Two who are Mostly Good.
Two who have lived their day,
But keep on putting on their clothes
And putting things away.

And remembering . . .
Remembering, with twinklings and twinges,
As they lean over the beans in their rented back room that
is full of beads and receipts and dolls and cloths,
tobacco crumbs, vases and fringes.

Mark Van Doren, the oldest and best established of the poets discussed here, won his Pulitzer Prize in 1940 and has achieved great personal eminence. His incandescent character, kindly and courageous, is as well known as his varied work of forty years' standing. It is therefore difficult to have to report that his latest book, *Morning Worship and Other Poems* (Harcourt, Brace, \$3.95), disappoints by its slackness. A number of the poems first appeared in Mr. Van Doren's justly celebrated *Autobiography* and may have been included in *Morning Worship* for that reason alone. In any case, a younger poet might have omitted many of the 112 poems in this collection out of fear that the reader would not find the poet at his best. Less anxious, more tolerant, Mr. Van Doren has included them all, as one who is willing to let the reader choose for himself. His candor is admirable, but I wish he had pruned harder.

These poems suffer from a certain passivity toward their subjects which reveals itself in the static quality of the language the poet uses. Vitality in poetry comes from verbs, not nouns or adjectives, and Mr. Van Doren's verse is indeed short of the energy that verbs could supply. Furthermore, his rhythms sometimes plod. Compare a passage from his *Autobiography* with one from a poem in this collection. Here is the prose:

By some odd chance and for no good reason
I am happy. And there I rest. . . . In . . . a
poem . . . I said of the world that it was one
for me as only music makes things one. Not faith,
not reason; merely music, which I claimed I
heard. Literally I do not, but nothing is more
clear to me than this harmony that yields no
sound and thereby does not force a single note.

And here is a passage from "Undersong":

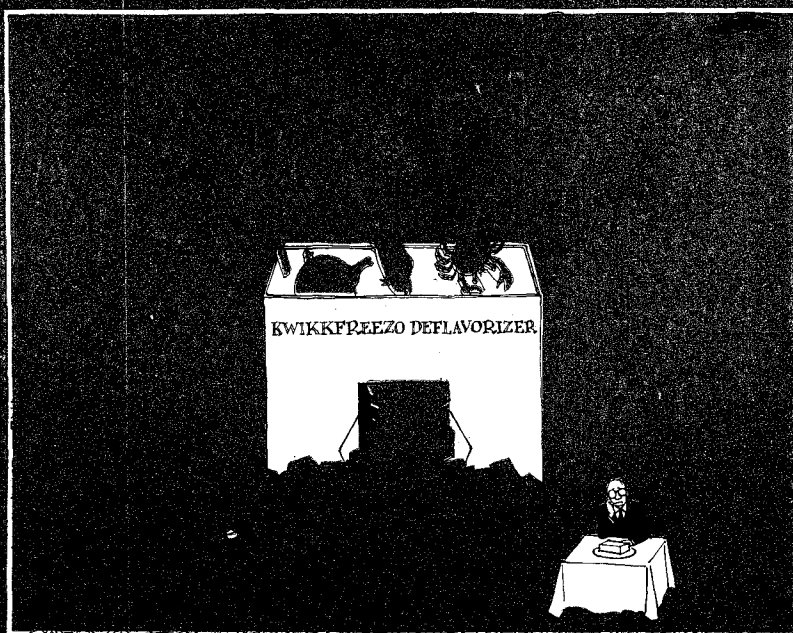
And if there be those who would mock me, saying:
Music? None is here save in your head;
Noises, yes, delectable, dismaying,
But not in measure, as if more were said
Than owls and larks will tell you, or mad crows,
Or the wind-ravished rose,
Or human chatter, changeless year by year;
Then soberly I say to such as those:
The sound is one, and is not sinister.
It is an honest music through and through.

Seventy-three words of prose, seventy-seven of verse. Yet how much more eloquent the prose! In the prose we at least find verbs like *claim*, *yield*, and *force*; in the verse, we find four *is*'s and a *be*, and *mock* is the only active and transitive verb in the whole passage. The poem is squeezed by its pastoral convention: it must tell its story in terms of birds and flowers, even though nature is obviously not a part of Mr. Van Doren as it is of Robert Francis. The prose can travel where it will and branch out into talking of harmony. The poem, circumscribed by natural images that have to be forced into restful human terms, seems constrained and artificial; the prose can take a more natural rhythm and rise to the passionate iambs of its last sentence, free of such poeticisms as "save in your head" and "such as those."

Talking too much of technical considerations can spoil a poem; but as you read *Morning Worship*, and if you feel something lacking, watch the verbs, and see if it isn't through those apertures that the vitality and tension leak out of Mr. Van Doren's verse. Too often in this book the direction of a poem seems to have been settled before the poem begins, as though it had been written to illustrate an idea. But a lyric cannot be written this way. To quote Robert Frost again: "Like a piece of ice on a hot stove the poem must ride on its own melting. . . . It can never lose its sense of a meaning that once unfolded by surprise as it went." With all their serenity, these poems of Mr. Van Doren's play his feelings false by wearing a simplicity his feelings do not share.

From apprentice to prize winner: this is the way a poet grows toward acceptance in America. But any poet must ask himself about the difference between acceptance and achievement. The mouth of the older poet may not have hardened, but is it still firm? Writing not long ago in these pages about the Muse of poetry, Robert Graves ended as follows:

Observe him well, the scarlet-robed academician
Stalled with his peers, an Order on his breast,
And (who could doubt it?) free
Of such despairs and voices as attended
His visits to that grotto below sea
Where once he served a glare-eyed Demoness
And swore her his unswerving verity.



About Living

ATLANTIC readers who still feel that food ought to have some flavor instead of none will find stout allies in J. Frank Dobie (page 98) and David S. Salsburg (page 79). We have all been sluggish with so much propaganda from producers of the flavorless variety that we have come to regard the deficiency as our own rather than theirs. The passing years have destroyed our sense of taste, we are told, and as for those dishes so hungrily recalled from earlier days, prefrozen or prefrozen days, they must be largely our imagination.

It is not hard for a man to come to believe this proposition. Guilty being that he is, aware of what decades of tobacco and general wear and tear may have done to his sense of taste, he hesitates to insist on his own point of view to the contrary, especially when all the forces of law and order, big business, and true Americanism are shouting him down.

What keeps alive the spark of rebellion is the occasional chance encounter with things to eat that are still full of flavor and wonderfully exciting and satisfying, just as one remembers them to have been. The reminder may be no more than a few stalks of freshly cut asparagus or

milky sweet corn, picked within the hour. Steaks of Tuscan and Norman beef reassured me that meat can be tasteful as well as tender. Any compliment to the beef in England usually brings the apologetic explanation that not much native beef is available and that this was probably "shipped in from the Argentine." So be it: if Argentine beef tastes like that, forward Argentina! And there is beef to be had at Russell's Market, in Sandwich on Cape Cod, of which every morsel is full flavored and appetizing. Nothing is left of a Russell steak, however large, but the thoroughly scraped bone; what would be debris in cuts from other markets simply becomes part of the feast. The proprietor, in this case, picks out his beef in person at the warehouse, and he has an unfailing sense of what it ought to be.

The commission men who buy cattle on the hoof for the Omaha packing houses are acute judges of what places like Russell's Market will esteem. They know all the ranches and ranchers and, given a chance to wait for something out of the ordinary, they can select the unique best from thousands of animals. They are a quiet, friendly lot, usually identifiable by the elegant

and immaculate Stetson hats of rather small shape that they like to wear, and at the end of the day they gather in one of the South Omaha saloons for whisky and easygoing talk.

An Omaha friend of mine, himself something of an expert on beef, once sat me down with a half-dozen commission men, one of whom had supplied him with a phenomenally fine side of beef of which I had been a beneficiary. I asked this commission man to give me his specifications for the ideal beef animal.

"First of all," he said, "not too young. A year is a little too young. Green, y' know." He looked around the table, and the others nodded agreement. "About eighteen or twenty months, I'd say."

General concurrence.

"Then, not too heavy." More nods. "Critter that would butcher out at around 800 pounds?" All seemed to feel this was exactly right. "That's about it," the commission man concluded.

"But how can you be sure of quality?" I asked.

"Why, anyone," the commission man replied, surprised at such a question, "anyone can tell that just by looking at them."

CHARLES W. MORTON

Some Advice to Copy Writers



BY MARGARET WATERMAN

A combination of radio commercials and poems prompted these suggestions from MARGARET WATERMAN, who teaches at Western Reserve University.

I was sitting there reading with my radio turned low and the phrase from Keats resting on the back of my neck. I had just tracked down the phrase, flipped a few pages, and was rereading "The Eve of St. Agnes" when a honey-drenched commercial penetrated my consciousness. "Mmm. Don't be surprised," said the lush voice that had just recommended the immediate purchase of a popular shampoo, "don't be surprised when people say 'Mmm. What gorgeous hair.'" The wintry moon had thrown gules on Madeline's fair breast. And just as the voice registered in my brain, I read, "And on her hair a glory like a saint."

Briefly, this is how I got to wondering why advertising copy writers are so slow to seek inspiration — and slogans — from English poetry. ("Ignorance, madam, pure ignorance," suggested Samuel Johnson.)

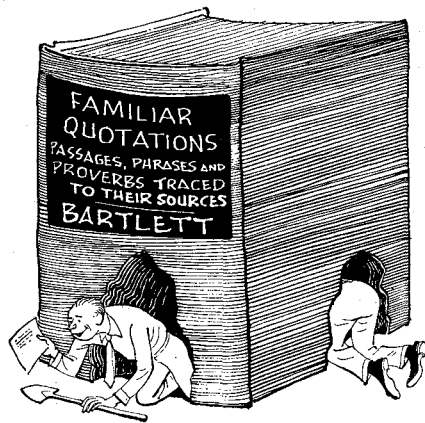
The creator of the label in the dress was not necessarily ignorant. He may have come upon the brand name by the very research method I am proposing. Or perhaps both he and Keats happened upon the phrase "for ever young." To Keats it symbolized eternal youth, the immortal wedding procession winding around the Grecian urn; to the adman it suggested the name of a new line of inexpensive dresses for not-so-young women. I like to think that, as he wrote it down, he thought of Keats — and of the occasional Size 22½ who might recall the whole line from her old schoolbook as she coaxed up the zipper of her Forever Young frock, "For ever panting, and for ever young."

I don't mean to suggest that the copy writer can hope for frequent double meanings to his triumphs. I suggest only that he blow the dust from his old school textbooks: *The Romantic Poets*, *Elizabethan Verse*, *Short Survey of English Poetry*. A copy man, a book of verse, and time. If he doubts, let me cite possibilities. These slogans I produce from memory. Let him contemplate what a little planned research could do.

After the Keats episode, I nat-

urally think first of hair preparations. And right away I recall a slogan created some years ago by Lord Byron, one of the world's greatest authorities on women: "Waves in Every Raven Tress." Someone might offer the blondes a dazzling new rinse named — by Percy Bysshe Shelley — Golden Lightning. Or he could be preparing copy for a whole line of rinses and shampoos, "The Tints That Glow." If by chance the same manufacturer put out toothpaste, the first half of Byron's line would make another slogan, "The Smiles That Win."

To the harried souls who each season must dream up names for not really new shades of nail polish and lipstick, I especially recommend reading poetry. There's Rosebloom right along with the "glory like a saint"; and Shelley offers a tantalizing shade, Hectic Red. It's a fall shade, I think, though I may be influenced in the decision by my familiarity with "Ode to the West Wind." Milton offers Glowing Violet, perhaps to go with an Easter



outfit. And back in "St. Agnes" we find an even more exotic shade — Purple Riot. Pale Jessamine (Milton again) should appeal to those who begin to weary of white lipstick.

My mind is crowded with other possibilities. The product put out by the company that hits upon Surrey's "captive breast" is obvious. But Byron's "She Walks in Beauty" might appeal to manufacturers of the sheerest of nylons, the softest of kid

pumps, the most elegant, uplifting foundation garments. Ad writers for reducing drugs that curb the appetites would do well to look up the old ballad "Back and Sides Go Bare." They might easily lure overfed ladies to a product with the slogan "Much Bread I Not Desire."

A few writers will find their products already named. I doubt that the makers of White Dove inner-spring mattresses can do much with "the springs of Dove" beside which Wordsworth's Lucy dwelt among the untrodden ways. But a few lines further on, some adman will spot the slogan "Grace That Shall Mold the Maiden's Form." If there isn't a Grace brand brassière, there will be. Another copy writer will seize his telephone when he comes upon Bobbie Burns's bleary-eyed Tam O'Shanter, who rode home one night "whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet." The writer can supply the capital letters; the artist will take care of the rest — Tam on old Meg's back tearing toward the keystone of the bridge with the margarine for tomorrow's sandwiches tight in his hand. No suggestion, I think, of cast-off cutty sarks, or warlocks, or witches.

I hope that some foreigner is right now submitting a revolutionary design for a little car to a manufacturer who will put an English-reading researcher on Tennyson right away. Before very long, he is sure to come upon the perfect name in "Lancelot and Elaine," complete with slogan. The engine of this car is in some new abnormal place, and the front of the car has the kind of face one might find in the offspring of a Volkswagen which had mated with an Edsel. But the price is low and the engine, with a voice that is still, will go on forever. So the American public will buy the Heathen. Happy Heathen owners, with no recollections of heathen that rage, will wave to us from highway billboards and double-page spreads in *Life*. Loud choruses will surge in commercial crescendo on Sunday evenings: "We drive the Heathen, who, some say, shall rule the land hereafter." And if the Heathen drives good, like a little car should — well, King Arthur also anticipated the potential of the little car. He spoke of it as the dusky barge bore him slowly to Avalon. "The old order changeth," he said, "yielding place to new."

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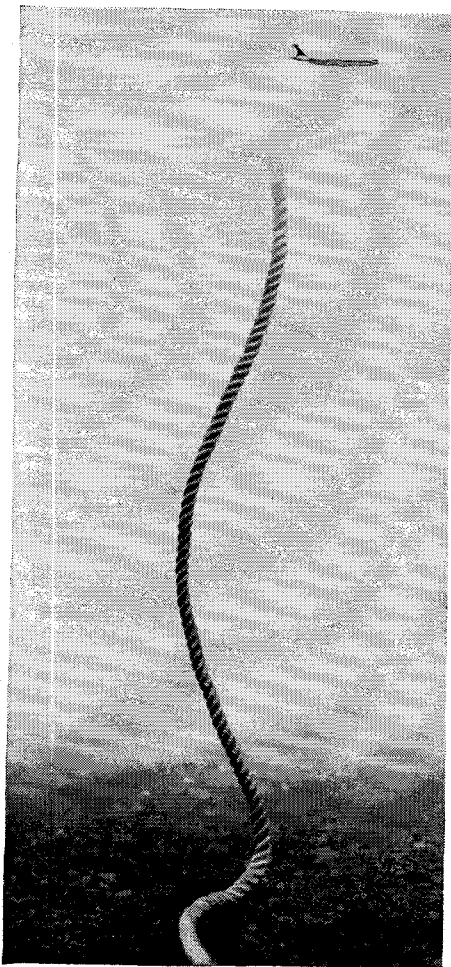
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Caesar's Meat

BY J. FRANK DOBIE

Readers of these pages may recall J. FRANK DOBIE's Texas stories of pet rattlesnakes and "cold-nosed" hounds, but his twenty-five-year-old cow is apparently intended as fact, not fancy.

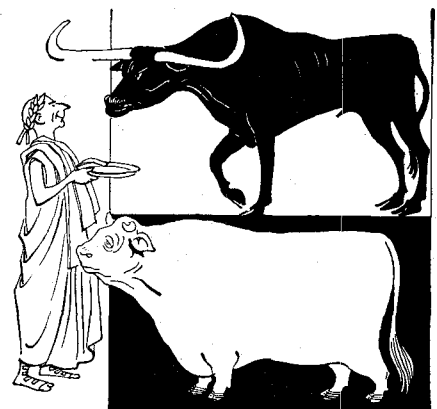
"Upon what meat doth this, our Caesar, feed, That he is grown so great?" Ignorance prevents anybody from answering categorically, but I would bet a silver dollar against the hole in a doughnut that Caesar did not feed on milk-fed turkey or battery-fed chicken or baby beef or any other form of flesh which, after it is cooked, can be eaten with a spoon as easily as with knife and fork. A cowboy said he would as soon ride against the wind with a funnel in his mouth as try to make a meal of Post Toasties. There is probably as much food value in Post Toasties as in a chicken that never has exercised. A strong meat, a nourishing meat, has fibers in the muscles. Fibers in the muscles are made only through a certain amount of exercise. There is as much difference between the spooned-up substance of a denatured chicken and a chicken that has run around a farm rustling some of its food as there is between mutton roast and snails. A friend has been spoiling me by bringing eggs from free-running chickens on a farm, not from cooped-up hens. These eggs are fertile as well as fresh. I can smell, taste, feel the virtues in them, in contrast to the minus qualities of lily-white infertile hothouse eggs.

Antonio Fierro de Blanco begins that rollicky narrative entitled *The Journey of the Flame* by saying that it was an old Spanish custom for a man, when he had reached the age of one hundred, to call all his relations together and narrate to them the highlights of his life. When the Flame reached one hundred he felt so good he didn't call his *parientes* together, but at the age of a hundred and three he felt himself weakening and sent out the call. If, as he explained to the clan, he had fed on bull meat throughout his life as he had fed on it when he was a boy, he would not be slowing down so now. There might be something to what he claimed. It is a great mistake for

people to think that the doctors have prolonged vitality. They have prolonged the average span of existence by saving babies from death; they have added little to positive living.

For me, at least, the evidence is strong that vitality is being depleted by lack of the kind of meat that the Caesars used to feed on. Contrary to the beliefs of many, it is not the oil companies that have for the last several years been prospering most; it is the pharmaceutical companies, now selling tons of tranquilizers to put into cattle on feed so they won't stir around and walk off tallow. The feeders want these cattle to get fat and weigh high, even if the fat and flesh are flabby. Neither the manufacturers of tranquilizers nor the feeders give a whoop whether the cattle have any fibers in their muscles or not. I put muscleless, fiberless, tranquilized beef in the same category with spoon vittles.

A long time ago in any country town you could smell a butcher shop afar off, not because the meat was tainted but because it was strong. Back in the old range days, a steer wasn't really beef until he was four years old or more. When a person gets matured beef, not too fat, with fibers in the muscles, he has something fit to make a Caesar conquer. The Madero Revolution that began in Mexico in 1910 didn't end until millions of acres were virtually denuded of cattle. Before the state of Coahuila, which joins Texas, was



restocked, I was on the Rio Grande one time with a Big Bend country rancher. He had some mares over on the south side of the river and wanted to see a ranchero living on the Mexico side. Panthers were eating up all the colts. This ranchero wasn't at home. He had been trailing a *ladino* (outlaw) steer for several days to shoot him and get his meat. While we were there, he came

with it. A person could smell it from nearly as far as he could hear the pack horse hitting the rocks with his feet. We ate some of that meat, maybe eighteen years old. It was strong enough to need some chewing, and it was worth chewing on.

Graves Peeler, who ranches down in the brush country of lower Texas, says, as I think, a better herd of authentic Longhorn cattle than any other individual in the United States. Last year he killed a twenty-five-year-old cow, a red with black nose, black tail, and black hoofs. She was in good condition for her age, Graves Peeler says, but "rough, like all old cattle and old people. She had lost her girlish figure, but by no means her activity. She had been eating prickly pear (with the spines singed off) seven or eight months out of each year for the past thirteen years of drought. She was gentle enough to eat soft ground feed that the milk cows ate, but would never resist the temptation to hooking any dog that came in sight of her."

Graves Peeler let a butcher in Pleasanton have the meat, and about this time a friend from another county who had had a bad heart attack came through and asked the butcher for aged beef. His doctor had told him to eat protein in the form of red meat. The butcher showed him the carcass of the Graves Peeler cow. The man took home twenty-five pounds. He told Graves Peeler later that the meat made him feel so good that he wished he had bought the whole carcass. He said it was tender.

I have to argue against myself in setting up the panther, now generally and pompously called "mountain lion," as an authority on the best meat to eat for gaining strength. When a panther kills, he doesn't hurry on any of the butcher-shop tricks. He rips an animal open and eats on the insides, particularly the fat of the intestines and the kidneys. I am not sure, but I think he also eats the intestines themselves. That's what the Indians, who had all sorts of meat to choose from, preferred. A doctor has told me that the core of vitamins and proteins in a grazing animal is located in the intestines.

A lot of the best meat on earth goes to waste every deer-hunting season. The traditional custom is to

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take hams and backstraps and let ribs and the meat around the lower parts of hams and shoulders go. The lower leg meat is all muscle and is full of juice. I believe there is no better-tasting or more nourishing meat than the ribs of a big fat buck roasted over coals. It doesn't need salt, pepper, or any other seasoning. All it needs is to be done to a turn; the juices keep inside it.

I cannot prove that wild meat has something that domesticated meat

doesn't have in the way of vitamins and nourishment. I only know it has always tasted better to me and has made me feel more thrifty. I am pretty sure that a pound of fat wild turkey is worth more to the body than eighteen pounds of much-advertised milk-fed turkey. As the old saying goes, "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear." You can't grow a Caesar out of the equivalent in food value of air swallowed through a funnel.

ELMER,

RAYMOND,

AND I

BY DAVID CORNEL DEJONG



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They had us sing: TAKE HIS HAND
HIS STRONG TRUE HAND AND CLING
TO IT FOREVERMORE, FOREVERMORE,
and we sang like frivolous larks
on a winter evening with hymnals
around an haroomping organ
played by an ardent mission lady
who had sacred buns of hair
like conch shells over her ears,
in a solemn hall of devotions.

Beat the shy old devil off
who keeps grinning at your elbows,
who keeps whispering: "Go see
a movie instead" and keeps dripping
poison sweeter than punch; ah,
we were warned, and like starlings
we peeped out several alarms,
seeing HIM, black-hoofed and
frivolous, and marked his mien
mascaraed with fickle intent.

Give your hearts amply to virtue,
plain and simple and honest,
the puffed-out preacher coaxed,
his own heart exposed like a gift
on a handkerchief; and we did,
earnestly. There wasn't a heart
left on earth when we cantered
home like frightened ponies but
at the door of our house sanctity
drifted back into night like an owl.

My Grandfather's Ghost

BY R. P. LISTER

R. P. LISTER is an English free lance whose poetry and light articles appear frequently in the ATLANTIC.

One night, years ago, I was up on the top floor of a tall house in Kensington, waiting for the end of the world. It was four in the morning, and I had just taken my trousers off when a flying bomb drifted across the roof. Its engine had cut out what seemed several minutes ago, and now, as it approached the earth, I heard the whistle of the wind in its wings. Though I had been greatly troubled by these bombs in recent weeks, and one had even blown me through a doorway in a shower of broken glass, none had caused me as much anxiety as this one. My anxiety was, as usual, unjustifiable. Scorning to attack an unarmed man with his trousers down, the bomb passed lightly on and blew the top off the Kensington Palace Mansions Hotel. Other worlds ended that night, but not mine.

It was in the unplumbed silence that followed that I became aware of my grandfather's ghost. My grandfather had been an uncommonly learned minister of the Scottish Kirk, and he was choosing this moment to visit me in Kensington. A spawife had warned me a few weeks previously that this was likely to happen. She was Irish, with red hair, and lived in a converted stable in Cheval Place, between Knightsbridge and the Brompton Road, and she took a great interest in my grandfather. She had charged me ten shillings to hold a glove of mine and tell me all she could see, and since all she could see was my grandfather, she made the most of him.

She even gave me a reassuring message from him about Tom, my second cousin. Tom was walking out of Burma at the time, two hundred and fifty miles across the mountains, with nothing but mud and corpses all the way; only nobody knew this, except, of course, Tom. All the spawife told me was that Tom, my



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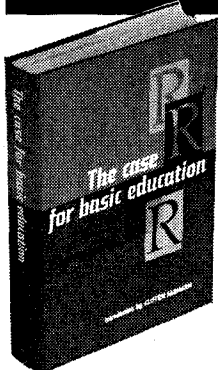
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grandfather wished her to say, was in a tight spot, but he would get out of it all right. She was perfectly accurate. Tom got out of it all right, fortified as he was against all mortal ills by twenty years' steady intake of Scotch. When he swam the muddy rivers the crocs sniffed him and turned away, preferring their Scotch neat and from the bottle. The only thing my grandfather and the spawife failed to mention about Tom was that if the crocs had got him, it would have been something of a relief to all, but it was typical of my grandfather's charitable attitude to all mankind that he should choose to ignore this.

My grandfather's ghost, at the moment I became aware of him — while the dust of the Kensington Palace Mansions Hotel was still quietly settling down — was on its way up the stairs. I was awkwardly placed. This flat, or apartment, was what is called a duplex further west, to the best of my belief, but is known in England as a maisonette. It consisted of the top two stories, with an internal staircase, and a door at the foot of the staircase shut it off from the rest of the tall house. There was no other way out except a dusty staircase that led from a cupboard in the front bedroom up to the attic. From here a skylight opened on to the roof, and supplied a magnificent prospect of other nocturnal roofs, lit up from time to time by the occasional fire. But fires were not what they had been a few months previously, during the incendiary raids; they had given up trying to burn the place down and were having another shot at blowing it up instead. If it caught fire now and then, it was by accident.

I had an idea that my grandfather's ghost was on the upper part of the stairs leading to our front door, which he would doubtless pass through without difficulty. I was in a tight spot, like my second cousin Tom, only I was not so well fortified

with Scotch. There was no Scotch to be had in England at that time, and although I had drunk all of the beer I could lay my hands on that evening, it, too, was in short supply. Besides, beer is notoriously less effective than Scotch against crocs and ghosts.

It was not that I had any particular objection to meeting my grandfather, of whom I was always very fond, but it did not seem the place or the moment for it. Even the nicest people's ghosts are uncertain quantities, and I should have preferred to have somebody within call. Just then, as I knew well, there was nobody in the tall house at all; they had all taken to sleeping on the floor in the basement next door, where the porter lived, because if they slept upstairs the bombs kept them awake. I should not have been upstairs myself at that hour, only I had been dining with a poetess in Wigmore Street. I had left at three and bicycled to Kensington on a flat tire, and I was rather tired. All I wanted to do was to put on my pajamas and a dressing gown and descend to the basement next door with an eider-down. To be caught between my grandfather's ghost and the skylight seemed to me an unlovely thing.

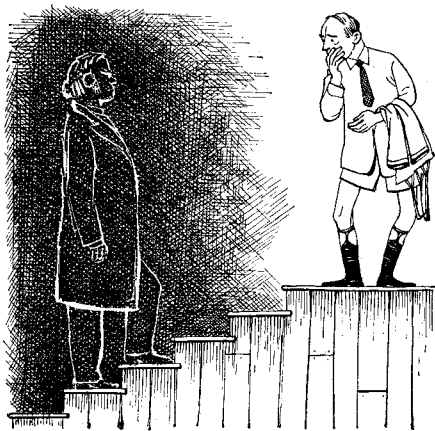
It may be argued that my grandfather's ghost was not really there, that he was a subjective thing, existing only in my mind. I have no quarrel with this view, and I even took it myself, but it did not help me at all. If I now suddenly had the subjective belief that my grandfather's ghost was on his way up the stairs, then if I went down the stairs, I might have the subjective belief that I had to walk past or through him, or smile or shake hands, or whatever it is one does to well-loved ghosts, subjective or otherwise, and I did not want to do any of these things.

In the end, what I did was very simple. I switched off all the lights, picked up my trousers from the bed,

HOLY TARRIER

BY GEORGIE STARBUCK GALBRAITH

When the world's most punctual man
Meets the world's most inveterate tarrier,
Fate chuckles and starts to plan
How he'll fall in love and marry her!



and walked into the cupboard, shutting the door firmly behind me. I then walked up the stairs to the attic, which was, of course, in complete darkness, because the skylight was not blacked out. I was used to walking across it in complete darkness because I used to go up there fairly frequently to see if there were any incendiaries lying about on the roof that needed to be thrown off it. So I walked across to the skylight and stood with my head sticking out of it, ready to climb out if I had to; but I did not think it would be necessary, and it was not. I reckoned that my grandfather, though he might have found out my address in Kensington, could not possibly know that a way led up to the attic from a cupboard in the front bedroom. Finding the place in complete darkness and all the rooms apparently empty, he would go away again, thinking he had missed me.

And so it turned out. I stood there looking out into the night, with only the faintest feeling of discomfort in the small of my back, for ten minutes or so. The night was cloudy, and not the faintest speck of light was visible from the opaquely shrouded town; the principal sound was the distant, thin drone of another bomb chugging its way across London toward Enfield or Elstree or Edgware or some other northerly objective. After a time the drone stopped, but I could see no indication of where the bomb fell. And then I became suddenly aware that my grandfather's ghost had gone. I descended to the basement and slept till six.

Strangely enough, my grandfather has never been to call on me since. I hope he did not get the impression — which I strove to avoid giving — that he was unwelcome, and someday I hope to have the opportunity of explaining to him that I was a little overwrought at the time.

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Mrs. Beeton, Good-by!



BY ELEANOR PERÉNYI

Bad housekeeping, like good, is an art. And both need a certain natural aptitude. The born housekeeper can be spotted fairly early: she is little Beth, who loved to dust and bake and died young. (It is perhaps no coincidence that Mrs. Beeton, whose book on Victorian housekeeping is exhausting even to read, also expired at an early age.) Grown up and married, this tidy little soul is Craig's wife, or anyway his sister-in-law. Literature supplies other examples. Returning to *Little Women*, there is Jo, obviously a bad housekeeper; Tolstoy's Natasha, revealed as an untidy mess the minute she gets her man; or Nancy Mitford's Linda in *The Pursuit of Love*, who is afraid to open the oven door and finds housework "far more tiring and frightening than hunting." These are extremes. In between lie whole shoals of us who are neither Marthas nor romantic heroines, and who just want to scrape by. My aim is to suggest how this can be done. It is all a question of learning how to be a bad housekeeper. The trick, you see, is to present the same spotless façade and impression of efficiency as the good housekeeper does, but to do it with one tenth the expenditure of time and effort.

For instance: cleaning. This is the heart of the matter, and good housewives wear themselves to the bone over it. Undoubtedly, they get great pleasure out of polished floors, neatly arranged linen closets, and flowers whose water is changed daily. They are also inclined to snap, "Don't use that ash tray, I just washed it," and to make the guest who ignores the coaster provided for his drink so uncomfortable that he goes home early — which is fine with the good housekeeper. It gives her a chance to empty things, plump cushions, and otherwise clear the living room of all

signs of human occupancy before it is time to go to bed.

The bad housekeeper couldn't care less, because her living room is not really clean anyway. It just looks as if it were. In the last ten minutes before the party (or before her husband gets home), she has shined all visible surfaces with an oiled cloth. By entertaining only at night, she makes this easier. Only those surfaces under the circle of lamplight are clearly visible, and she has sensibly covered all her upholstered furniture either with dark velvet or intricately patterned chintzes.

In this charming living room, there is seeming order, because in the home of the good bad housekeeper everything has its place and there is a

place for everything. The same place. It is a large bin or a hamper or closet or even the cellar, into which every unattractive object can be tossed. It is a fearful sight, of course, filled as it is with building blocks,

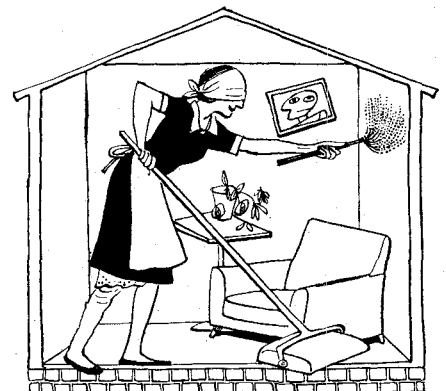
skis, old overcoats, Teddy bears, unmatched rubbers, and books long overdue at the library. But who ever sees it? Nobody but herself and her family, who can easily be cowed with the words: "But of course I know where it is! I found it lying around, and I put it in the —" That takes care of *them*.

Even so, those who have to live with poor housekeepers can take comfort. It is true that on most days their apparently well-kept house will have dust under the rug and film on the windows, and they will know that it has. On the other hand, there will be times when the place glows with genuine polish. The good housekeeper rises early, "gets her dusting done" before the children are on their way to school, and has her house always open for inspection. The accomplished slat-

tern stays in, or at any rate returns to, her bed until eleven, four days out of five. But on the fifth, she has been known to produce a dazzling transformation. This is because, like the sculptor, she has to see her material laid out before she is ready to go to work. A film of dust is not inspiring. You can blow it away — she does. But dirt, now, a tangible coating of grime, *is* inspiring. And she tackles it several times a year. Like those months with "r" in them, when it is safe to eat oysters, these are the times when the bad housekeeper will not mind being dropped in on. At least as far as the downstairs.

The upstairs presents other difficulties, harder to solve. The worst housekeeper in the world has yet to discover a way to avoid making beds, except by not making them, which it is not the purpose of this essay to suggest. To date, the only (partial) remedy is those sheets which are shaped to fit over the mattress like a slipcover. They work admirably on standard bed sizes, but standard sizes of anything are hard to find in the really ill-run household.

It is, however, in the bathroom that the slipshod housekeeper faces her greatest challenge. She will soon learn to regret the passing of those antique setups which provided a tub with curtains or even wooden shutters. Today's enameled tub lies open for inspection, and so does the rest of this un-Roman arrangement, which so eminent a critic as Edmund Wilson has compared to the Gothic cathedral for civilized achievement. Maybe. But what about the ring around the tub, the sodden toy under it, and the damp stockings hanging on the shower attachment? The tub is perhaps the only area in the whole house about which the lazy housewife will have to be tough with her family. All of them must be made to scrub the tub when they



have finished a bath, and that is that. The other hazards are handled by the upstairs version of the downstairs catchall: a laundry bin.

Laundry. This is something to which the housekeeper determined to do her job well devotes herself. She buys (at ghastly expense) a washing machine and a dryer and soon comes to think of the place where they are installed as a sort of slimy battleground, say the trenches of Flanders. Even so, these appliances would be worth their salt if it were not for ironing. The ironing of sheets and shirts is, as any but the unbalanced know, pure agony. There are no figures on how many men have left home on being confronted for the third successive evening by a steamed and irritable wife, but they must be rather impressive. The bad housekeeper does not risk this. She tallies the relative prices of doing it herself or sending it to the laundry, and comes out better than even. The laundry goes to the laundry.

The good housekeeper is, of course, automatically the good hostess. If her house is large enough, she has a guest room, properly fitted up. This means a thermos for water and perhaps for morning coffee, too; the latest books and a good reading light; a comfortable bed; plenty of towels and soap in the bathroom — really, one could spend years, and far more time and money than on one's own sleeping arrangements, in meeting this ideal. The bad housekeeper does not try. Guests are demanding, tiring, and, if satisfied, likely to stay for weeks. She lets them sleep in an enlarged closet across from the baby's room (he is still on his 6 A.M. feeding, and screams for it) or on a sofa in the living room. She looks dim when they appear for breakfast ("I think you'll find everything you want, except that we're out of coffee") and had rather hoped they could all spend the afternoon rigging up the new aerial.

So much for expected guests. Now the unexpected ones. Good housekeepers market intelligently and always have supplies on hand with which to dish up a perfect little dinner. The more fools they. In the first place, why encourage people to drop in without warning? The bad housekeeper with talent doesn't. She greets them with cries of unfeigned pleasure, but only because she knows that presently, unfed with the tidbits

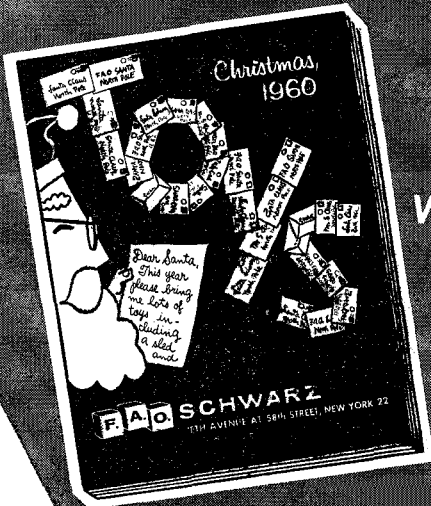
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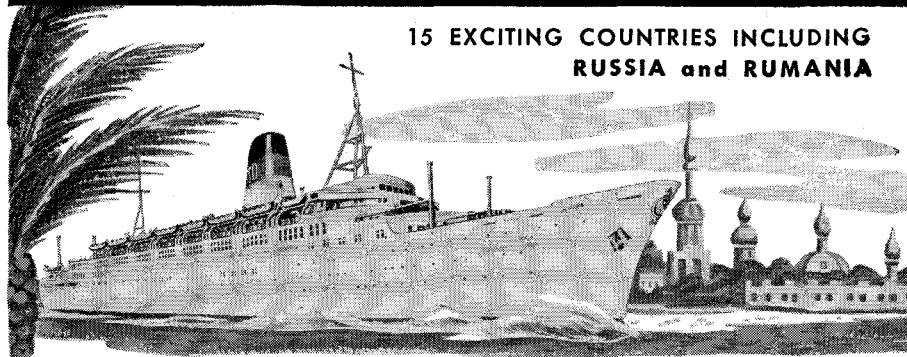
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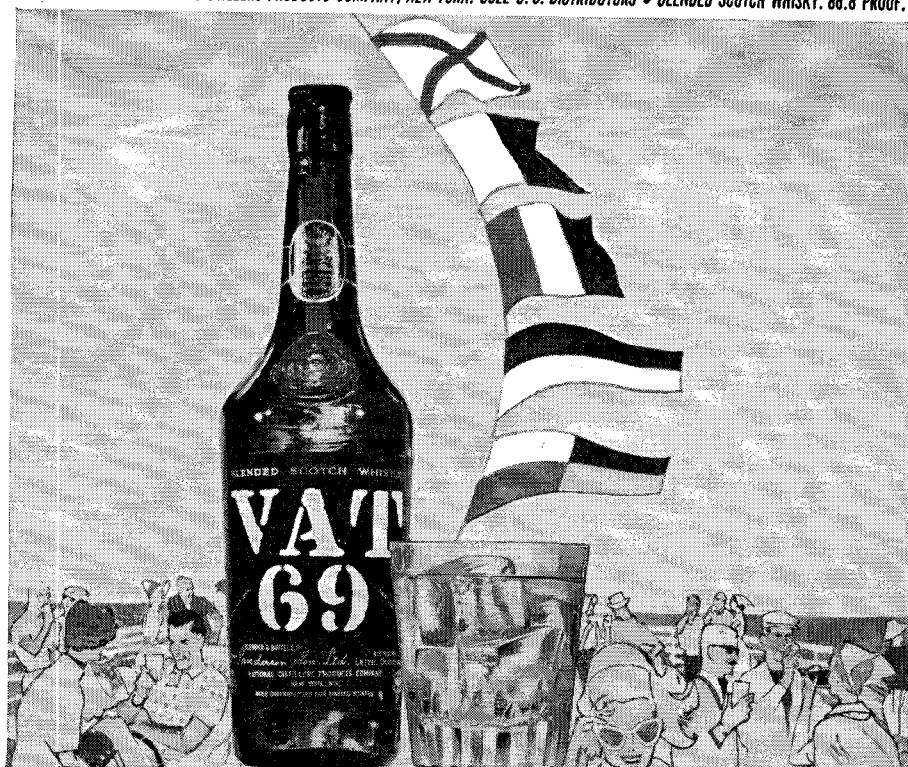
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she has failed to store up, the whole party is going to have to go out to a good restaurant for dinner. What's more, the invaders are going to have to pay for it, a double indemnity for which her husband should love her all the more.

There is a footnote to this: the bad housekeeper will not only be out of supplies when they are needed. She will order too much of things when they are not. Thus, she has a fifteen-pound Georgia ham and a haunch of venison shot by her husband on hand at the same time. In these circumstances, she will probably decide to give a dinner party. Everybody is asked on twenty-four hours' notice, and there are not quite enough plates. Just the same, the party is probably a success, because she is a good cook. This is essential in a bad housekeeper. It makes up for everything. Fortunately, it is almost always a built-in characteristic. For mysterious reasons (perhaps the generosity which is the handmaiden of untidiness) she is a lavish user of fresh eggs and home-grown herbs, the kind of shopper who, uninterested in bargains, brings home the best; in short, she has the temperament of a good cook. It is the good housekeeper who leans to low-priced items and time-saving processes which will use no pots and make no mess. But whether it comes naturally or not, the would-be bad housekeeper must master cookery. It is her saving grace.

There may be others. Children are (except for little Beths) obviously pretty bad housekeepers themselves. The good housewife-mother worries about this. She scolds, picks up, scolds again. It is perfectly useless. Her children are bound to grow up hopelessly addicted to unmade beds with dusty socks under them, a perfect curse to anybody foolish enough to marry them when they are old enough, as any parent with a love of order can see. But there is hope for the children of the bad housekeeper, because by the workings of that law which turns the children of the village toper into abstainers and vice versa, they are certain to grow up into models of neatness, fanatics about polished floors, beautifully arranged closets, and fresh water for the flowers. Whereas *their* children. . . . Oh, well.

ELEANOR PERÉNYI is the author of several travel articles which have appeared in our *Pleasures and Places* section. She is engaged in magazine writing and work in New York.

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BY JOHN M. CONLY



Ordinarily, it takes three sets of talents, meaning people, to produce a really good phonograph record, one that will bring music flawlessly, and with conviction, into our homes. In the production there must be someone who understands the music, someone who comprehends sonics and the vagaries of tape, and someone who has mastered the mystery of cutting prime discs.

A man with all three of these *métiers* in his head is a rarity, and I know of only two such men. One is Peter Bartók, of whom we will talk another time; and the other is Robert E. Blake, with whom I conversed recently and who acknowledges only Bartók as his peer. They describe themselves as free-lance recording engineers. Frankly, I consider them artists. So do artists. Come Christmas or some other happy occasion, and Leopold Stokowski sends Blake gifts of neckties and lemon trees. Something more than affable technical competence is implied.

Blake also is the man who persuaded the late Wanda Landowska that she could make records in her Connecticut home, thus yielding us great riches we should not otherwise have had.

A lean, ruddy man in his early

forties, Blake lives on the Connecticut edge of Long Island Sound with a winsome wife, two lively children, and a motorboat. He also maintains a studio in mid-town Manhattan, where he can stay overnight when the New Haven Railroad fails him.

He came to be a recordist by a devious route. His mother, Dorothy Gaynor Blake, was, and is, a noted musical pedagogue, specializing in children's teaching materials.

"She could have been a concert pianist," Blake says, "but she elected to rear a family instead. So I grew up under a piano, in Nashville first, and then St. Louis."

He himself considered a career at the piano, but decided against it, partly because his thumb joints were too stiff. He still plays respectable piano or harpsichord, however. He did become a staff writer for a bright but short-lived commentary magazine in New York called *Review*. Hendrik Van Loon and Fillmore Hyde were among the editors, he recalls.

Review didn't last long, and Blake drifted into photography. He found his time finally divided between motion picture film editing and commercial picture taking. "I shot so many Miss Rheingold candidates,"

he says, "that I almost lost my taste for beer."

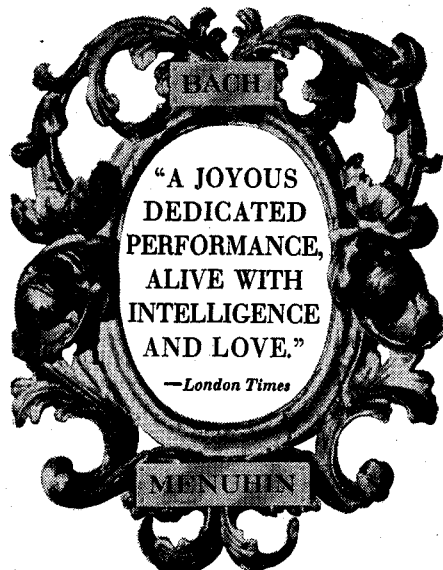
After several years' shooting and clipping, he concluded that he was in a blind alley. It was at this post-war time, also, that magnetic tape (devised by the Germans) made its debut in the United States and the vinyl microgroove record became a practicality. Blake had been a record collector since boyhood. It occurred to him now that the new style of recording, tape to disc, might suit his talents and training very well. He thought he would test this impulse, so he went to Harvey's, the New York audio emporium, and bought a Magnecord recorder, a pair of microphones, and some tape. This equipment behaved as if made for his touch. Having proved his aptitude to his own satisfaction, he presented himself at the two leading record companies.

His effort was reinforced by a letter from Darius Milhaud, the French composer, for whom he had made some test recordings, so he was received by high executives. One of them gave him forty-five minutes. Blake recounts ruefully, "He saw me for forty-five minutes, but he only heard me for two. The rest of the time he was on the telephone." Perhaps the effort was foredoomed. The major companies traditionally use three men for the job that Robert Blake, or Peter Bartók, could perform alone, and they are not pressed by economy.

Obviously Blake's abilities were best suited to small companies, of which a myriad were coming to life in the late 1940s. He decided to start one, or help start one, himself. First he went to Jack Skurnick of the Elaine Music Shop in New York. "You've been thinking of a label of your own," he told him, "and I want to be a recording engineer. Let's make records." So they did.

"Our most famous product, of course," Blake relates, "was Edgar Varèse's *Ionisation*, made with the Juilliard Percussion Orchestra, but we put out some other modern music, works by Hindemith and Martinu and so forth. Also some Haydn chamber music, and a series of Schubert piano sonatas, with Webster Aitken. These still sell."

In 1950 he launched his own label, REB. He continued this after Skurnick died in 1951 and kept on putting out records, mostly of ba-



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roque music, until his custom business became so time-consuming that he had to stop.

His reputation, he says, grew mainly by word of mouth among musicians: "It gets around that here's an engineer that a musician can go in and talk to and say, 'On the fifth bar after letter "H" I blew a B flat instead of an A natural; can we do this again, or is there something you can do about it?' " Sometimes there really was something he could do about it. Tape was then still terra incognita to most musicians, and the arts of patching and editing struck them with wonder. Blake became known as a sort of miracle worker. He was a phenomenon new on the scene, the first of the virtuoso recordists. Skurnick, a generous soul, had recognized this and set a precedent by giving Blake a credit line not only on the jacket but on the label of all EMS records.

Small companies and individual entrepreneurs began to seek his services. One of the latter gave him his first foreign assignment. He was the wealthy South American husband of a pianist whom Blake describes succinctly by saying she couldn't play her way out of a paper bag. Nevertheless, he spent some hot tropical days recording her attempts. "The trip was a fiasco," he says. "I got back with exactly six dollars in my pocket. But it did apprise people that I was available to pack up and go anywhere on no notice at all."

A year later he found himself in Venice, making four operas and assorted symphonic works for Don Gabor of Remington Records. "You might be interested in some of the technical difficulties," he says reminiscently. "Most places use either 50 or 60 cycle alternating current, so I always take a converter with me. Venice, uniquely in the world, uses 42 cycles, give or take five. And the voltage varies from 125 to 160, depending on whether the lights are on or off in the Piazza San Marco. The operas — *Aida*, *Cavalleria*, *Lucia*, *Turandot* — were made on a shoe-string. Only *Turandot* was any good. Oddly, considering the orchestra's operatic background, the non-operatic pieces came out best. We made some fairly good Beethoven and a very good tape of the *Concerto for Orchestra* by the American Ulysses Kay. The Italian musicians played this with real appreciation.

"We recorded in the Teatro la Fenice — the Phoenix — which is the world's most beautiful theater, bar none. It is small, acoustically perfect, and a dream of pink and gold. My control room was the royal box, reserved for the Kings of Italy, when there were Kings of Italy."

When Blake returned from this kingly pastime, he was promptly hired by the Book-of-the-Month Club, for its Music Appreciation Series. Most of the American-made items in this series featured (anonymously) the Cleveland Symphony. Some of the club's full-length records were made abroad, but all the accompanying ten-inch analysis records were made here.

"Sometimes there were a hundred illustrative examples, some only two measures long," Blake explains. "These would be separated with leader tape. Then Thomas Scherman or Leonard Bernstein or G. Wallace Woodworth would come in and read the commentary, in snatches, after which I would edit and tighten the thing down to fit a ten-inch LP."

Blake has since not lacked notable clients. He formed a close attachment to Landowska and to Stokowski (to the latter he refers affectionately, recalling their working relationship, as a woolly white lamb). He learned much from George Szell, and Szell from him.

Others who came to value his insight as recordist were Thor Johnson of Cincinnati, Alfred Wallenstein of Los Angeles, and Fritz Stiedry, the Gluck-Haydn conductor, whose encroaching deafness made service like Blake's of great worth and reassurance.

To his studio came Lotte Lehmann and Mary Garden, not as singers but as recorded lecturers on their art. (Madame Lehmann spent most of her time talking about Goethe and Schiller.) Lawrence Tibbett came to try himself at a song recital. Giovanni Martinelli and Salvatore Baccaloni presented themselves to sing a duet in Neapolitan dialect, for their own delectation. Leonard Bernstein came to repeat part of his *Omniбус* jazz program ("Six hours to record seven minutes," reports Blake, "and the tape is in limbo").

Benny Goodman sought him out to help with his classical debut on his own Goodman label, playing

the Brahms and Weber clarinet quintets with the Berkshire String Quartet.

One Blake anecdote should not be left out, whether it is relevant or not. Once he recorded, in his studio, the aged German pianist Carl Friedberg, playing a Schumann sonata. At one juncture, Blake, who knew the work, came out of the control room trepidantly to tell Herr Friedberg that he had hit a wrong note. Herr Friedberg turned to him and said, in the kindest manner: "Clara Schumann told me I could play it that way." There was no further discussion.

Blake was, to put it moderately, a little ahead of his time, which is to say that, in 1948, when the rest of the world was marveling at micro-groove, Blake bought a tape-recorder chassis from the Amplifier Corporation of America and rigged it with two heads. Having done so, he went across town to an assignment and recorded the entire Bach B-Minor Mass in stereo. No one could hear it but him, yet he says it was worth it. He has been committed to stereo ever since, and to triple-track stereo since 1955, when Ampex made a tape transport adaptable to this aim.

When the stereo disc finally became a commercial fact, Blake was able to call a number of his clients and tell them that, whether they knew it or not, there were stereo tapes of most of their recent recordings on his shelves, ready for re-release whenever they saw fit.

Incidentally, almost the only people Blake has let operate his cherished recording equipment in his absence or while he slept ("The *hours* they keep!" he says) have been the two bright young women partners who run Caedmon Records, Marianne Roney and Barbara Cohen. Bartók has done a major part of their recording, but several tapes have been made in the Blake studio: at least one Dylan Thomas, W. H. Auden, Noel Coward, and — most interesting to Blake — Katina Paxinou and her husband reciting ancient Greek drama. This last is not yet on the market.

When asked what makes a recording engineer, Blake cogitates. "Not just owning a hoard of equipment," he says, "but knowing it." And he invokes again his most esteemed competitor. "When Bartók's Ampex gets sick, Bartók fixes it."



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The Peripatetic Reviewer BY EDWARD WEEKS

LIKE Admiral William S. Sims in the Navy, **BRIGADIER GENERAL WILLIAM MITCHELL** was an outspoken firebrand and a constant source of irritation to the old guard in the Army Signal Corps. Billy Mitchell at the age of eighteen enlisted as a private and served throughout the Spanish-American War. In 1901, now a first lieutenant in the Signal Corps, he was sent to Alaska, where he set up a primitive telegraph system. In 1909, while on leave, he made an extensive tour of the Far East, and on his return at the age of thirty-two he was appointed to the General Staff. As a General Staff officer he submitted a report in 1914 that if the Allies were allowed to float loans in this country, it would assuredly involve us in the war. He had known the Wright brothers, and in 1916 he learned to fly at his own expense; six months later he was ordered to France as a military observer for aviation, and so became the first American officer to serve with the Allies under German fire.

It was Billy Mitchell's wish to be commander of the Air Services in the newly formed A.E.F., and for a time he held this command. His plans and his predictions for the squadrons then forming at home were right-minded and prophetic. He urged that we assist the production of French planes instead of wasting time trying to devise our own American models; he made note of the fighting tactics of the French pursuit pilots, whom he greatly admired; he realized how much the French pilots were dependent upon their devoted, well-trained mechanics; he saw how the Germans scored with their weight of numbers; and, finally, he recommended that all Allied aviation should be placed under a single command instead of being trammelled by conflicting instructions from the ground forces. These ideas are some of the spear points in his posthumous volume, **MEMOIRS OF WORLD WAR I** (Random House, \$4.95).

It is grim to have to add that, in almost every instance, General Mitchell's recommendations

were blocked by the high brass in France and in Washington. Instead of speeding up the production of Spads in the French factories, it was decided, thanks to British propaganda, that we should use the De Havilland airplane with the as yet undeveloped Liberty engine being substituted for their Rolls-Royce. The result of this blunder was that no plane of American origin ever fought in combat, and our pilots were, many of them, compelled to take to the air in French retreats, planes which in anything but an emergency would have been condemned as unfit.

General Mitchell himself was at the front constantly throughout 1917. He saw the disastrous bogging down of General Nivelle's offensive (300,000 casualties in three weeks); he participated in the strafing of German balloons; he saw aerial combats at close range and was one of the first to inspect the great Zeppelins which were brought down intact after the ill-fated raid over Britain. He spoke French and had established a confidential relationship with the commanding officers of the French Aviation when he learned to his chagrin that he was being relieved by Brigadier General Foulois, who had just arrived in France "with a shipload of aviation officers, almost none of whom had ever seen an airplane." He himself was to be given command of the air force of the 1st Army Corps, as soon as that unit could be formed. Meantime, he was to assist in teaching "the staff officers what the Air Service was all about and how it could be used," and if he sometimes seemed brusque and tactless, one can hardly wonder.

Mitchell was too good a fighter to sulk, and his resourcefulness as a leader was called on more and more as the American forces were built up for their vital campaigns in the summer and autumn of 1918. He never lost his capacity to look ahead or his infuriating habit of making suggestions upsetting to the old guard. "If we had been called on to fight alone," he writes, "I doubt if we could



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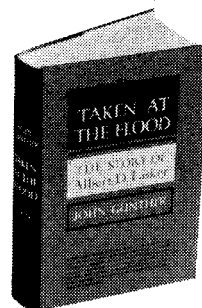
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have put up as much resistance with our regular army, steeped as it was in the conservatism of peace-time methods, as with the New York City police force." "There must have been a lot of inside work somewhere by the English manufacturers to put this thing over on the Americans," he wrote when he heard that the Liberty-De Havilland deal had finally been accepted.

On his days off he went to shoot the wild boar in the forests of the Marne, and on his days on he watched Frank Luke, the Arizona cowboy, shoot down the German *saucisses* with flaming bullets and helped to build up the *esprit* and the training of his favorite bombardment squadrons — the 94th was one of them — against that great moment on the morning of September 12, 1918, when he directed the British, French, Italian, and American pilots in their victory at Saint-Mihiel.

THE SLEEPING TIGER

LUDWIG BEMELMANS, who paints almost as well as he writes, has the happy art of embellishing the past. Whether he is writing about Elsie de Wolfe or the Hotel Splendide, Paris in the spring or a Latin American general of fabulous taste and wealth, his colors are true and his manner of telling delectable. His new novel, *ARE YOU HUNGRY ARE YOU COLD* (World, \$3.95), begins enticingly in the cantonment of French cavalry at Beaufort. We see the colonel, a fastidious man of raging discipline, and his cold, wealthy Spanish wife; we see Hercule, who plays the kettledrums astride Grand Romulus, the gray Percheron; Sophie and Caroline, who take care of the colonel's children; and the children themselves, Hugo and his older sister, already a beauty in her adolescence, who are neglected by their parents and who, hungry for love, find what compensation they can in the scullery and barracks, where they acquire, among other things, a very choice military vocabulary. The story is told by the colonel's daughter, and it gets its impetus from these words: "My brother and I were like birds that flew against walls and windows when we tried to get someone to love us."

When, after some trivial discrepancy, the colonel decides to take the children in hand, his swagger stick is used for the beating, and this arouses in the daughter the virago who has always been there. She fights him at every whipping, she breaks his stick, she tips over the flowerpot from the roof when he is tormenting Hugo in the riding ring — and it barely misses — she fights the governess he brings in to temper her, and she mischievously disorganizes the convents to which she is consigned.

This feud between father and daughter is interrupted by the German invasion of 1940, but it

is resumed at the war's end when Papa is sent in to command the occupation forces in the French zone. The family take up their residence in a vast German castle, where they are served luscious German dishes, where Father plays war games with a former German general, and where the daughter, now grown to be most desirable, is tended by an improbable Nazi governess. The element of fantasy which is always close to the surface in Bemelmans' books gets a little headstrong at times, and this is the doing of the heroine, whose unpredictable revenges — the painting of Gladys, the entrapment of Père Framboise, and the firing of the convent — are ingenious, to say the least. I relish Bemelmans for the way he writes about foods and functions, for his ingenious little portraits, as of Père Sylvan and Frau Lamp, the cook, and always for the gaiety and luster of his narrative.

THE FISHING JUDGE

As a native son of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan, then as a hard-driven district attorney, and finally as a justice of the Michigan Supreme Court, John D. Voelker has found serenity of mind and that annual renewal of one's youth which comes from fishing for brook trout. Under the pen name of **ROBERT TRAVER**, he has written five books, the best known being his novel *Anatomy of a Murder*. Now, in his new volume of hearty and indigenous essays, *TROUT MADNESS* (St. Martin's Press, \$4.95), he tells of his adventures as he wades the brooks or hefts his way with his collapsible rubber boat through the rough brush to find that hidden beaver dam where the big ones are rising.

The judge is a fly fisherman, wet or dry, and as he says, "the best time to go trout fishing is when you can get away"; he supplies no maps and no rules of thumb; he takes his beer and his pipe with him; and while he likes to fish alone (as all lovers of the fly rod do), he enjoys company at the campfire at the day's end. His essays are studies in enjoyment, humility, and the occasional moments of triumph; and after a rather forced note of jocoseness in the first two essays, where he is telling about his escapades on the first day and in his fish car, he gets down to business in a charming way. I like best his story of the lost Atlantis, his account of the trial when the Paulsons ganged up on him, and the oddities of animal life, which he recounts in a chapter entitled "These Tired Old Eyes. . . ." I have seen his country, but only in the winter, when the streams were frozen. I saw enough to whet the imagination, and now that the judge is retired I'd like him to show me these haunts which he has so temptingly described.

With these words:

"The woman's name was Toy, and it suited her no more than silk on Sunday or the cotton she wore the rest of the week. Silk and cotton are amenable fabrics, easy to the hand and accepting a bit of lace or ruffle. The woman was like linen, strong and reticent and keeping her character through all things."

Vinnie Williams

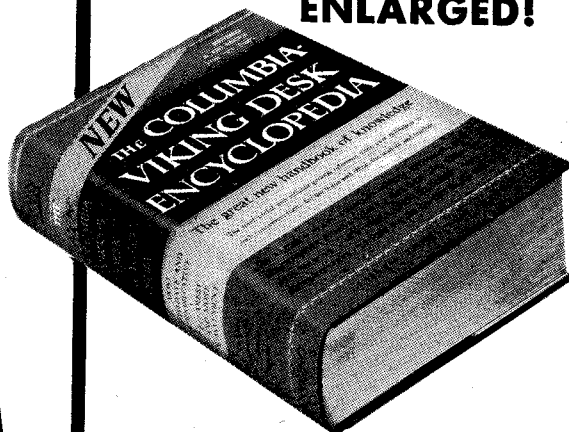
author of *The Fruit Tramp*, introduces us to the strange and quite unforgettable heroine of her new novel

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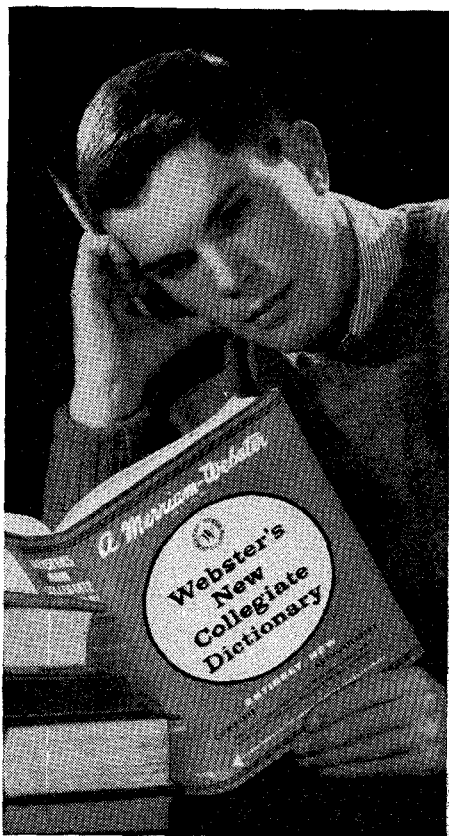
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BOOKSHELF

THE ATLANTIC



Reader's Choice

BY PHOEBE ADAMS

That preoccupation with the nature and function of religious feeling which appears in all the works of NIKOS KAZANTZAKIS so far translated into English, either peripherally, as in *Zorba the Greek*, or centrally, as in *The Greek Passion*, reaches a culmination of intensity in *THE LAST TEMPTATION OF CHRIST* (Simon and Schuster, \$6.00). This novel is a retelling of the life story of Jesus of Nazareth as Kazantzakis imagined it might actually have happened, the human events from which the worshipful Gospel account was derived and their meaning to the people who experienced them.

His unorthodox views on the relation of God to man got Kazantzakis into trouble with the authorities of the Greek Orthodox Church on more than one occasion. There were protests and complaints, and once a serious attempt to try him for atheism, but Kazantzakis survived and persisted in his independent, possibly heretical opinions. These opinions, which he explained in *The Saviors of God: Spiritual Exercises* (Simon and Schuster, \$4.50), are worth going into, because they underlie the concept of Jesus revealed in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, and dictate the construction of the whole book.

Kazantzakis did not think of the universe as a finished product or of God as a fully developed, static being. His God was indestructible but not omnipotent, a force existing in the entire material creation and engaged in a perpetual struggle to raise that creation to a point of spiritual perfection. "My God is not Almighty. He struggles, for he is in peril every moment; he trembles and stumbles in every living thing and he cries out. He is defeated in-

cessantly, but rises again, full of blood and earth, to throw himself into battle once more." Man's duty, and his only hope of immortality and salvation, is to help God in what Kazantzakis frankly regards as a desperately hazardous campaign. *The Saviors of God* rings with drums, trumpets, and arms; "Onward, Christian Soldiers" is mild as milk beside it.

When he published his final revision of *The Saviors of God*, Kazantzakis concluded his exposition of the partnership of God and man with what amounted to a denial that God exists at all except as an emanation of the human spirit. This idea was probably what inflamed the church to legal action, and although Kazantzakis eventually admitted doubts about it himself and it does not appear in *The Last Temptation of Christ*, the novel was denounced by Orthodox clergy and placed on the Index. It is also rather likely that his inquisitive comings and goings in Russia, combined with his outspoken sympathy for poverty and suffering, had caused Kazantzakis to be suspected of insinuating pro-Communist propaganda into what was ostensibly a life of Christ.

Believing as he did that the highest achievement possible to a man is to serve the advancing spirit of God, Kazantzakis represents Jesus as a man of such achievement, responsive to God's will, understanding its general purpose, and dedicated to carrying it out at any cost. Jesus does not begin with this intention, however. He foresees that the divine will is about to hand him an intolerably difficult assignment, and he balks, sulks, and tries to evade the task by behaving in ways quite unsuited to a potential Messiah. When the scheme doesn't work, he takes up preaching, not at all certain that his tenets of love and peace are any better than those of his pseudo disciple Judas, a redheaded malcontent who continually agitates for a military rising against Rome.

If Judas represents worldly power, Jesus' ill-behaved cousin Mary Magdalene represents worldly pleasure. Initially bewildered and uncertain of his course, Jesus gradually comes to resist them both, gets the better of them, and finally makes use of them for his own unworldly purposes.

Although Kazantzakis' version of the life of Jesus is obviously not like the one you will read in the Bible, it

is, granted the author's premise, both moving and respectful. This Jesus is not the assured son of God following a preaccepted path but a man who, in God's service, connives with Judas to arrange his own execution and in doing so assumes something of the character of those epic heroes who choose their deaths — Achilles sailing for Troy under the shadow of the prophecy, or Cuchulainn riding on to battle when he knows his magical luck has left him.

In representing Jesus as a man, Kazantzakis has not reduced his story to flat realism. His own style, flamboyant and exuberantly inventive, has never made any concessions to humdrum plausibility, and while some of the miracles are ignored or moved off stage, the raising of Lazarus remains marvelous, inexplicable — and, incidentally, as gruesome as anything in Poe.

The translator of *The Last Temptation of Christ*, P. A. Bien, has appended to the book a discussion of Kazantzakis' use of demotic Greek, a matter previously described by Kimon Friar, translator of *The Saviors of God* and of Kazantzakis' *Odyssey*. A wistful and harried note in Mr. Bien's essay implies that it is not an accident that Kazantzakis' work has required almost as many translators as there are books. Demotic Greek, according to Mr. Bien, is far madder than English.

As so often happens in discussions of language, the explanation leaves the reader with a whole set of questions that would never have arisen if no explanation had been offered. It seems that, in demotic Greek, a camel doesn't get up, it "demolishes its foundations." This sort of thing is certainly enough to jar any translator, but it remains, as information, an exasperating dead end. Do all animals demolish their foundations? Does the speaker of demotic Greek, when he uses the word, think of demolished foundations or merely of a rising camel? There is a difference. If Henry James wrote that a camel up-anchored (inconceivable possibility), it would be comic affectation; if Captain Joshua Slocum wrote it, it might well be, in his own mind, ordinary practical usage with no overtones of any sort. To translate either of these hypothetical cases into some other language would probably require more than a literal understanding of the words.



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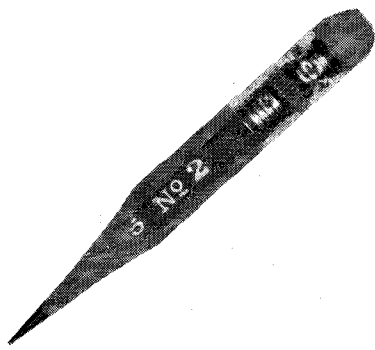
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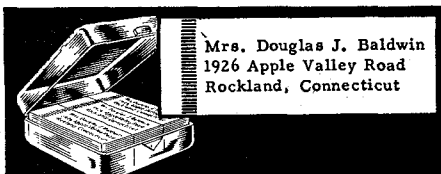
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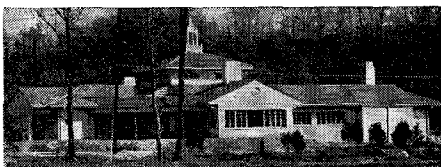
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Mr. Bien never goes beyond the literal level in his complaints about demotic Greek.

The difficulty of putting this language into English becomes important in the case of *The Last Temptation of Christ* because Mr. Bien's translation, when compared with the work of other translators of Kazantzakis, is rather stiff and reads, too often, like obvious translation. It contains a few outright misuses of English words. It suggests, very strongly, that Mr. Bien's grasp of colloquial English goes no further than writing *it's* for *it is*, no matter how firm his clutch may be on Greek, and this suspicion in turn causes one to wonder whether demotic Greek is really much further from academic Greek than Mark Twain is from Washington Irving.

THE MECHANICS OF MURDER

SIR SYDNEY SMITH, for many years professor of forensic medicine at Edinburgh University and widely known as a medical detective, has written a book called **MOSTLY MURDER** (McKay, \$4.95). The book is something of an autobiography, but contains relatively little about Sir Sydney's personal affairs, since, as he explains in a pleasantly diffident foreword, his only excuse for "adding another to the mass of new books" is that it amused him to recall some of his more interesting cases.

The book starts off with a bang in Egypt, where Sir Sydney was a medico-legal expert attached to the Ministry of Justice. He was presented with three little bones found in a disused well. The police wondered vaguely whether these remains had belonged to a dog, a donkey, or a human being, and if the last, whether anything should be done about it. Sir Sydney's report ought to take the gumption out of anybody contemplating murder in a hopeful mood. "They are the bones of a young woman," he announced. "She was short and slim. Aged between twenty-three and twenty-five when she died, which was at least three months ago. She had probably had at least one pregnancy, perhaps more. Her left leg was shorter than her right, and she walked with a pronounced limp."

"She was killed by a shot gun loaded with home-made slugs, fired in an upward direction from a range of about three yards. The killer

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was standing, or sitting, in front of her, and slightly to her left. She was not killed outright, but died about seven to ten days later, probably from septic peritonitis due to the shooting."

Every word of this description proved correct, and the police quickly scooped up the killer. As everyone knows by now, there is no black magic in this sort of thing, merely knowledge, precision, work, and a bit of good luck. No two cases are ever the same, however, and to anyone with a taste for macabre puzzles, the explanations of how a skilled medical detective arrives at his conclusions are endlessly fascinating.

NOVELS OF LOVE

A BALLAD OF LOVE (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, \$3.95), the latest novel of **FREDERIC PROKOSCH**, is a melancholy and ambiguous story told, as is usual with this author, against a variety of exotic and beautifully described settings. Mr. Prokosch's style is elegant, and he is adept at evoking delicate hints of terror from romantic landscapes and throwing a veil of glamour over tawdry ones. In this case, he turns a seedy small town in Texas into an outpost of fairyland, while his maneuvers with Paris and the Tirol are like a fireworks display. He is also ingenious in the invention of odd characters. The young Austrian nobleman who dresses for dinner in petticoats and feather boas ought to be disgusting but is, in fact, a very likable fellow whose taste in clothes, though unfortunate, is easily forgivable. It is probably unjust to complain that all Mr. Prokosch's glittering merits never fuse into any particular meaning.

The story runs from 1914, when Mr. Prokosch's hero was born on the same day that an assassination occurred at Sarajevo, to the start of World War II. Henry's picturesque childhood in Carinthia is followed by much shifting about among relatives in the United States—the madly musical in Texas, the madly austere in Michigan, the discreetly perverse in Philadelphia. Henry doesn't quite fit in anywhere, and neither does his cousin Stella, who can claim a dash of Indian blood and really ought to be at home in North America. The two eventually drift back to Europe, where Henry

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other false beliefs about the Catholic Church and its teachings... and if, above all, such misunderstanding has kept you from examining the Catholic claim to be the Church established by Christ Himself... you owe it to yourself in good conscience to seek the truth.

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amounts to nothing much and Stella, despite his persistent but ineffectual devotion, manages a complete catastrophe.

The novel never quite takes hold of the emotions as a lament for lost love, because Henry's love is too languid to warrant much concern. Possibly Mr. Prokosch had in mind a comment on the relations of Europe and the United States between the wars, or simply on the emotional and intellectual quality of the period, but if so, his intention is never clear. *A Ballad of Love* appears to be continually on the verge of some portentous revelation, and that is exactly where it remains.

TOM KAYE's short novel, *IT HAD BEEN A MILD, DELICATE NIGHT* (Abelard-Schuman, \$2.95), is also about love. I sometimes suspect that there is a secret law among publishers that all novels about love are to be published in summer, or, more likely, that all novels published in summer are to be about love.

Mr. Kaye is English, and his book has an odd history. It was accepted by an English publisher and actually in type when it was canceled as too experimental, a very curious charge, since Mr. Kaye's so-called experiments are all at least as old as James Joyce and one or two look as though they might be derived from Ovid. The book was then translated and published in Sweden, where it provoked a storm of applause as a profound comment on the coldness and timidity of modern society.

After all the uproar, *It Had Been a Mild, Delicate Night* proves to be a deliberately uncomplicated tale of a scruffy but indomitable bum, an intellectual beauty, and her too-respectful admirer, and it illustrates the demonic power of Eros over the most unlikely victims. Mr. Kaye's game in this sophisticated myth is to make each move in what is really a sordid little incident into a baroque explosion of fanciful simile, ironic parody, or surprise, and he succeeds very well. It will be interesting to see what he tries next (this book took eight years to write) and whether his method can be adapted to a more complicated theme.

HEROISM UNSUNG

NOW AND AT THE HOUR (Coward-McCann, \$3.00) is a first novel by a New England newspaperman,

ROBERT CORMIER. It has the ring of personal experience, which the setting, a New England factory town, and the social level, that of skilled labor just below the promotable-to-management level, unobtrusively reinforce. It is not likely that a writer who did not know this particular kind of world at first hand could present it so casually or with such conviction. Mr. Cormier does not give much attention to his background, for his interest runs in another direction, but every detail that he provides is right.

The book is devoted to the thoughts of a man dying of cancer and compelled by the tactless kindness of his wife and children to pretend that he doesn't know it. Alph LeBlanc has been, in a gentle way and without ever suspecting it, a good man. He has spent his life doing the best he could for his family and concealing his own fears and disappointments in order to save them from worry. The pattern holds on his deathbed. Since he is not supposed to be dying, he cannot very well talk over with his children his regret that he could not do more for them while he lived. He thinks about it instead, and his thoughts, a little foggy with pain and drugs, gradually reveal his whole generous, uncomplaining life.

It is quite a task to make an interesting hero of a man who has done no great deeds, committed no crimes, suffered no psychological upheavals, never been painfully poor or even mildly rich, and who has in the course of the book nothing to do but think, an activity which he carries on at a quite uncomplicated level and without a trace of imagination. Mr. Cormier not only succeeds in making Alph interesting, he creates considerable suspense with the question of how long the man can keep up his pretense of ignorance. There are moments when Alph seems in danger of becoming too good to be true, but the author always manages to avoid the saccharine and the sentimental, and ends by creating a touching picture of a man who is not nearly as ordinary as he himself thinks.

DIONYSUS AND ALL THAT

THE NEUTRAL SPIRIT (Little-Brown, \$3.50) is the latest work of BERTON ROUECHÉ, the author of *Eleven Blue Men* and various other books on

scientific and medical oddities. This time, Mr. Roueché investigates alcohol, and, as usual, he makes a brisk, amusing, neatly organized story of what he finds.

Beginning with the invention, or accidental discovery, of the stuff by our remotest ancestors, Mr. Roueché works through mead, ale, wine, and beer to the great moment when the method of distilling pure alcohol was revealed. He has unearthed some wonderfully funny quotations from the Arabian alchemist who is believed to have invented the process, and even better ones from the various Europeans who followed in his wake. These fellows were adither with optimism on behalf of the new liquor, and their claims for it were untrammelled by practical experiment. In fact, they would have caused a nineteenth-century snake-oil peddler to raise his eyebrows — partly, at least, in economic disapprobation. A few drops a day was the dose prescribed, and it was guaranteed to cure anything but death.

Mr. Roueché's study of alcohol in modern times is necessarily somewhat less eloquent, the language of the alchemists having passed to the manufacturers of perfumes and lipsticks, but he has found and quoted some agreeably testy squabbles among the authorities investigating the causes of alcoholism. These have not been settled as yet, despite the efforts of large numbers of sober scientists and tippy rats, but a surprising number of other points have been cleared up. For one thing, alcohol does absolutely nothing for snakebite.

It is possible, I suppose, that a reader with a serious desire to know nothing whatever about alcohol would be bored by *The Neutral Spirit*, but it is highly doubtful that anyone else will be. The manufacture of gin; the distinction between Scotch, bourbon, and rye whiskies; the fashion for vodka — Mr. Roueché covers them all. The only thing he has omitted is a diagram of a working still, and perhaps this is just as well, for despite the attention paid to the unpleasant effects of alcohol, *The Neutral Spirit* cannot be described as a temperance tract. Like most good biographers, Mr. Roueché thinks well of his subject and feels that any disaster involving it is the other fellow's fault.



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BY THE 2ND TORII, KASUGA SHRINE, NARA—DRESS BY PAT PREMO

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